



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

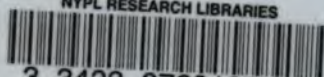
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NTPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07601877 3











100-65-20000



**Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.**

# June, 1905

## **Every College Man**

Who wears Rogers, Peet & Co. or Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes

## **Gets the Degree--D. G. C.**

Doctor in Good Clothes. Clothes of a high degree always ready.  
The Guyer Hats, Mahattan Shirts, Fownes English Gloves,  
Keiser Cravats, Earl & Wilson and Royal Collars

---

### **Wicks & Greenman, APPAREL SHOP.**

56-57 Franklin Square, - - Utica, N. Y.

---

## **Genuine Indian Moccasins.**

Such as the Indians alone can make. We are headquarters  
and can give you the best qualities as well as the best prices.

### **SKIS.**

Just the thing for a good time. We make special prices  
to clubs.

### **SNOW SHOES.**

If you haven't a pair you should have. Come and see us  
before purchasing.

### **LEATHER NOVELTIES.**

We make a speciality of everything in the leather line. Articles  
of usefulness as well as ornamental in great variety. SOUVE-  
NIRS FOR BANQUETS, RECEPTIONS, ETC., made to  
order. Before ordering get our prices.

## **Indian Novelty Company,**

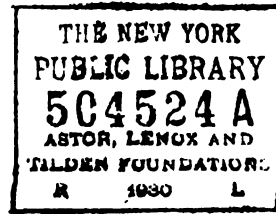
25 JOHN STREET,

UTICA, NEW YORK





HOMER HARVEY HARWOOD,  
Winner of the Fiftieth Clark Prize Award in Oratory in  
Hamilton College.



# **The Hamilton Literary Magazine**

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1867

---

VOL. XL.

JUNE, 1905.

NO. I.

---

## **Present-day Values of Oratory**

SUCCESSFUL CLARK PRIZE ORATION

*By Homer Harvey Harwood*

THE day of independent thought has come; oratory has outlived its usefulness. The printed page creates the individual thinker and so has nullified the orator. In an age where money talks eloquence is an anacronism: its cultivation is a waste of time. Talkers are not doers, and our need is men of action.' Such is the specious verdict upon the present-day oratory. But it is too often forgotten in this time of intense yearning after gold, that money is not the measure of all things and that oratory, even at our present day, must still be reckoned with as ruling men through the platform, the forum and the pulpit. Men's hearts have not yet ceased to throb; men's minds are still responsive to the appeal of speech; and all questions can not be settled by the pen.

In the past the destinies of men and nations were shaped by the fire and conviction of the impassioned orator. Rousing Greece against the Macedonian Philip, dulling the sword of Catiline, inspiring the armies of the Cross, precipitating the events of '89, out of an empire's wreck constructing that great republic, nerving the men of Ireland in their rising for rights, oft turning the poising balance in our country's crises, vivifying the world through the personality of Luther, the orator, by the directings of reason and argument, has stirred

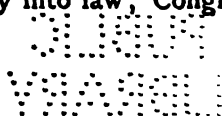
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY

the soul, fired the heart and led the march of history. Will there be no more such events? Is the end of time now? History repeats eternally. In the fundamental questions of today, which are the same great questions of the past changed only by the complications of time, oratory has still pre-eminent power, and never-narrowing province.

Though argument and reason play a greater part at the present day and show a change in style and spirit — manifestations caused by present conditions, though the avenue of intellect has grown broader than that of emotion, yet the art itself, "persuasion", still remains the greatest instrument for the attainment of political, forensic, and spiritual supremacy.

Government is still the center about which turn policies and nations; and democracy ever-growing enlarges the field of the orator. With the populace gaining the ruling power what are all these independent millions without a guiding spirit, without the man who can weld the intellectual forces and hurl them against a threatening object? Jerome the orator made Jerome the District-Attorney; Bryan, a single orator with a single message, leaped from obscurity to the pinnacle of fame; Root, at the Chicago Convention, enthralled the nation with the masterpiece that was a tribute to his party and to his friend and chief, the President; and finally, when the die was cast, there appeared not the Republican party but an individual, Theodore Roosevelt — the man with eloquence, personality and a message. Expounding the merits of his cause before the greatest of tribunals, the electorate, he who would today be a leader must be prepared to meet the people face to face. The columns of the press are but subsidiary; the platform is essential.

It is more difficult to move governors than the governed. Great as is the growing need for argument and emotion in dealing with the masses of today, keener argument, more urgent appeal, more powerful personality are demanded to move those who by their very authority acquire a deafness toward ordinary utterance. Here not the babbling insincerity of a Delsarte, only a Demosthenes can count. Parliament shaping morality into law, Congress turning peace into the



hell of arms; the Deputies, the Reichstag, the legislative bodies of every civilized country, holding in their power the policies of their people and the progress of the world,— what a field for powerful eloquence!

As the authority of the people extends the speaker of whatever place or possession, if he can express his will with a tongue which bends men, gains representative responsibility and becomes a sinew of government. When Dr. Whitman came before Congress and with pleading and personality saved Oregon to the United States, he showed that he who has persuasive voice rules the state. Having decided upon a course of political affairs, having impressed his opinions upon other citizens, his ideas became actualities. Why else does Russia put her student-orators behind prison bars? She knows that, as ever, incipient democracy objectified into the spoken word becomes inevitably palpable and supreme.

For defending the worth and the independence of the individual, which the disseminated democracy of the on-grinding years is fulfilling, eloquence and argument play an ever grander rôle. When today's free press and the people have assailed one side of a controversy, or decided in advance the guilt of the accused, deterred neither by fear nor by unpopularity, the pleading advocate, single-handed, rises to vindicate; upon his powers depend the characters, the fortunes, the lives of men. With the growth of a more complex condition of society, with the intensity of industrial activity producing a disregard for human life, with combinations and corporations ever meeting collisions, human beings in the court-room today fight to make the right of property depend upon the might of conviction; human beings with argument and emotion decide what God alone should determine—the fate of human life. When decision is on the scales he who still swings that important balance is the eloquent advocate, the trained and able expositor.

The field of man extends to his relation with the infinite. Here there is a tender-passioned, divinely-inspired oratory daily increasing in sublime value. Human nature has been always the same; men have longed to be moved: but the

equipments of the pulpit of today enhance the power of oratory. With the death of the sensual worship of the ancients, free from the power of persuasion; with faith today, instead of fate; with the charm of virtue, the blackness of vice, the grandeur of spiritual life as subject to move man's emotional nature, humanity is today more susceptible to oratory. With the realization of the base of true religion in human action—the freedom of the will—extending throughout the world, that pulpit where man can persuade man, personality plus a message will ever find a yearning multitude. A preacherless period must ever be a spiritual dearth.

With man becoming ever freer to choose, the life of every religion demands persuading advocates. The power of the church today is the power of persuasion; the deepening cry of the world is for the voice of the prophet; for Jeremiahs to call to repentance; for Elijahs to speak to licentious Ahabs; for Nathans to rouse conscience-slumbering Davids; prophets, aye prophets, whose messages have the meaning, whose personalities, the power to lead Godward men who in this commercial age follow the beckoning arm of gain and forget that grander wealth divine.

It is through eloquence that the potential good of pulpit and of rostrum is made effective. What is all knowledge worth, if it is held in store and never permitted to show itself? Learning is the means, useful living is the end; and to help the world onward and upward we must inform and influence humanity; oratory excels all other means by which the human heart is touched and the human mind is moved. The cultivation of the art which teaches men to express themselves is a deepening of the most powerful channel for the distribution of information, the development of man's self-control, and the improvement of conversation—universal persuasion. For strong, sensible reasons, then, old Hamilton stands committed to the cause of oratory; its cultivation must always exert valuable influence over the individual; the art itself has world-deep effect upon humanity.

More than ever is there need of the orator who fathoms questions, sees their relation to the future, has the conviction

of his message; the power, the emotion, the personality to move individually-thinking men to action. The music of the human voice is still the sweetest strain in nature; the educated orator still possesses a weapon unequalled by pen, sword or any other human device. Whether in the pulpit or at the bar, in vote-catching campaign for office, in Congress, Council, Reichstag or Commons, with greater freedom of speech today than ever before, thought about wealth, imperialism, indomitable Irish, receding Russian, the Eternal Infinite, man's relation to man, to state, to God, must break forth in the burning eloquence of enthusiasm and incitement.

The orator is the embodiment of the existing World-spirit, and the effects of his efforts are the records of the world's course. He still convinces juries and courts; elects and directs legislators; overturns policies and dynasties; ever preaching to men the inspiration to live, he stands as the beacon star of all mankind. Oratory today, tomorrow and in the years to come will continue to influence men, control nations and inspire the human heart with its grandest achievements.

---

## **The Fiftieth Clark Prize Contest**

---

ON THE evening of June seventh occurred the half-century anniversary of the establishment of Clark Prize.

It is a great thing when you think of it that for fifty years this contest has stood consistently and supremely as the climax of each succeeding class's work in the most famous of Hamilton's departments—that of oratory. It would be futile to discuss the relative merits of our present-day oratory and that of the '50's. Doubtless we would disagree with the patriarchs upon any single detail of style or delivery, but the same fire and spirit perpetuate themselves, the same clear, honest, keen competition is manifested, and all to the ultimate credit and sustained honor of Hamilton oratory.

Tradition has not chronicled the weather of the first "K.

P." night, but at any rate Wednesday ushered in what we call typical "K. P." weather—that is, some extreme phase of the elements. This year it was wet, sloppy, drizzling; miserable for man and beast: but despite it all, a goodly and enthusiastic crowd assembled in the Stone Church. On the stroke of eight the room was hushed while the Rev. C. M. Dodge, '91, pastor of Bethany Presbyterian Church, of Utica, offered prayer. Prof. Henry White gave a short illuminating sketch of the foundation and half-century development of Clark Prize, before introducing the first speaker, Homer Harvey Harwood of Brooklyn.

With his first sentences Mr. Harwood ensnared his audience, and then held their unwavering attention to the end. His oration on the "Present Day Values of Oratory," had depth, diction and polish. He himself had fire, personality, and perfect technique. His speaking, in its brightest lights and its delicate shadings, was beyond that of any other speaker of the evening. Harwood's brilliant appearance put up a stiff proposition for his successors.

"Burke and Chatham, Orators of English Freedom," was the subject of Oliver Humphrey, of Utica. The oration was well planned, with copious and apt concretions, and with finely phrased passages. Mr. Humphrey has a splendid voice and a fine stage presence, and his excellent appearance surprised even those who knew best his ability.

Albert H. Merrick, of Westernville, showed excellent ability in the presentation of his oration on "Present Day Values of Oratory." His matter was well handled and his writing good, but his oration lacked the bone and sinew that Harwood had displayed in dealing with the same subject earlier.

Arthur J. Schwab, of Binghamton, spoke on "Burke and Chatham, Orators of English Freedom." Mr. Schwab was a quicker, brighter speaker than the others, but at times was almost nervous. His oration was well-written and scholarly and his speaking very effective and pleasing.

Richard U. Sherman, of Utica, was the only speaker on the subject, "The Art of the Apostle Paul in Public Speech,"

and he presented a masterly oration. As an orator he lacked at times the ability to make fine discriminations of voice and manner, though often his speaking was superb. Aside from an unfortunate lapse of memory he ran close to the winner.

Herman A. Speh, of Binghamton, had the difficult position as last speaker. His oration on the "Elements of Oratorical Power," was logical, well phrased and rose to a splendid pitch in the peroration. His manner was vigorous, forceful and finished. Had his whole appearance equalled his final sentences he would have bid for honors.

When the award was made, and Mr. Harwood was known to have won, the discriminating must have felt the best man had taken easy honors, for none of the speakers could assault successfully the *finesse* and brilliance of his work.

Conclusively, then, our standard of oratory, tested through fifty years, stands vindicated. Hamilton men still speak. They can still write. A half-century has detracted nothing of sincerity, of courage, of true worth, from eloquence. Hamilton oratory is no archeological remnant of a shattered idol; it is a living, growing, inspiring force.

---

## Amor Victor

---

WHAT time the month of roses came,  
(Say, was it you and I?)  
We led him forth who had been to blame,  
Swearing that he should die.  
We took him to a moonlit spot,  
(In that misty long ago).  
That he was immortal we both forgot,  
Till he smiled and told us so.

—S. T. Kinney, '06.

## The Story of a Regular

---

THE fight was over and the insurrectos once more defeated. As before, most of those who were not killed had escaped capture, even the wounded having been carried away by their comrades. Too tired to eat or even sleep, we just lay there exhausted, staring up into the blue sky, our minds a blank. Four of our men had been killed and twelve wounded; but such things had happened before, and we were accustomed to it. Recovering from the excitement and exhaustion of the fight, my thoughts returning to the fray, it occurred to me that one of my comrades was missing, Crawley by name. He was not among the killed or wounded, as I had helped care for them and he had not returned. Turning toward Leshner, a sergeant in the troop, I said, "Where is Crawley?" He replied, "Hanged if I know, haven't seen him since the skirmish." Crawley was an almost perfect example of physical manhood, well educated and of a good family. Yet at that time he was a moral degenerate. Forced to leave his native town because of some questionable trouble he had gotten into, he consequently entered that great city of refuge, the regular army, where many a man lives today lost to his relatives, friends and enemies, but safe from the avenging hand of the civil law.

Crawley had been an excellent soldier in the States and had risen to the fourth duty sergeant in the troop. When, however, in the Philippines, mistakes had happened. The Women's Christian Temperance Union had abolished the canteen and a soldier could no longer get his genial glass of beer and enjoy it in company with the rest of the fellows: so Crawley, like many others, took to drinking *vino*, the terrible effects of which Uncle Sam has long since realized. One day he came into quarters drunk, created a disturbance, was court-martialed and reduced to the rank of "private." Since that time he had been more or less steeped in *vino*,

not so much so that he was incapacitated for duty, but enough to take gradually all the self-respect out of him.

Hardly had my enquiry concerning Crawley been made, when, out of the bushes to the left, came a groan, and then another and another. "I believe that's his voice," Leshner said, and we mechanically arose, and went over to see, hoping it might be he. We pushed through the intervening brush and there lay Crawley, a bolo slash down the side of his face, his left arm resting on his forehead with two fingers cut off; shot through the stomach. Approaching him he turned his face toward us and we could barely hear him murmur, "Well, fellows, they decorated me, didn't they?" He smiled as he said it, though the pain he suffered must have been terrible. Leshner went for the surgeon, who did his best, though the medical equipments under such circumstances is very scant as a rule. Through the night there was a drizzling rain, but we all, except the guard on duty, slept like tired children.

The next morning the captain gave orders for us to return to Badoc, where we were stationed. We had been out for ten days, our rations were about used up, and we needed a rest. On those homeward marches, one often thinks not only of himself, but of others as well; and so I began thinking of Crawley, and said over and over again, "What a pity he has thrown his life away. What a man he might have been."

We reached quarters at night and placed the wounded in the hospital. The following morning we buried our dead comrades. There were six of them, two having died on the journey home. In a few days we had forgotten all about them and anyone hearing our conversation would never have known that Sergeant Johnson, Corporal Etzel, Private Brown and others had ever been our intimates.

\* \* \* \* \*

One day a little brown woman, calling herself Crawley's wife, wanted to see him. The surgeon, however, at first refused to grant the privilege, but her appealing look soon touched a tender chord in his heart and he yielded. She was a slight, graceful little thing, beautifully formed, with graceful neck and shoulders which many a ball-room belle of the

States would have given worlds to have possessed. Juanita Mendoza was her name, a proud Spanish one, but very little Spanish blood was in her veins.

She entered the hospital tent, and at the farther end saw the one being for whom she lived. Murmuring some words of thanks in Ilocano, her native tongue, she crossed herself, and rushed over to the cot. With her arms around his neck, she knelt down and prayed to God, thanking Him over and over again for saving this big white husband of hers. Unable to speak, the bandage being over his mouth and head, he showed his appreciation of her love by stroking her as one would a kitten, and she, womanlike, understood.

It seems that Crawley, like many another soldier of those days, had taken unto himself a Filipino wife.

\* \* \* \* \*

Crawley's narrow escape from death had somehow entirely changed him. He was no more the booze-soaked human being, but once more was a man, and a good one, too, as far as the duties of a soldier are concerned. Of course, there was a deep scar on one side of his face, but his fingers escaped amputation, for the surgeon knew when to save a needed member. About that time the new army bill had passed congress and more officers were needed. As West Point could not supply them all, a special examination was held and the best educated men in the army whose records were good, were permitted to try the examinations. Crawley had improved so much in conduct that the captain gave him permission to take them. The authorities depended chiefly upon the troop commanders concerning the characters of the candidates, for the Philippines, being so far from the United States, it would have been very difficult to look up a man's record previous to his joining the army. And so Crawley took the examinations, passed, and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the cavalry; yes, in the very troops he had enlisted in as a private not quite three years before.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years passed by. We are in the United States and have been stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, for two

years. Crawley is there, a second lieutenant in the old troop. The regiment is practically a new one, for most of the men did not re-enlist when their terms of service had expired. The Philippines are almost forgotten, for we are once more in our native land. Crawley is married now. He married a major's daughter, a typical army girl, pure and as true as steel. They are blessed with a little boy, the image of his dad.

Was Crawley divorced from the trusting little Filipino girl, you may ask? Why, no; such things as divorces were not needed in those days; and besides, we had left so quickly that there would have been no time for anything like that. The order came for us to return to the States, and orders are not long in being obeyed in the army. We left our horses and equipments over there and returned with very little, a few mementos, perhaps. It seems to me I heard some one say that Crawley left a broken heart; but that did not matter, for it was merely a little Filipino heart and I guess Crawley thought he could replace it by a great big American one.

—*F. M. Barrows, '07.*

## Mosaic from Theocritus

---

### I

**W**HO the princes of the Lycians,  
Who the long-haired sons of Priam,  
Cycnus, feminine in feature,  
E'er had known unless the poets  
Hymned the battle-dins of heroes?  
And Ulysses, he who wandered  
Six-score months to every nation,  
Came alive to darkest Hades,  
Fled the deadly Cyclops' cavern,  
Had not borne eternal glory:  
Silent had remained Eumaeus:  
Silent Philaetius busied  
'Midst his browsing herds of cattle:  
E'en Laertes the great-hearted,  
Had Ionia's bard not praised them.  
Noble fame comes from the Muses;  
Hoardings which the dead have gathered,  
Dissipated by the living.

### II

Oh! illustrious Zeus, the father,  
Oh! most venerate Athena,  
Oh! Proserpine, thou who hast  
With thy mother drawn by lot the  
Mighty city of the haughty,  
Much-possessed Eph'reans dwelling  
By great Lysemelia's waters —  
Let stern fate send from this island,  
O'er Sardinia's wave, our masters;  
And announce the loss of dear ones  
To their wives and to their children  
Be they numbered and not countless.  
Let the citizens of old-time

Once again dwell in their cities,  
Which the hostile hands have plundered.  
Let them plough th' abundant meadows,  
Let the sheep, uncounted thousands,  
Fattening upon the herbage,  
Bleat along the plains; and heifers  
Moving fold-ward in their herdings,  
Urge the traveler at evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whilst the spiders, through the armor,  
Their fine webs distend; and never  
Let the battle-cry be sounded.

III

A fountain gurgled in a sunken place.  
Around it grew a wealth of rushes, pale  
Blue swallow-wort and maiden-hair,  
The blooming parsley and the spreading grass.  
Within the fountain's midst the nymphs prepared  
A dance—the wakeful nymphs, dread goddesses.  
The lad extends the pitcher for a drink;  
He hastes to plunge it and they seize his hand.  
The rapture for the Argive boy did rout  
The tender senses of them all. And straight  
He plunged within the dark depths as a star,  
Akindled, plunges from the sky ro sea.

IV

Disturbed about the youth, Amphytryon  
Went forth. And like a Scythian he bore  
His well bent-bow and cudgel, which his hand  
Was used to handle. Thrice he called the lad,  
And thrice, methinks, the boy did answer him.  
But slender came the voice from out the depths,  
As when a noble lion from afar  
Detects a fawn complaining in the hills,  
A flesh-consuming lion from his lair,  
Which hastens to his well-provided feast.

Thus Heracles did, fearful for the boy,  
Move through the tangled briars; and he ranged  
O'er vast expanses.

Hapless they who love!

▼

Now while the wine was passing, it beseemed  
To pour the health of whomso'er each wished:  
And nought was needed but to call the name.  
We talked and drank as it had been agreed,  
But she was silent, though I by her side.  
Imagine now the spirit that I had.  
"Wilt speak? Hast seen a wolf?" one jests.  
"How clever," she replies, and blushes red.  
"'Tis Wolf! 'Tis Wolf, the neighbor Labas' son!"  
Tall, tender, and to many seeming fair,  
He was the gossiped love for which she pined.  
This had once slyly come into my ear.  
Well, deep within the drinking-bout we were,  
When Larisaeus sang from first to last,  
"My Wolf!" some ballad of Thessalia.

\* \* \* \* \*

She hurried through the hall and double doors,  
Wherever led her feet. The legend runs,  
"The bull hath gone a-roving in the wood."

\* \* \* \* \*

Could I

Forget to love all would creep back to rights.  
Now how! We are the mouse they tell about,  
Thyonichus. We've tasted pitch, and what  
Is cure for hopeless love, I know not.

—Donald H. T. Miller, '07.

## Man Proposes

---

**J**EDEDIAH Crocker sat smoking thoughtfully on his vine-covered porch. The rest of Turnerville was wrapped in slumber, for it was long past nine.

Jedediah was sorely disturbed in his mind. For seven years, with but one exception, he had escorted the sole spinster of Turnerville, Miss Sophronia Melkin, home from prayer-meeting of a Thursday night. It was a settled custom; Turnerville had long since ceased to look forward to the time when "Jed" and "Phrony" should be united in holy wedlock, and merely accepted the fact that they were "keepin' comp'ny." Jedediah himself was a man of settled habits. It would have grieved him if anything should happen to break into the even tenor of his way. Indeed, it was rumored that once, when the walk on that side of the street which he was accustomed to use in his daily visit to the post-office was torn up for repairs, Mr. Crocker had walked resolutely over the rough ground rather than use the other side of the street.

But this evening he was worried. He had, as usual, seen Miss Melkin home, and had tarried on the porch for a brief chat, as was his custom, and it was there that he had received his shock. They were conversing as to the proper method of dealing with potato bugs when it came. Jedediah defended the boy with a pail and a shingle, while Miss Melkin was for the more advanced method of a sprayer. He had noticed a certain tendency toward levity and progressiveness in her speech for some time, and he had been intending to call her attention to it, but this was too much. For even while formulating an argument which should clearly prove the superiority of the boy with the pail of kerosene over any new fangled invention, the thunderbolt had fallen; Miss Melkin calmly announced that she had purchased a new carpet for her parlor.

Jedediah had taken his departure forthwith. Such innova-

tions were not to his taste, and he must have time to consider it.

Already he had consumed two pipes without reaching any satisfactory conclusion. Why did she want a new carpet? What was good enough for her mother before her ought to be good enough for her. With ordinary care that carpet ought to last at least ten years more. Jedediah shook his head sadly and, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he went to bed.

But sleep brought no relief. He tossed about restlessly, and, moreover, overslept, so that instead of going to the postoffice at nine o'clock it was almost ten before he passed out of the front gate, and when he did Mrs. Barnes hailed him from across the street and he had to cross.

"Mornin', Mr. Crocker, 'd you see Phrony last night?"

"Yes, ma'em," said Mr. Crocker. He was always polite, but this morning his patience was sorely tried.

"They do say she's goin' to get married," went on Mrs. Barnes, easily.

"Get married!" Jedediah's face was a study. Here was a calamity indeed. Was it not enough to oversleep, to have to cross the street and gossip, to have Sophronia buy a new carpet without consulting him, but she must also get married!

"Who, who, who," stammered Mr. Crocker, in ludicrous imitation of an owl.

"I ain't heard who 'twas. I s'pose she's been advertisin' in some of them matrimonia papers," said Mrs. Barnes; matrimonial and ammonia being somewhat confused in her mind.

Jedediah stood with gaping mouth and bulging eyes.

"'N I guess it's so, too, 'cause just yesterday I see them carryin' a big roll of carpetin' into the house, and what on earth 'd she want of a carpet if 't wa'n't a weddin' or a fun'ral?" And with this convincing proof Mrs. Barnes retired.

Jedediah pursued his way slowly, but instead of stopping at the postoffice he went on to Miss Melkin's house. Miss Melkin was sweeping the front porch.

"Good mornin', Miss Melkin," he said, and paused. How should he begin?

"Good morn'n', she said, shortly.

Jedediah had an inspiration. "I dunno but I left a leetle hasty last night, Phrony," he said. "I just thought I'd come round an' explain."

Sophronia swept industriously.

Mr. Crocker mopped his brow. It seemed to be difficult to approach the subject uppermost in his thoughts. "I see Frank Whittaker leadin' that lime-back cow o' his into town this mornin'. I reckon he's sold it."

"Hez he?" said Sophronia.

"Eggs has fallen ag'in. I guess you can't get more'n fourteen or fifteen cents fer 'em now."

"Be they?" The porch seemed to require an extraordinarily vigorous cleaning this morning.

"Pow'rful dusty these days, ain't it, Phrony?"

No answer.

"I see Elder Bartlett's paintin' his front stoop."

"Is he?"

"Yes, it beats all how tony folks is gettin', 'round here, Mis' Barnes, she's got a bran' new carpet, too. Said you hed one, too, didn't you, Phrony?"

"I hev."

"Wal, ye don't hev t' be so terrible short with a feller, jes' 'cause you got a new carpet. What y' expectin' t' do with it?"

"If people 'd stop pesterin' me, I was thinkin' o' puttin' it in the parlor."

"Now, Phrony, you just take my advice; that carpet you got in your parlor's got lots of wear to it yet, an' moreover, what do you want ef a new one? You wan't thinkin' of hevin' yer fun'ral right 'long now, was you?"

"They do say as how a hen broke all its teeth off oncet on 'count o' tryin' to pull nails with 'em, when it didn't have no business foolin' with nails, anyhow. Maybe 'taint a fun'ral, maybe it's a weddin'."

"Phrony Melkin, you aint a-goin' to get married, are ye,

an' I ben a-keepin' company of you faithful, fer — fer a good many years."

"Well, I aint a-sayin' gen'ally, but an old friend like you, I'd just as leave tell, an' I be."

Jedediah was thunderstruck. Was this the end? Were the heavens about to roll up into a scroll? The subject must be changed, this was altogether too harrowing.

"Who you thinkin' of gettin' to put down your carpet fer you, Phrony?"

"Oh, I'm countin' on havin' my husband put it down."

That subject had been difficult enough to broach. Now it seemed to be forever cropping up.

Jedediah seemed lost in thought. His brain was working as never before. In Jedediah a great diplomat was lost to his country.

"Phrony," he said, "I reckon Mis' Barnes 'll have her carpet down before you."

"Oh, she's got one, hez she?"

"You bet, an' it's a beauty, red an' green, an' yaller an'—"

"You come in here, Jedediah Crocker, an' look at mine."

There it was, propped up in all its glory in the bare room prepared for its reception.

"It's a terrible pity t' hev Mis' Barnes get hers down first, because I reelly think yours is the purtiest; yes, I reelly think it is," said Jedediah reflectively, stroking his chin.

"Oh, I reckon I can get it put down purty quick, if I take a notion."

"Mis' Barnes, she was calc'latin' on puttin' hers down this mornin'."

"Is that so?" said Miss Melkin, apparently not much moved.

"Yes, that's what she told me. Just for old times' sake, Phrony, I'd be willin' to put that carpet down fer you now."

"Now, don't you trouble yourself, Jedediah, I'll get that down."

"Oh, I'd just as leave as not," said Mr. Crocker, eagerly, and he was soon in his shirt sleeves busily tacking down the carpet which had so disturbed his peace of mind.

"These is mighty good doughnuts, Phony," he remarked, an hour later, "You cert'nly can cook. Yes, you can certainly cook," he repeated thoughtfully. "Say, Phrony, you remember who you said was goin' t' put down that carpet for you?"

"I guess so," said the guileless spinster. "Why?"

"Why, because I put it down, didn't I? Now see?"

"Well, Jedediah Crocker, you're the biggest numskull I ever did see. Didn't I reckon on havin' you put it down all the time? Hum! I'd like to know!"

—*R. B. Peck, '07.*

---

## Lueconoe

---

(HORACE, BOOK I, ODE XI)

---

THOU shouldst not seek, Leuconœ,  
(’Tis not vouchafed for us to know)  
What lot the gods grant me or thee,  
Nor what Chaldean numbers show.  
Whate’er befalls, ’twere best to bear,  
If many years Jove doth decree,  
Or this, the last, falls to our share,  
Which dashes high the Tuscan Sea.  
Life’s span is short; fair maid, be wise,  
Prune down your hopes and strain your wine,  
For silently and swiftly flies,  
E’en while we speak, invidious time.  
So blithely seize the passing day;  
The morrow’s charms soon fade away.

—*M. A. Driscoll, '06.*

## **A Simple Tragedy**

---

**B**ANKS made a wild dash for the deck-railing; but a glance showed him the futility of attempting a leap. The little steamer was now at least twelve feet from the pier. With bitter though subdued emphasis he muttered a mild expletive. Then, acting upon a sudden inspiration, rushed up to the captain.

Would he be so kind as to turn back? He, Banks, had not embarked as a passenger; in fact, had only come aboard to get a work-basket, carelessly mislaid by his sister the day before.

The captain was sorry, but he couldn't turn back. Yes, they made a stop two miles down the lake. He might walk back, though he didn't seem to be dressed for travel; this with a significant look at Banks' clothes. Banks innocently did likewise. Then he swore again—a little more deliberately a little more inconsiderately this time; for not until that moment had the peculiar absurdity of his predicament been forced upon him. Banks had been going through a dress rehearsal for a farce, which was to be given at camp that evening, and was shiningly resplendent in evening clothes. It was now about ten o'clock in the morning of a hot, sultry July day. It did not add to his composure to note that all the passengers, including an attractive girl, were regarding him with amusement and, perhaps, a little suspicion.

However, he sat down in a conspicuous place with a fine show of indifference; essayed unsuccessfully and uncomfortably the role of the blasé traveler; pulled with spasmodic abandon at a wicked black cigar; threw it savagely away; and finally isolated himself in sullen misery at the stern of the boat, where, gloomily absorbed in watching the churning water, he presently became mercifully unconscious of time. Consequently, he was considerably startled when the officious little whistle blew preparatory to landing. With sudden solicitude he looked toward the girl. She was making ready to dis-

embark. He was roused from his depression to active gallantry, courteously proffered his assistance, lifted her umbrella, and grasping the soft, yielding arm with nervous assiduity, attempted the three-foot gang plank, taking mincing steps behind her. The lake was choppy, the boat gave an unsteady lurch, Banks made a frantic effort to regain his lost balance, clumsily entangled his foot in the seductive meshes of her skirt, and with the sound of a horrible rending and tearing in his ears, fell headlong into five feet of muddy water. The girl grasped safety in the form of a spile with one hand and her torn skirt with the other.

After a desperate struggle in the dirty water the luckless Banks reached shore, presenting a pitiable spectacle of injured dignity and self-reproach. He eyed the retreating steamer with a look of infinite appeal and anguish. He felt that he was a martyr, and all the time the coldly unsympathetic girl was studiously ignoring his presence.

Suddenly a yell of derisive amusement sent a sickening thrill down his spine. It came from a naptha launch which had just come up; and in it were several of Banks' intimate friends. Their shouts died away into gasps of amazement when they saw his slimy bedraggled figure slouching along the pier while the muddy water slushily gushed from his boots and pockets.

The scene became tragic in its serious intensity. Banks made a gesture of supplication to the girl, which was met by one of tearful indignation. Apparently, explanation would be useless. With pathetic and ludicrous simplicity he motioned to his friends. The boat came alongside and Banks, with a weary, gurgling sigh, dropped heavily in. The girl having regained self-possession, with the proper mastery of her personnel, swept haughtily ashore.

—*W. T. Purdy, '06.*

## CRITICUS

---

ONCE more June descends upon the campus, and Criticus awakes from his year's sleep, rubs his eyes and contemplates the familiar scenes about him. It is the month of swift changes. All too soon, under the great campus trees will be enacted the old story, and a body of men, who have lived and laughed and worked together during four immemorial years, will be whirled away and dispersed to the four winds. Time and change are at work, and there is not one in that boisterous group yonder in the sunlight, but knows it, and knowing it, laughs the louder and joins in more uproarious farces. Criticus passes by and understands. Yet a little while and he, too, will be as these frank and manly fellows, whom he rowed as Freshman, tolerated as Sophomore, and liked as Junior. He, too, will stand on the brink of the bitter plunge. He will stroll, perhaps, to that part of the Campus where the great eastern panorama of hill and valley lies stretched out beneath, and will realize vaguely with Seneca that life is a continual rough-house,—*vivere militare est*. At night he will come forth under the starlit sky and will see the moon behind the tall poplars by the well. He will hear the splash of the fountain. From a distant corner of the quadrangle will come a snatch of song; while a hundred night sounds greet his ear. Yes, Criticus already comprehends the pang of leaving the Hill-top. If the laughter of these wearers of the cap and gown, whom he has just now passed, at times rings hollow,—well, why shouldn't it? It is hard to break away, and regrets for the unfulfilled come to every man worth his salt. The Senior who departs with his sheepskin, experiencing no other feeling than exultation, is a fit subject for Lombroso and Nordau.

## EDITORIAL

---

THE fortieth anniversary of the LIT. has rolled around. It is a respectable age, and the new Board trust that during the ensuing year the Magazine will display the excellent qualities befitting such advanced years. Realizing that there is always room for improvement, a new, and we hope more attractive cover appears, together with smaller changes which have seemed to be for the best; as for example the re-establishment of "Criticus". In the meantime, the new Board will endeavor faithfully to carry out the high traditions long ago set by the LIT., which have made it a publication indispensable to every student and loyal alumnus.

---

LAST month we spoke of the recent ruling of the Faculty requiring all future Freshmen to write prize essays, the ruling evidently being suggested by the indisposition of the present Freshman class to enter competition along literary lines. This indisposition is felt keenly by the LIT. During the past year the LIT. has received but three available contributions from the men of 1908, revealing a greater lethargy in this respect than any Freshman class has displayed in recent memory. Without doubt writing talent exists in the class. It is time for this writing talent to come forth and assert itself with the same energy that has characterized the endeavors of the class in other branches of college activity. In a word, we want more contributions from 1908; preferably, short stories. Vacation soon comes, and with it more leisure for many. Whether it be in the mountains or at the seashore, in town or country, a man is likely to meet with incidents which would make a good story. The LIT. does not expect, neither does it want any preternatural cleverness. Neither does it want, careless and half-hearted writing. But it does want some amusing or entertaining incident or phase of life written up in crisp, straightforward English. Next fall the LIT. hopes to announce that a prize will be given for the best

short story to be written by anyone in the four classes. The man in 1908 who enters the contest with a determination to write something worth while will not regret it. Do not depreciate your ability. Remember that the LIT. does not aim at perfection, but strives only to represent the best literary efforts of Hamilton undergraduates.

---

ACCORDING to the directory published last month by our esteemed contemporary, the *Hamilton Record*, there are more living graduates of the class of '81 than of the class of '01, though an interval of twenty years separates the two classes. Even more significant is the fact that the living graduates of the class of '87 exceed in number the present class of '07. These evidences of numerical retrogression would be depressing were we not convinced that the College at large has awakened to the supreme importance of getting more men. The size of the last entering class, and the understanding that the class to enter in the fall will be still larger, prove this to be the case. Whether our lack of growth has been due to limited accommodations or an iron-bound conservatism, it is now useless to speculate. New buildings are springing up, and the day of the new Hamilton is here. Let *more men* henceforth be the watchword of every man who realizes that the present number of students could be doubled without endangering the individuality of his college, or making it other than a "small college." No fear need be entertained that ideals or scholarship will suffer, nor that the College cannot adapt itself to that number. Imagine the broader atmosphere, the standing in athletics, and four hundred men fired by Hamilton spirit. It is not unlikely of fulfilment.

---

WE PRINT this month the successful Clark Prize Oration, together with a portrait of the writer, Mr. Harwood. We feel certain that our alumni subscribers, who were unable to witness the contest, will be glad of an opportunity to read the oration.

## Among the Lits

---

The *McMaster University Monthly* is the graduating number and as such is of course taken up with the Senior class. Such a Lit. is undoubtedly interesting to its own college, but it proves rather dry reading to the outsiders. Such can not be said, however, of the *Vassar Miscellany*, which has a great number of short stories this month, and interesting ones too. The article in this Lit., "A Visit to Girton College," is unique. One is not likely to associate women's colleges with England, for some reason, and this article by James F. Baldwin is most interesting.

There is a marked contrast between the bright, breezy in this magazine, and the weird productions of the *Amherst Lit.*, entitled "St. Bartholomew's Eve in the Catacombs" and "The Visitor from Beyond." The stories are good for their kind, but it is a question whether any college magazine can afford to make stories of this nature its principal feature. There is also an excellent essay, "The Bower of Bliss, Motive Traced from Ariosto to Spencer." "The Sketch Book" and "The Window Seat" are two bright and original departments.

Of the college monthlies received this month the *Smith College Monthly* seems to be the best balanced. It inclines neither to the serious nor the light, but strikes a happy medium, beginning with two essays, one of which is "A Defense of Immigration" and the other "Macaulay and Carlyle on Hero-Worship." The second seems to be the better, since the statistics which are a necessary part of the first, make it less interesting reading. These are followed by a page of verse, and then comes an excellent story, "The Pursuit of an Ideal," which is the story of a girl's life. On the whole, the *Smith College Monthly* is the best Lit. so far received.

The *Williams Literary Monthly* is good, without being more than that. It contains an essay by Max Forrester Eastman, which is above the average. Its two short stories,

"The Broader Vision" and "In the Parlor Car," are only mediocre. It also publishes another dramatic poem, "The Hour of Dawn," which has merit, but more than merit is necessary to make an effort of this kind successful. "Sanctum" devotes itself to a well written article on the place filled by college magazines and their value.

It is strange that in this leafy month of June, the month of roses, brides and June-bugs, so few poems appear. Surely, with the frogs piping in the fresh grass, and moths gaily whirling about the study lamp, one would expect some remarkable effusions. But, perhaps these bring other than idle dreams to the poet's fancy. It may be that his mind descends even to the level of practicalities, that the frogs merely suggest wet weather for the dance, that the giddy insects but bring the dread exams. nearer. However it may be, neither frogs nor bugs seem to inspire him. Of the few, that entitled "A June Brook," by Willard Ausley Gibson, in the *Williams Lit.*, seems to be the best.

## HILL NOTES

---

- The Mathematical Prize was won by Gentes, '06.
- Commons Hall will have electric lights for Commencement.
- From all that can now be learned the class of '09 will outnumber the previous class.
- Thirty Seniors, from a class of forty-four, were posted for attainment in scholarship.
- It is rumored that Hamilton College is to be increased by the institution of a course leading to the degree of B. S.
- The tennis team has won every game, and Purdy, '06, with G. C. Clark, '07, will constitute the management for the coming year.
- Professor and Mrs. Shepard set sail on the 14th for France. They will journey to the Riviera and thence through the Mediterranean countries.
- Football practice has been started with a view to arousing an especial interest which shall bring all football men to the Hill early next Fall.
- The *Hamiltonian* has an unusually large portion devoted to prose and poems on various subjects and of varying merit, while the illustrations are original in idea and in art.
- On June 6th Colgate played baseball with Hamilton on the Hill. The score was Colgate 10, Hamilton 2. The score of the previous game played on May 13th was Colgate 7, Hamilton 5.
- The Class of 1908 provided a successful Frolic on June 8th. An excellent musical program was furnished by Rath's orchestra. The patronesses were Mrs. H. C. G. Brandt, Mrs. Oren Root, Mrs. Edward Fitch, Mrs. F. M. Davenport, Mrs. H. P. Osborne, Mrs. W. L. Goodier.
- A very large number of alumni will, it is understood, favor the College with their presence during Commencement Week. The graduating class have procured a novel and artistic announcement program. Conspicuous on the leather cover clings a delicate bronze seal of the College.
- The baseball season, which has been reasonably successful, has closed. The men who were fortunate enough to win the Hamilton "H" were Brown, '07, and White, Clark and Haggerson, '08. The present management will be succeeded by Koult, '07, manager, and H. H. Holley, '08, assistant manager.

## ALUMNIANA

*(Send Alumni and Necrology notes to William H. Squires, '88.)*

—A. W. Boesche, '97, now in Munich, has been appointed instructor in German at Cornell University.

—John M. Holley, 3d, '66, of Lacrosse, Wis., has been visiting his two sons, who are in the class of '08.

—The mother of Prof. Willis J. Beecher, D.D., '58, was buried at Vernon Center lately; she had reached the good old age of 93.

—Rev. W. W. Cole, '88, is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Milford, N. Y. His daughter Florence will be graduated from the local High School this month.

—Among the 947 students in the New York Law School are 310 college graduates. Of these, 10 are Hamilton men. W. F. Bacon, '00, is the earliest graduate and F. F. Brandt, '04, is the youngest.

—Superintendent Charles W. Rice, '96, who has so successfully administered school affairs at Seneca Falls, N. Y., for the last seven years, has resigned his position and will hereafter devote his attention to the practice of law.

—Ralph W. Stone, '99, is again in Alaska for another summer with a United States Geological Survey party. Last season Mr. Stone conducted investigations in the coal regions of Kachemak Bay and other portions of southwestern Alaska.

—Frank B. McLean, '88, of 280 Broadway, New York City, has been engaged in engineering work for the last nine years. Recently he visited the Hill to spend a few days of well-earned vacation, the first taken since entering the engineering profession. McLean is interested in real estate about New York City and has interests on Long Island.

—Principal Clarence A. Fetterly, '97, has resigned his position at Norwood, N. Y., where he has taught for four years, and has accepted the principalship of the High School in Perry, N. Y., at a salary of \$1500. The contest for this position was a fierce one, and Prin. Fetterly won against some very strong candidates in number about a hundred.

—Prof. William P. Shepard, Ph.D., '92, sailed June 14th for Italy, where he will spend the summer in studying different features of the Italian language. Prof. Shepard is a tireless student and spares neither time nor money in getting at the facts first hand. Last summer he spent his vacation studying in France collecting material for his book on French Literature. His next will probably be on Italian—then one on Spanish.

—Seward E. Edgerton, '04, married June 14th, in Peru, Ind., Miss Eva Bailey, daughter of Mr. James E. Bailey, formerly of Clayville, N. Y. Mrs. Edgerton is a graduate of Syracuse University. Mr. Edgerton will return in July to Cananea, Sonora, Mexico, where he is engaged in the newspaper and publishing business. Mr. E. E. Edgerton,

principal of the Sauquoit High School, School Commissioner for several terms, and teacher for many years, will assume the coming autumn the principalship of the school in the same place.

—Rev. James B. Rodgers, '85, received the degree of D. D. from Union University this Commencement. Dr. Rodgers has completed a successful period of five years' service in Manilla as missionary. Previous to his going to the Philippine Islands, Dr. Rodgers was located in South America, in the Central Brazil, where his training gave him special preparation for his work, which had been so successful in the Spanish quarters of our new possessions. Dr. Rodgers is son-in-law of Rev. Dana W. Bigelow, D.D., '65, of Utica.

—Principal Niel Kirk White, '98, after having been elected to continue at the head of the Boonville High School for another year, has been chosen Principal of the Lansingburg High School at a salary of \$1500 a year and has accepted the position. For three years Principal White has conducted in Boonville a successful Summer School and will hold the regular session this year. At Lansingburg Principal White will find an enthusiastic and loyal Hamilton man in Rev. Charles H. Walker, '87, who has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church there since his graduation from Auburn Seminary in 1889.

—Col. C. H. Hitchcock, '79, was promoted from Major to Colonel as a result of radical changes on the organization of the third brigade, the disbandment of the present First regiment and the fourth and tenth battalions; the creation of two new regiments, with headquarters at Albany and Binghamton, and incidentally the promotion of several well-known infantry officers are involved in two far-reaching general orders issued by Adjutant General Nelson H. Henry. The changes are made to carry into effect in the organization of the National Guard of this State the intentions of the so-called Dick law, passed by Congress last year, and they will complete the regimental organizations of the National Guard on that basis excepting only the first, second and third battalions of the fourth brigade with headquarters respectively at Niagara Falls, Geneva and Elmira. Colonel Hitchcock qualified as Colonel of the new First Regiment, assumed command and issued general orders. Colonel Hitchcock appointed Captain H. J. Cookingham, Jr., '96, Major of the second battalion.

—Professor Charles H. Smyth, Ph.D., '88, has been called to Princeton University as professor of Geology and has accepted. Prof. Smyth has completed fourteen years of service in Hamilton and has made his reputation as a most successful, energetic and inspiring teacher in his department. Never strong in health, with few enforced interruptions of his college work, Prof. Smyth has conducted his department with vigor and with splendid results. He is a specialist in his department, and of a high order, recognized as one of the ablest men in the State in his special field. His methods of instruction were always practical, stu-

dents were brought face to face with things, learning first hand the science under consideration and encouraged to become independent investigators of the facts of Geology and kindred subjects as though they were men rather than mere boys needing minute instruction. Prof. Smyth has certainly carried the work of his department in a most efficient manner. He is no text-booker, but a scientist who inspires in his students a reverence for the subjects presented and a desire to know more about them. With Professor Smyth in the chair of Geology, Hamilton has had high grade teaching and results. The scientific work of the College is of a high order to-day, up to date, practical rather than theoretical, making the laboratory the center and source of information, putting the student in touch with the facts and saving him from the curse of "authority" that blighted the scientific career of previous generations of students. Under Prof. Morrill in Biology, Dr. Samuel J. Saunders in Physics, Dr. Arthur P. Saunders in Chemistry, and Prof. Smyth in Geology, our students have opportunities in science that cannot be surpassed. The personality of these professors, the modernness of their methods, the facilities of their laboratories, and the diligence of every one of them, have made their departments prominent in the College and respected by every man. It is unfortunate that Hamilton must lose such an efficient professor from its Faculty; but considerations of health have induced Prof. Smyth to accept the Princeton position with the hope that the climate in winter will not be so trying as the rigors of our Clinton season, and not because he desired to leave the College. Princeton has secured an able scientist and professor—Hamilton has lost one.

—Elmer W. Triess, 'or, after study in the German University, has been elected to the position of teacher of German in the High School in Newark, N. J., at a salary of \$1600 a year. This position pays \$1800 after two years' incumbency; so Mr. Triess is better off teaching German in a secondary school than as professor of German in many American colleges. Since colleges are classed as eleemosynary institutions, they are bound to accept services that they cannot pay for. The secondary schools afford a fair "salary-career", but the position of the college professor is one of "honor". Some of these heroes of "honor" are to be provided for according to pension proprieties, thus the fear of poverty has been somewhat alleviated. If a man is after the support a position can yield him, the secondary school opportunity is far superior to what the college can actually afford. A score of graduates of Hamilton within the last decade, is receiving in the secondary schools the average salary of Hamilton's professors. They have had no special preparation—they received it all in Hamilton. But with this opening in the secondary school—with such a salary possible for services rendered without professional training as in Theology, Medicine, and Law, the tendency to-day is toward business. The college man is turning to

commercial life as the most promising, and next to teaching the least expensive career to prepare for. Business concerns are employing the young man just graduated from college, offering some immediate inducements to abandon the idea of a profession. In this time of wealth-getting, with allurements in the direction of gold, the young man who has been somewhat pinched for funds during his college course and deeply impressed with the disqualifications of poverty, is tempted to enter "business" as a sanitarium for the cure of all the inpecunious ills caused by financial stringency while pursuing his college education. College costs more than it used to—more men leave college with their efforts indefinitely mortgaged. That the young men are turning to "business" as a career is not strange—the promises in this direction are many, and the temptations irresistible. But the fact that the business concerns of our country are calling so loudly for the college man is a fine commentary on the values of a college education. The college is appreciated in business to-day as never before, and practical men of commercial affairs detect in the discipline of a college course the preparation necessary to success in the turmoil and exactions of business life in these times. And the college was never so thoroughly recognized in the teacher's profession as it is now. The regulations governing the certificating of teachers have been so changed as to give full recognition to the preparation for teaching acquired by the college student. The college affords a preparation and discipline superior to the Normal School, and the State educational authorities recognize this fact. The Normal graduate after a few years of teaching finds it necessary to enter college, secure its degree, in order to compete successfully in the schools. Hamilton graduates while not holding to-day as large a number of positions in our secondary schools as they were ten and twenty years ago, they are drawing most respectable salaries, an evidence of their ability to compete with the best coming from the other higher institutions of the country. Mr. Triess was salutatorian of his class and has studied over a year in Germany to prepare for his new position.

—Hon. Charles A. Gardiner, LL. D., '80, delivered the Phi Beta Kappa address before the Society of the New York University June 7th on "The Constitutional Discretion of the President." It was a notable address, closing with brave words and loyalty to the office of President, unlimited in authority as he would have it. The closing words are: "Such is the constitutional discretion of the President. It is not the function of my address to apply to current political events the abstract principles I have deduced. Whether a President uses or abuses his discretion is not within the scope of this discussion. If counsel were retained to define the constitutional discretion of a financial or municipal corporation, for example, the scope of the retainer would be to define such discretion and nothing else. But whether New York

City, for instance, should exercise any or all of the corporate discretion which in the judgment of counsel it possesses, is an entirely different problem—involving financial ability, public expediency, and many other considerations. The President is a corporation sole. I have defined his abstract constitutional discretion as I conceive it to exist, and as I would define the discretion of any other corporation. Whether the President should exercise it depends upon an infinite variety of considerations—none of which are now before us. I conceive that we have entered upon a new era of political development. This is the age of executive expansion. The supremacy of Congress is giving way before the irresistible domination of the President. In 1790 Congress numbered 91 members, the Supreme Court 6, the executive force 2,000. Had all kept pace with our population, Congress would now number 1,865, the Supreme Court 123, and the executive force 41,000. Had all increased in proportion to our wealth, Congress would now number 13,741, the Supreme Court 906, and the executive force 302,000. Instead Congress now numbers 476, the Supreme Court 9, and the executive 240,000. Thus while other departments have stood comparatively rigid and inelastic, the President has grown with the country's growth, expanded with every phase of its development, and more automatically than any other department has assumed those Protean forms required for the constantly increasing and varying demands of the Republic. And this great army 240,000 strong, in its myriad forms, is everywhere and always the President, whether Postmaster in Maine, or Collector in Alaska, or Consul at Pekin, or Ambassador to Great Britain, or Chief Executive in the White House—it is everywhere and always the President, inspiring, guiding, and dominating the irresistible onward march of this mighty and ever-expanding people. I rejoice in such a President, I exult in such an Executive, I glory in such a Chief Magistrate; in all his proportions a majestic, constitutional figure, uncontrolled by Congress, unrestrained by the Courts, vested with plenary constitutional power and absolute constitutional discretion, a sovereign over eighty million people, and the servant of eighty million sovereigns; and grading up to his colossal stature are all the departments of Government, centering in him is a hierarchy of office, and a hierarchy of power as well, and running through the whole vast organism is a constitutional appeal over and beyond the courts and Congress and the Senate on up to the President himself, in whom reposes the highest discretion of the government, and beyond whom there exists in the Republic no human discretion whatsoever except the omnipotent judgment of the mighty and multitudinous tribunal of the people."

—J. H. Cunningham, '66, Hon. S. N. D. North, '69, J. F. Tufts, '72, R. W. Stone, '99, and William J. Quinn, '01, as committee presented the following minute to the Hamilton Alumni Association in Washington, D. C., which was adopted and sent for publication in our College

records. No words conveying deep appreciation of the personality and work of the late Senator Joseph R. Hawley of the class of 1847 can fail of interest among Hamilton graduates. "Joseph Roswell Hawley was born October 31, 1826, in Stewartville, N. C. He passed from life at the national capital March 18, 1905. On this broad stage of almost four score years he played various and conspicuous parts—as editor, soldier, statesman, a patriot always. He was graduated from Hamilton College, N. Y., in 1847. Three years later he was admitted to the bar in Hartford, Conn., where he practiced law six years, and at the age of 31, became editor of an evening paper which subsequently was consolidated with the Hartford Courant, with which his greatest distinction as an editor was won. Patriotism was instinctive with Joseph R. Hawley, and at the first call for troops by President Lincoln, in April, 1861, he left the editorial chair for the camp. His record as a soldier is a part of the renown of American arms. In rank he obtained by brevet the stars of major-general, and in service continued until January, 1866, when he was mustered out and resumed his editorial duties. The same year he was drafted by the people of Connecticut for service as their chief executive, and in years following was a delegate to the national convention of his party, presidential elector, and president of the commission charged with organizing and conducting the Centennial Exposition of 1876 at Philadelphia. He was three times elected a representative and four times a senator, in Congress. Hamilton and Trinity Colleges and Yale University honored themselves by conferring on this scholar, soldier, statesman, the degree of doctor of laws. When Hamilton College first invited its alumni to choose from their number representatives to sit on its board of trustees, our late associate was one of the original four selected. By re-election he was retained as an alumnus trustee to the end. It is not possible here, nor necessary, to more than indicate the activities and distinguished services of this alumnus of Hamilton. He was first of all healthful of heart and purpose. Integrity and patriotism were twins with these. The traditions of College Hill are that as an undergraduate he was always very much alive. During his brief practice at the bar, it is reported that his clients had confidence in him. As an editor, the living print bears testimony that cleanliness had in him a champion. His writings were distinguished by clearness, breadth of views, conviction, courage and fairness. His paper was one that could be taken into the home. As a soldier his courage, his love of the flag and his faith in the triumph of the union cause, were one and constant. The rank and file loved him for his fearlessness and humanity, his superiors trusted his judgment and sought his counsel. Few men have entered Congress better equipped for the duties of national law maker. He had an active and well ordered mind, trained in college, at the bar, in the newspaper field and the exacting school of war, stored by research, discussion, observation, experience'

and early was recognized as in the front rank of the men who count in the United States Senate. His influence there was for good. He honored the high position he held. He had the esteem and confidence of his associates regardless of party, of administrations, of all his countrymen. And when, worn out by years and labors well performed, he was about to pass to private life, appreciation of his merits and services was beautifully expressed in the unanimous action of Congress and the President, with the applause of the people, placing him on the retired list of the regular army with the rank of brigadier-general. Honored and trusted in public life, in private life he was beloved. Those who came closest to him there knew best the warmth of his nature, the intensity of his love for his fellow man, the pure gold of his character. He was at his best in the home circle, at camp fires and in gatherings like this of sons of Hamilton. His affection for the old college was unflagging, and often in his busy life he put aside affairs of moment and made long journeys to discharge his duties as a member of its board of trustees. The College, the state, the world are better for the living of Joseph R. Hawley. In grateful and proud remembrance of his life, character and services, the Washington Association of Hamilton College Alumni places this minute on its records."

---

## Necrology

---

### CLASS OF 1844.

WILLIAM GREEN HUBBARD, died at Albion, N. Y., March 21, 1905, aged 90 years. He was born in Marshall, N. Y., September 6, 1814; united with the church in Panama, N. Y., December 31, 1837; married to L. Amelia Gleason, of Clinton, N. Y., October 7, 1847. Ordained and installed at Summerhill, N. Y., by Cortland Presbytery, March 13, 1850; Meridian, 1847-9; Summerhill, 1849-56; Dryden, 1866-60; Wilson, 1860-7; Schoolcraft, Mich., 1867-9; Millville, N. Y., 1869-71; Barre Centre, 1871-6; Mendon, 1876-81; Parma Centre, 1881; Williamson, 1882-84; resident at Albion, 1885-1905. His ministerial labors extended over thirty-five years, and until the close of his long life he was interested in the things of the kingdom. He preached continuously from 1847 to 1885, when he felt no longer able to perform the duties of the pastorate. But even then he gave himself to most efficient Bible colportage work in Orleans county. He was of an exceedingly cheerful and happy disposition. Two daughters survive him, one in Michigan and one in Albion.

### CLASS OF 1862.

Judge AMOS M. THAYER, LL. D., '62, died April 24th, 1905, in St. Louis. The character and career of Judge Thayer are portrayed in an

address of Judge Chester H. Krum before the bar in St. Louis: "Upright and without a flaw, to have walked the checkered path of life to almost the Biblical span allotted to mankind; to have been the incumbent of public office for nearly a generation, and to have discharged every duty faithfully, fearlessly and with full honor; to have been a judge of election and appointment and throughout long terms of service, no matter how significant the issue, to have determined all controversies even-handedly upon the principles and mandates of the law; to have been steadfast in friendship and to have been able to truthfully say that not an enemy existed when death closed an eventful career, and in every relation of life to have been manful, honest, considerate, open-hearted, sincere, unassuming, and in no manner unduly elated by phenomenal success—is to have more than equalled the measure of ordinary men. The elements thus mixed in him, whose lamented decease these proceedings commemorate, evidence by their extraordinary combination the full stature of greatness. Gone, to that sleep that knows not breaking.

Ne'er to those chambers, where the mighty rest,  
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest.

"The effort of a lawyer to speak of a judge to his brother judges, however zealously attempted, naturally is not free from embarrassment. The lawyer speaks to those who best knew the subject of eulogism. So a desire to correctly estimate and portray the qualities which made the man, finds a purported hindrance in the fact that the very relation of the judge to the people separated him, in some degree, from those from the midst of whom he sprung. But the embarrassment is only apparent—it is not real. The judge did not eclipse the man. When he departed he certainly took a man's life with him. Carlyle, living, could well say of him: No rounder piece of American manhood was put together in this century of Time. As a judge, he was always as uncompromising as justice, because he was the embodiment of justice. He was never as harsh as truth, because, though himself as true as needle to the pole, he yet tempered with mercy the stroke which duty delivered with his hands. Forced by his station to keep somewhat aloof from the people, no interest of theirs suffered because forgotten or deemed trifling, and no obligation to the people was ignored because the power to adjudge had made him oblivious of his duty to his fellow-men. In dealing with problems of substance or procedure, with him, as with Denman, the statement and re-statement of a doctrine, the mere repetition of the Cantilena of lawyers could not make it for him the law. He traced it to some competent authority and then if irreconcilable, to some clear legal principle. He was eminently a practical judge. He never sought knots in bulrushes. He was rich in saving common sense. He was dispassionate, cautious to avoid error, swift to recant when wrong, never opinionated and so patient withal that

even in the controversial turmoil of the trial he was free from any of its infirmities—like the living flowers which feel no chill, though they skirt the eternal frost. In the higher sphere of appellate jurisdiction, to what he was, let your Honors pay the best, the well-deserved, the heartfelt tribute. He, forsooth, was a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. The monument of his own erection bears imperishable evidence of his intelligent service and honest devotion to duty, which, measured by beneficent results, can hardly be appropriately portrayed in words.

“Leaving the Judge to consider the man, what shall be the full measure of expression? It is said that we are all clever enough at envying a famous man while he is yet alive, and at praising him when he is dead. But none could have envied Amos M. Thayer, when living, except in the possession of qualities as a man which proved his completely rounded manhood—which is not envy, but true admiration. To praise one, dead, who living, was so much a man is not a gift of readiness, but a spontaneous recognition of the fact. Truth finds no detraction even in hyperbole. The royalty of virtue cannot bleach its purple even in the sounding phrases of unqualified eulogium. Was he not a good man and a just? May we not say, standing even yet by his grave strewn with God’s own wealth of flowers, ‘Here lies a truly honest man?’ Have his faults been observed, set in some note-book, learn’d and conn’d by rote? He was the one man who had no faults. Into his life the rain of mortal frailty seems never to have fallen. Of dark and dreary days, clouded with his own lapses, he had none. His was that quality of honor, forsooth, which felt a stain like a wound. Self-contained, his heart was yet open to every impulse of kindness and affection. He had no lack of kindly warmth. Not given much to speech, he was ready to accord to merit the full meed of praise, and silence served him best when human frailty laid bare some fellow-man to righteous criticism or condemnation. He loved the bright side of life. He was a genial companion. The reserve which judicial habit cast about him, broke in the intimacy of his friendship like the mist before the morning sun. In his friendships he more than shared their gladness with every friend, and in the sorrows of affliction wept with each friend that friend’s tears. The day is yet too young to measure the loss of this man’s death which has fallen upon yourselves and upon all the people. Choate speaking of his dead friend, a decade after Marshfield had in sorrow borne him to the grave, said that he had read that when the storm of battle was pressing him most sorely and his ranks were breaking, a Scottish chieftain cried out in the anguish of impending defeat, ‘Oh, for an hour of Dundee!’ and the great lawyer swept every chord of the human heart in his yearning for the renewal of associations and the re-awakening of qualities then utterly passed and still and cold in death. So there will be days when the past rising, as if Heaven had opened it

with its power, the memory of the qualities of him whom we mourn, will bring to every friend the yearning to hear again his cheering voice, to grasp again his manly hand, to share the outpouring of his kind heart, to profit by the wisdom of his counsel and to be inspired by the beneficence of his living example. Alas! that it cannot be. He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more. Hard it is to part when friends are dear; but with this dead friend so long together, let us not say to him 'Good-night,' but hope that in a brighter clime we may bid him 'Good-morning.'

CLASS OF 1893.

GEORGE R. DOUGLASS died suddenly on Saturday, June 10th, at the home of his sister, Mrs. F. H. Grubb, Lawton, Oklahoma, where he had been since the first of last December, having gone south for his health. His body was buried at Raymondville, N. Y., his old home. The immediate cause of death was heart failure. In College, Douglass was a conscientious and diligent student. He was among the maturer men of his class who attempted to get as much as possible out of the college course. He was always pleasant to meet, sincere in disposition, a perfect gentleman in all his bearings. He had a large and catholic spirit, was an enemy of shams, of snobbery in every form, and cherished the ideals of the genuine with a fervor akin to religious enthusiasm. Douglass was a true man in College and his friends appreciated his homely honesty and his direct ways of doing things. He fought his way through College under trying circumstances, and was faithful to every duty. He was not a man to become easily discouraged. His sturdy honesty in College characterized the life he led as a practicing lawyer. Douglass respected his profession and lived up to its splendid ideals. As an attorney in Buffalo he was gradually and surely succeeding in his calling and was laying the foundation for an honorable career. The class of 1893 has twenty surviving members. Mr. Douglass leaves a mother, three sisters and three brothers to mourn his loss.

---

## WILLIAMS & MORGAN

→The Furniture Leaders←

HAVE THE GOODS YOU NEED IN  
YOUR ROOM. DON'T FAIL TO CALL  
ON US. WE CAN GIVE YOU WHAT  
YOU REQUIRE AT RIGHT PRICES.

---

WILLIAMS & MORGAN,  
31 Genesee St.,                      Utica, N. Y.

**JACOBSON BROS.,**

**— TAILORS, —**

5 Lafayette Street,

UTICA, N. Y.

---

Next to the Old Iron Savings Bank.

---

**GEO. E. GIBBON,**

**Maker of First Class Photos, Right Up-to-Date.**

Frames made to order from the latest style  
mouldings while you wait . . . . .

**Sherman Block,**

**Clinton, N. Y**

---

**CHAS. M. MYRICK,**

**M. O. MYRICK,**

**JEWELER,**

**BOOTS & SHOES,**

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS,

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK,

Opera House Block, Clinton, N. Y.

CLINTON, N. Y

---

**MONEY ORDERS** for any amount at reasonable rates of  
exchange, are sold by

**THE CLINTON . . BANK**  
**HAYES & CO., BANKERS**

who transact a general banking business.

11-11-68

# Hamilton



**Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.**

# October, 1905

# Suits and Overcoats

## FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN.

It's a great comfort to be correctly dressed. Some men think to dress well means a big outlay of cash, a custom tailor, etc. If you come to us we will fit you to clothes that harmonize with any surrounding—clothes that the average custom tailor can't duplicate. They are the Rogers, Peet & Co. and Hart, Schaffner & Marx makes—that's why. The Fall Fashions in Suits and Overcoats awaits your inspection. College men will find styles at this store designed expressly for them both in Clothing and Furnishings.

**The Guyer Hat  
is very popular  
with popular men**

## Wicks & Greenman, APPAREL SHOP.

56-57 Franklin Square,

Utica, N. Y.

## GET INTEREST

on your money by depositing it with the

## Citizens Trust Company,

Cor. Genesee and Bleecker Sts., Utica, N. Y.

A Dollar in the Pocket grows continually less. A Dollar in the  
"Citizens Trust" grows larger every day.

**Jacob Hgme, President.**

**Elon G. Brown, first Vice-President.**

**William I. Taber, Second Vice-President.**

**Edward Bushinger, Secretary.**

# ***The* Hamilton Literary Magazine**

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1867

---

VOL. XL.

OCTOBER, 1905.

NO. 2.

---

## **The Clouds**

---

**H**IGH in the azure blue  
Fleec'd clouds are floating,  
Moving on rhythmic'ally,  
Airily boating,

Making grand pageantry  
Ever unending,  
Formless yet wondrous-shaped,  
Soft colors blending,

Like the white-winged ships  
Tranquilly sailing,  
Passing their fellow craft  
Blithesomely hailing.

Chariots of Heaven,  
Swift wind-steeds racing,  
Rushing on over us,  
All the sky gracing.

O that I soared with them,  
Beckoning, nodding,  
Far from Earth's sorrowing,  
And its dull plodding.

—*L. P. Stryker, '06.*

## **A Memoir of Dr. North**

---

**N**EAR the close of spring term there appeared a memoir of Dr. Edward North, written by S. N. D. North. Its title, "Old Greek, an Old-time Professor in an Old Fashioned College," explains the book. Dr. North's life was so interwoven with that of the College that the book is no less a history of the institution than of its beloved Professor.

It is a work to be prized alike by alumni and undergraduates. To the former it will recall the bond which united instructor and pupil. To the latter it will explain in some degree the love and veneration with which "Old Greek" is spoken of by their elders.

The first half of the book is devoted to the life of Dr. North from boyhood to his death. Then come the following chapters: "The Teacher," "The Greek Scholar," "The Writer and Lecturer," "The Language Lover and Spelling Reformer" and "The Gardener and Nature Lover." "The Greek Scholar" is a tribute by Dr. Edward Fitch, Dr. North's successor in the Greek chair.

Thus besides a sketch of his life we have an insight into the character of the man himself second only to that gained by a lifelong friendship. Its simple straightforward style renders the book interesting to those who never heard of Dr. North or of Hamilton College.

Many specimens of his writing are given which show his beautiful and beauty-loving nature far better than would be possible in twice the number of biographical pages. His love and sympathy for nature are shown most clearly in the poem, written at a time when the general sentiment called for the removal of our historic poplars:

### **THE MINISTRY OF TREES.**

I sing the trees, ordained of God to preach  
Sermons more eloquent than pulpit speech.  
Trees have quick sympathy and tender voice.

With hearts that leap for joy, green trees rejoice,  
And mourn with mourning hearts. If soaring thought,  
Or hope, or love returned, or good deed wrought,  
With softest sunshine bathe your soul and eye,  
To all this sunshine trees make glad reply.  
The joy for which tongue finds no utterance  
Is voiced by laughing leaves in merry dance.  
Raptures that struggle at your lips for words  
From bending boughs are syllabled by birds.  
Should sore bereavement, pain, ingratitude  
People your breast with sorrow's sullen brood  
Of wretched thoughts, and human accents rasp  
Your wounded spirit, and the proffered grasp  
Of friendship's hand seem insolent and hard,  
With no such rudeness will your peace be marred,  
When to "the resinous twilight" woods you wend  
For friendship's self without the selfish friend.  
From whispering leaves and crickets' hum and grass  
Fragrant beneath your footsteps there shall pass  
Nepenthean balm so comforting that ere  
Your griefs are told they turn to cheer.

To the stranger who is a devotee of the large university, or who is of that decreasing number who scoff at college education in any form, the book is a revelation. It puts forth the advantages of the small college on every page, and he would be a Philistine indeed who was not converted by this wonderfully beautiful example to the cause of classical education.

At the close is given the memorial address by Herrick Johnson, (published in the *LIT.* of December, 1903,) which is the sum of the knowledge in regard to "Old Greek" held by the majority of the present college world.

In form the book is artistic; simple without, and beautiful within. There are many excellent engravings both of Dr. North and of the college and its surroundings. In some editions, at least, there is an error by the publishers; but as this results in the duplication of certain pages and not in their omission, little fault can be found with it.

—*R. B. Peck, '07.*

## **An Oration**

---

**E**VERY great achievement has its origin in the dreams of men. Where there is mental stagnation nothing is accomplished, and it is as certain as the law of cause and effect that three small vessels, bound for a long voyage, would never have set forth from Palos on the 3rd of August, 1492, were it not for that strange mental restlessness which long since had begun to agitate the mediaeval world.

In the latter years of the fifteenth century the roots of the new age were spreading rapidly. Old beliefs were fading away. The tremendous power of monasticism was weakening. The fire of knighthood and chivalry was already dying, and over a century later was to be utterly extinguished by the gale of laughter arising from Don Quixote. The sun of the Renaissance, whose light is still visible in the sky, had risen at last, and the earth throbbed with the joy of life and the passion for adventure. The day of Copernicus, Luther and Columbus had come.

Nearly fifty years before, Constantinople had been captured by the Turks, thereby depriving Christendom of its maritime trade with the East. Mediterranean ports once bristling with masts were now deserted, and cities that formerly resounded with the noise of industry were silent. To discover a new route to India became the object of navigators. The Indies was the distant Mecca to reach which nations were striving desperately. And at length out of Genoa, a town once opulent through eastern commerce, came Christopher Columbus to prove that the Indies could be reached by sailing west.

Like all great men, Columbus embodied the spirit of his age. He was a glorious dreamer. The irresistible progress of civilization was at work, and a Sea of Darkness was becoming an absurdity. Somewhere to the westward beyond the blue horizon lay the gorgeous mysteries of Cathay; and Columbus, the man of the hour, advanced to demonstrate it.

Hence his discovery was inevitable. It came because it

must—for the same reason that spring comes after winter. What matters it that fierce, half-mythical Norsemen visited America long before? or that Columbus may never have set foot on the mainland, and may never have realized that the country was other than the fabled Indies? To him alone is due the most stupendous achievement of the Renaissance, which revealed to the world a new hemisphere and opened up a vast arena of strange and terrible men and animals—wealth and wonders which surpassed even the lurid imagination of that romantic day.

The astonished eyes of Europe beheld a veritable new world. They found immense rivers, awful wilderness, giant wastes of forest through which prowled stealthy savages. They saw populous Aztec cities gleaming under an arid sun, disciplined armies and lofty towers of human sacrifice announcing a civilization as relentless as nature. In the fierce glare of an equatorial land, temples of gold and silver lay before them, and everywhere they were confronted with the fabulous riches of the Incas. The New World was like a magnificent hashish dream out of the Arabian Nights. It excited all the lusts to which man is heir, and its call was immediate and imperative. On they came: the avaricious Spaniard to plunder and murder under the banner of St. Jago, the missionary Frenchman to earn the crown of martyrdom, the commercial Englishman to trade.

What was the discovery of the classical manuscripts, or the inventions of gunpowder, the printing press and the mariner's compass to this, which doubled both the geography of the world and the knowledge of mankind? Nothing less than intercourse with another planet could have been fraught with more far-reaching results. Nothing since the coming of Christ has equalled it in its ultimate importance. The discovery of America established that splendid broadening process which eliminated completely the savage fears and superstitions of mediaevalism. It was a marvelous reality before which the vestiges of the Dark Ages disappeared, and through which generations yet unborn were to find a refuge.

—S. T. Kinney, '06.

## ‘ The Best Laid Plans ’

---

“**B**UD, its simply up to you, you got me into this scrape —get me out.”

Thus simply and effectively did Jack Ludlow conclude an eloquent recital of his social troubles. Jack's predicament was one not unusual to the undergraduate. It arose over the selection of that charming though vacillating personality whose yearly advent is provocative of sometimes joy, sometimes sorrow, but always trouble—the “Junior girl”.

Some time earlier Jack had averred that he would “have on”, for the momentous evening of the “Prom”, “the swell-est girl on the blank, by gad!” And few who knew the object of his choice denied the legitimacy of the boast. However, no “best laid plans” fail so frequently as those which are founded on the rather unsubstantial basis of a pretty girl's caprice; and Eleanor Gates surprised her “dear old Jack” with a letter which tactfully conveyed the information that she was either unable or undesirous—he couldn't tell which; there was a maddening ambiguity in all Eleanor's letters of availing herself of his invitation. Unreasonably and without considering woman's age-old prerogative as to change of mind, he had accepted this answer as final; and after some thought had conferred the favor on Muriel Baldwin, a gay, unconventional girl who lived in a suburb and whose cleverness and beauty enjoyed great local repute. To be sure she had peculiarities, such as to render her reception by other girls problematic—“not at all the kind of girl Eleanor would like”, he thought with a shock; but secretly he rather admired the spirit which could impel its possessor to make a formal call in riding dress, as Muriel had once done to the angry distress of a prudish old hostess, and the dismal terror of her mother.

And then, only two nights before “Prom,” Bud had calm-

ly fished from his pocket a soiled envelope bearing Jack's name and reeking with the odor of Bud's favorite curve-cut; which fabric of faded gentility he coolly handed to his chum with the remark: "Guess this is yours, isn't it?"

Jack seized it with vague misgivings. Bud's forgetfulness had been productive of mischief before this. It was several weeks old, and one sentence proved to be of disastrous and appalling significance. It read: "And, oh, Jack, do you know what! Papa says I *may come after all!* Aren't you glad?"

"Yes, Bud," Jack angrily repeated, "your thoughtlessness is responsible for my silly position and it's up to you to help me out."

"But, Jack," protested Bud, who shunned feminine society with a dogged persistency which would have won for him his letter on the gridiron, "you know I don't go in for that sort of thing. Get somebody else — Bob Darrell would do nicely," he added with just a faint chuckle.

Jack scowled disapprobation. It was a well-known fact that during his Freshman year he had unsuccessfully competed with the insolent, handsome Bob for the favor of a certain girl.

However, Bud agreed to enact his chum's will — as he always did in the end.

"Now then," said Jack, walking up and down and tugging at an ugly meerschaum for mental suggestion, "I'll tell you what. Of course they must both come. It wouldn't be decent to cancel at this late hour. Muriel writes that she'll be in on the limited which arrives at 6:30 in the evening. Except for an accommodation which gets here at noon that's the only train from the east, consequently Eleanor will take it at Dellville where she changes. Now it would be awkward for me to meet them both at the station, wouldn't it? So here's the plan: You stay here, meet Muriel and convey to her as mercifully as possible the information that your feet will smudge her train during ten or more dances, not mine. Not knowing what a wretched dancer you are she may not mind

that — though of course," he added loftily, "she is bound to be somewhat disappointed with the arrangement. Anyway, you must explain and take consequences. Meanwhile, I'll go to Dellville that morning; meet Eleanor and take the limited as far as Sidney, which is the town before Muriel's and only six miles from college. Then we'll have a jolly sleigh-ride to town in a swell rig sent over by yourself. That will save Muriel from embarrassment in case we should meet on the train, and I know that Eleanor will enjoy the ride — well?" as Bud looked dissatisfied.

"Well," said Bud, "seems to me you're making a foolish fuss over nothing. Why not meet both girls at the station and tell them the joke? That's the simplest and easiest way out of it."

"No, that let's you out too easily," was Jack's objection. And in the end his will prevailed.

As he had planned, Jack went to Dellville; met all the incoming trains, but somehow missed Eleanor, and concluding that she had taken a roundabout course — probably to make a visit — boarded the limited in a discontented frame of mind. In no wise desirous of meeting Muriel as yet, he alighted at Sidney. He had not reckoned with the elements when he planned his little sleighride; and as he watched the snow and sleet driving against the car window he smiled grimly, remembering Eleanor's distaste for intemperate weather. Hesitating for a moment, he was on the point of remaining aboard; but, suddenly remembering that the driver's instructions had been to wait for him, he leaped off and started a hurried search around the little station. Meeting with no success he rushed into the office and questioned the sleepy operator who had aroused himself with a manifest sense of injury to attend to Sidney's mail.

"Have you seen a closed sleigh for me, sir?"

The operator eyed him with drowsy irritation. "No, I ain't," he replied with gruff emphasis, turning away. But suddenly, just as the train was gliding away, he wheeled about.

"Oh! is your name Ludlow?" he yawned.

"Yes."

"Well, Bill said there was a telegram for you. I ain't read it, Bill took it down."

Jack spread out the yellow sheet and to his consternation read the following:

"Plan impracticable—Beaver creek overflowed  
—come on in limited. BUD."

Instinctively he rushed out on the platform; but he was too late—the train was well under way. Jack watched its crimson light fade away in the swirling riot of snow and mist—then turned upon the bewildered operator, dramatically thrusting the fatal telegram in his face.

"Is this the way you serve the people, you careless villain?" he roared.

The other was frightened into interest.

"T'aint so bad," he hastened to shout, "I'll get Jim Brown to drive you around by Teaser's Mill. That'll get you there by—by—you'll get there sometime, all right," he added confidently.

Angry though he was, Jack was soon glad to avail himself of even this unpromising arrangement. What with a lazy driver, a heavy fall of snow and a drive of twelve miles, he finally reached town at midnight, hurriedly dressed, and was soon presenting his ticket at the Gym. door to a grinning classmate who informed him that the first half of the dance was finished.

With heavy foreboding he rushed upstairs—and saw something very disheartening. Within direct line of his vision he saw Eleanor glide away in the arms of Bob Darrell, while halfway around the room he spied Muriel dancing in lazy comfort with Bud, who for once appeared at ease and, to Jack's amazed wrath, betrayed no concern at what must have been his unaccountable absence. During the remainder of that number he stayed below. Then he braced his shoulders, cursed Bud for the hundredth time and walked upstairs—just in time to meet Eleanor and Muriel who were about to

descend, arm-in-arm, having witnessed his retreat. Dizzy with embarrassment, he stammered some formal greeting. Each extended her disengaged hand with a smile of pleasure.

"You rogue," said Eleanor, "how dare you invite two? And didn't you know, silly, that Muriel and I are old friends? That's why I came on a day early without informing you, so that I could have her all to myself. And then, when you didn't show up, what could be more fortunate, since I ran into Bob Darrell who had intended to go stag. Oh, we're having a beautiful time!"

"Yes," assented Jack dismally, feeling like an interloper. But somehow the aspect of affairs brightened when, a few minutes later, Eleanor said: "Of course you'll finish Bob's program," and her beautiful eyes lighted with frank welcome, while softly and mirthfully she hummed "Teasing".

—*W. T. Purdy, '06.*

---

## Sonnet

---

FAIR summer, thou has slipped away: no more  
 With thee, sweet comrade, may I careless roam  
 In Mother Earth's vast garden, Nature's home.  
 Those golden days, so free from care, are o'er,  
 When, wandering through the forests, to the shore  
 Of some lone mountain lake we oft would come;  
 Then lying dreaming 'neath blue heaven's dome,  
 I listened to the songs that thou wouldst pour  
 With powerful sweetness into mind and soul:  
 Grand melodies of lakes, and hills, and skies;  
 Songs of things dreamed, that cannot be retold,  
 But things that stir all noble souls to rise.  
 Ah! summer, may I oft again behold  
 Thy smiling face when future years unroll.

—*C. E. Leavenworth, '09.*

## Josefa Carmona

---

SHE was a little black-eyed, tan-skinned, Porto Rican girl, not more than six or seven years old; straight black hair that spoke of the Carib, and a complexion that hinted of the tar brush.

The very first day of school the American noticed her. At nine o'clock the children all gathered in front of the school and sang "America" and "God bless our school" in translations that had been jumbled to suit the Spanish jingle. Josefa was there with the rest of them, and she sang—sang in such a way as to call the American's attention. Her singing never varied. From the moment the first note was sounded, until the closing strain, her mouth was wide open; and from that mouth there came forth, without articulation or modulation, a single, long-drawn wail.

A little later that same day, when the American went into the primary room, the little maid rushed from her seat, and hid herself in the folds of the Porto Rican teacher's dress, crying that she was "afraid of the American." This increased the English teacher's interest, and he immediately tried to win Josefa's confidence. Shy at first, she soon became his warmest friend. Mornings when he took his walk along the carretera, he always met her trudging barefoot to the little school. Josefa lived in the country, and when she met the teacher on these morning walks, she always saluted him as far off as she could see him with "Goodbye!"—the only English word she knew. And usually she had collected a little bunch of wild flowers, or held out in a chubby, dirty hand, a mangó, or an over-ripe banana, talking all the while in her queer jargon of the campo.

But Josefa could not learn English. Every day the American taught her some new words, until she could say them perfectly; but when the next morning came, her mind was as blank as ever. Day after day this was repeated, and as the

rest of the class progressed through "cat" and "mat," and had begun to read the short sentences on the chart, Josefa — poor little soul — knew only "goodbye." But it served her faithfully both as salutation and as farewell. And when she was called upon to read the sentences that the other children pronounced so glibly, she always uttered that queer little sound that was the same for all words, and which was continued as long as the teacher's pointer rested upon the chart.

One bright June morning, the American did not meet the little maid as he took his morning walk; and he went somewhat farther than usual, with the hope of seeing her along the road. Later her well-known voice was not heard among the singers about the school, nor did she appear in the afternoon class. The next day it was the same — and the next. Then the American thought he would take a ride over the hill, and see if he could find the house which she had vaguely indicated as being in the next little valley. Soon he left the main road, and his little bronco began climbing up a trail that looked like a stairway, and which promised to lead into the valley, after it had seen the top of the mountain. For almost an hour he rode, and when he had nearly reached the ravine, he suddenly overtook Josefa herself, as she walked in front of him in the trail. Upon her head was a gourd of spring water, and as she trudged along, she cried softly to herself. The American asked her what was the matter; but she neither answered nor turned her head. He asked her where she lived; no reply. So he just followed her in the trail, and in a little while they came to one of the rudest of those rude mountain huts, built of palm leaves and poles.

There was but one room, with a ground floor, and as the American jumped from his horse, he saw several people in the room. He made his way into the house; and there in a dirty cloth hammock lay a woman with a body gaunt and enemic. Her rough hands gave evidence of work in the fields, and her thin, pinched face told of hunger and suffering. Seated on boxes were a peon and his wife; by the hammock stood the village priest, and the picture was completed by Josefa in the

corner, crying softly to herself. The sick woman drank some of the water her daughter had brought, and it seemed to revive her. When she saw the American, her face lighted up, and she eagerly began to talk, telling him of the little girl, and how she had worked and sacrificed to keep her in school. It was a sad tale, but as she grew weaker, the priest tried to quiet her. Then it was very still in the room, except for the sobs of Josefa, whose heart was breaking. So almost an hour passed, and the dying woman spoke again — whispered: “The year is nearly finished, and she never missed a day!” Starved to death, and Josefa too young to guess!

A little later the American rode slowly up the mountain. At the summit he stopped, and looked far to the north, and caught, in the distance, a glimpse of the sea, where the bright blue water kept rolling in, from his own home land. Then he turned and looked back. Over the little hut in the valley the dusk was fast gathering.

—*R. N. McLean, '06.*

---

## Night

---

GOLDEN stars in a dusky sky,  
Whip-poor-will softly calling.  
Low and deep the zephyrs sigh,  
Dew-pearls gently falling.  
Saffron glints in the darkness,  
Calm the moon's pale light —  
You and I are in Paradise  
Tonight.

—*A. V. Coupe, '08.*

## **The Fumbling Mixture**

---

**G**ARRETT ARMOND, '05, was unscrupulous. He was also an extremely capable and learned chemist. His father, the celebrated Jules Armond, had raised young Garrett among his vials and test tubes, and the young man had learned chemistry in practically all its phases.

Garrett was also an inveterate gambler. He had the all-conquering desire to win — to win at anything and everything, and when money was concerned this desire was greatly intensified.

With ample means at his command he had fitted up an elaborate private laboratory in his suite in Clarendon, and there he spent hours at a time, heating and cooling various mixtures, testing and analyzing them.

One crisp autumn day, Armond locked himself in his laboratory, and remained there until late in the evening. Bending over his table, watching a gurgling, bubbling solution before him, he took notes rapidly in short hand. Suddenly he turned off the flame with a snap, snatched up the beaker and immersed it in a bowl of cold water. The boiling ceased and the mixture slowly hardened into a tallow-like mass.

Armond leaned back, breathing heavily. His black eyes twinkled almost humorously, as he forced a short wooden bar into the viscous mass.

"Now we'll see what happens," he said aloud. "If the experiment goes through, it ought to be extremely difficult for me to hold that stick in my hand."

He drew out the bar and grasped it firmly. For a moment he held it without trouble, then, slowly but surely it slipped from his hand and fell to the floor.

Armond laughed gleefully. "So far, so good," he chuckled. "Now for the rest."

Picking up the stick by the dry end, Armond placed it on the table, and selected a large bottle from the array before

him. The bottle was filled with a transparent liquid, a part of which he poured into the hollow of his hand, and rubbed it into the skin gently. Then he reached over and picked up the stick. He could hold it with perfect ease. He tossed it in the air and finally laid it on the table once more with a satisfied smile.

The next day a new "rubber" was engaged at the training quarters, at Armond's secret instigation. Then Armond proceeded to raise all the money he could and wagered it on the football game against the big university which their team was to play the following Saturday.

The team and substitutes arrived the night before the game, and were lodged in a hotel. Armond had a consultation with his accomplice, the "rubber", and closed it by giving him two glass-stoppered bottles. Then he turned in and had a good night's rest.

The next afternoon the "rubber" in the training quarters carefully rubbed the hands of each player with the transparent liquid, and applied the tallow-like mixture secretly to the ball to be used in the game.

The field was crowded with the friends of the big university, and they offered any amount of money that their team would roll up over twenty-four points on their lighter adversaries.

The visitors kicked off. The yellow ball lingered in the air, turning lazily on its axis, then fell into the arms of the quarterback, who dropped it! The opposing end, rushing down the field, snatched up the ball and crossed the line for a touchdown.

The adherents of the big university could scarcely believe their eyes. The little college had scored in less than a minute of play. Jordman, the reliable, the crack quarterback, had fumbled after having the ball securely in his arms.

Then the big university kicked off, but the smaller, weaker team advanced but slowly over the freshly limed lines, and lost the ball in about eight minutes of play. This time there was no fumbling and the men from the big university carried

the ball down the field without the slightest trouble. The final score was 34-5 in favor of the big university.

Armond sat by himself on the ride home, his brow contracted, trying to figure out why their opponents had no trouble in holding the ball after they received it "on downs". Finally with a regretful sigh he gave up the problem until he could get to his beloved laboratory.

"There must have been some chemical reaction that annulled the properties of my 'fumbling mixture'," he muttered, as he carefully closed the door. "Could it have come from the grass? No, impossible. Um — ah! the fresh lime lines? By Jove!"

He rushed over to his table, placed a quantity of the tal-low-like mixture in a test tube, and added a small quantity of lime. The reaction was immediate. The mixture hardened, breaking the test tube. Armond threw the fragments into the waste jar savagely.

"Stung," he growled.

—*W. B. Simmons, '08.*

## Two Novels: A Comparison

SOME years ago the reading public was startled by the appearance of a really notable novel, and one which raised on all sides a host of conflicting opinions. This was "Sir Richard Calmady," the work of that brilliant woman, Charles Kingsley's daughter, who is known in the world of letters as "Lucas Malet." You would find many enthusiasts hailing it as the book of the decade, dubbing it a classic, and coupling the author's name with that of George Eliot, all of which must have been very gratifying to Lucas Malet, and also effective in booming the sales. However, there were plenty of dissenting voices to these opinions, from those who, while they admitted the author's ability in general, denied the propriety of "Sir Richard Calmady" in particular. Calling the book "improper," was a very mild form of the

disapproval which greeted it on all sides, and many went so far as to style it "disgusting," and to flatly declare that such a thing should never have been written. And, no doubt, the expression of such sentiments also had its effect on the demand for the work in the market, for it must be admitted that a notorious book often has the commercial advantage over one that is merely noted. All of this arose from Lucas Malet's well-known inclination to call a spade a spade, no matter how distasteful such a performance might be to sensitive readers. She undertook to draw a picture of life with all its beauties and all its passions, and probably saw no reason why she should omit certain very realistic phases simply because they are tabooed by the conventions of society. Just how far an author may carry this realism is a subject upon which many and varied opinions are entertained.

Certainly "Sir Richard Calmady" cannot be classed with that form of literature in which the improprieties are meant to be and are the sole attraction. In its atmosphere is none of that "steamy licentiousness" which is the hall-mark of French literature. There is no veiled offensiveness, nothing suggestive; the narrative is simple and straightforward, showing things as they are with Chaucerian candor, and without that beating about the bush which the fastidious seem to require. So the author and publishers were censured by a virtuous public, and behold!—the more recent editions lack certain scenes and passages. So much for "Sir Richard Calmady,"—it was expurgated.

It was only this year that another somewhat daring book made its appearance in the lists of summer fiction, and this, also, was from the pen of a woman. "Pam," by Bettina, the Baroness von Hutten, is the story of a man who left his wife for another woman, simply because they loved each other too deeply to have any regard for the sacredness of the marital relation, or for any other of those better conventions which make up the strength and fibre of our society. They lived together, these two, and were happy—there's the pity of it—perfectly, blissfully happy in their little

"Arcadia," their sunny, care-free, Bohemia. We can point no moral here. Where is the just retribution, which should strike the sinners in the concluding chapters—where the repentance at leisure, where, in short, the unpleasant situations which, in real life, would probably have followed in the train of such an act? It all makes interesting reading, but what of the influence? Although the author disowns in her preface any approval of her characters and their views, their happiness is none the less convincing.

The normal reader will not be affected by "Pam," but we are not all normal. Let us suppose the case of a young girl, chafing under uncongenial restrictions, and yet strengthened against temptation by a certain implanted sense of right and wrong. And then comes "Pam," with its peculiar and convenient reasoning,—a new light strikes the subject, a new idea takes up the central position in the girl's mental attitude, and the restraint snaps. Who can calculate the evil influence that such a book might wield?

And here we have the point. "Pam"—dainty, piquante "Pam," alive with its possibilities of doing harm in the world—"Pam" is accepted and flourishes. But "Sir Richard Calmady," which, at the most, merely oversteps certain accepted limits of good taste, is condemned and tabooed.

Is it a question of taste, then, to be given higher consideration than a point of ethics? Indeed, it would seem so. We must, before all else, be perfectly and precisely proper.

—A. H. Woolcott, '09.

## CRITICUS

---

SOME old Greek once said, *Ευδαίμων ὁ μηδὲν ὀφειλὼν*, meaning thereby, "Happy is the man who owes nothing."

The Attic wiseacre had no conception of the modern college man, with his fondness for theatre parties, his sense of lazy comfort in the crimson glow of tobacco, his sneaking exultation in swell clothes. But the proverb is as true of one time and place as another, and Criticus recommends its general and particular application, though realizing that the mere state of "owing nothing" is not the only essential to happiness.

Debts are like burrs—they cling to exasperation; and their removal is often the occasion of much annoyance. Mindful of this, Criticus would benevolently offer the kernel of experience to those who are entering the race and who, in their newly-fledged liberty, are prone to the mistake of doing the first of the four laps in half-mile time. No, there is nothing like the placid satisfaction of owning one's clothes, even though they are of last year's cut; of contentedly fostering the liking for that rare golden harvest which can be gleaned from books only; of living strictly within one's means and ignoring the clamoring challenge of the city-bound trolley car. The man who is so reckless as to contract obligations during his first year may, as a Sophomore, greet the ominous green-stamped envelope with a welcoming laugh, but the laugh rings hollow as time flits on; and Criticus has seen more than one man leave college experiencing a queer feeling of failure which has attained persistence with each recurrent reminder. Remember that nothing is so becoming to strong manhood as complete freedom; and its attainment is often rendered, for the time at least, impossible, because of a foolish extravagance. Many a race is won at the start, but exhausted possibilities are of all things most hopeless.

## EDITORIAL

---

EVERYONE should read the announcement printed on another page of this issue. Through the generosity of Messrs. Adams and Weaver, both of the class of '91, an annual cash prize of twenty-five dollars has been founded for creative writing in prose, "under which head is included, broadly, fiction, descriptive narrative, editorials and contributions upon subjects of contemporaneous college interest." All articles appearing in the *LIT.*, *Life* and *Hamiltonian* are eligible, providing that they have not been written for a recognized academic writing competition. This prize, which is to exist for a period of five years, is to be known as "The '91 Manuscript Prize." However, the announcement explains itself and we need not go into further details. It is sufficient to say that the prize furnishes a long-desired and timely incentive for literary work that is not perfunctory, and that it speaks eloquently of its founders' interest in their Alma Mater.

---

THE early prospects for football were not very favorable. Several valuable men had been lost, notably Captain Speh, '05, and the entering Freshman class developed very little available material. From the first it was evident that the team would be very light and that speed and science only could compensate for the lack of beef. Under the skillful coaching of Mr. Watson, captain of Williams last season, and the able direction of Captain Bramley, wonders have been accomplished, and the beginning of the season has been highly propitious.

On September 27th we met Cornell and were defeated by but one touchdown. The score was a tie at the end of the stipulated time but Costello of Cornell broke the agreement and insisted on five more minutes of play. Cornell finally scored, but this 5-0 defeat was a splendid practical victory for us and a sad blot on Cornell's sportsmanship. Our stock boomed. St. Lawrence lost to us on October 2, 12-0, though

the score in no way did justice to our superiority. Rochester has a good team this year and was confident of victory, but on October 7, at Rochester, we smothered their over-sanguine eleven by a score of 29-0, and this despite the fact that about half our team was in admittedly poor condition. So far so good.

Our big games still boom ahead; Syracuse, Union and Colgate have fast and very heavy teams, but we hope that science may triumph as in the past. The team is working hard, the management is splendid and we have Hamilton spirit. Win or lose the team is of the kind that fight in the last ditch, and one that reflects credit on the College in any circumstance.

---

THE new dormitory on the site of Old South already begins to show what may be expected, and the walls of the first floor are taking shape. The building will be five stories high, and when completed will be the best on the Campus. The rooms, from what may be seen at present, promise to be somewhat smaller than those in Carnegie, but there will be more of them and they will be just as comfortable. Instead of the baths in each room, showers will be located on each floor, which by most men will be appreciated more than the individual baths without the shower. Hamilton may well take pride in her buildings and her grounds. We have done pretty well toward providing clothes for the outer man, but what about the inner? The present Senior class has seen the building of the Commons, the Chemical Laboratory, and Carnegie; and this year will witness the growth of a third. Should not something be done toward better salaries for our professors? They are the men who have made the college; and our reputation before the world far exceeds in importance the appearance of our grounds.

---

FOR the coming year Dr. Squires continues to have charge of Alumniana. This indispensable feature of the LIT. involves much labor that is both irksome and unremunerative, and the Board desire to thank him for his unselfishness in again conducting the department.

## The '91 Manuscript Prize

---

SEPTEMBER 30, 1905.

*To the Editors of Hamilton Literary Magazine:*

Gentlemen:—With a view to encouraging original literary effort, the undersigned members of the class of '91 desire to offer through you, for competition by the undergraduate body of Hamilton College, a cash prize of \$25.00 yearly to run for the term of five years. This prize is to be known as "The '91 Manuscript Prize." Primarily its aim is to stimulate creative interest as expressed in contributions to the regular college magazines. Therefore, it has seemed best to the donors to establish, as the medium of composition, the present form of undergraduate journalism at Hamilton, and to make the management of the competition entirely a matter of undergraduate control.

To be eligible a manuscript must have been published or accepted for publication in either the HAMILTON LITERARY MAGAZINE, *Hamilton Life*, or *The Hamiltonian*. No essay, oration, or thesis designed for or entered in any recognized academic competition for writing, shall be considered; but this shall not apply to literary work in the regular course not competing for an academic prize.

Only prose writing may be entered. The contesting manuscripts must be creative in character; under which head is included broadly, fiction, descriptive narrative, editorials, and contributions upon subjects of contemporaneous college interest. To distinguish by example: in the latter class, an article on the tendencies of modern athletics would be eligible, while a thesis on the influence of science on 19th century literature, would not. No restriction as to length is set, other than the limits proper to the nature of the college publications' demands.

Such conditions as relate to the opening and closing of the competitions, the formal award of the prize, and the determi-

nation of the successful manuscript, will be decided by the combined editorial boards of the HAMILTON LITERARY MAGAZINE, *Hamilton Life*, and *The Hamiltonian*, or a quorum thereof; or by judges delegated by them. It shall be within the province of the united boards in any year to declare no award, in case the contesting manuscripts fail to fulfill satisfactorily the conditions under which the prize is offered.

Trusting that we may have the co-operation of your board in this matter, we are respectfully yours,

SAMUEL H. ADAMS,

GEORGE M. WEAVER, JR.

## AMONG THE LIT'S

---

—Of the exchanges so far received the *Stanford Sequoia* easily takes the lead. The first article, "Athletes and Hero-worship", by Prof. Colbert Searles, is well worth while, and is a timely warning to many in institutions where interest in and for football players supersedes that in the game itself. It may be surmised that Professor Searles himself is not a football player, when he asserts that practicing formations and running through signals is scarcely more exciting than a lively two-step. At least if this is not the case the gentleman must be a strenuous two-stepper. However, with the exception of a few such mistakes of ignorance, his plea for less athletics and more scholarship is well justified in a university where the proportion of delinquent athletes is one man to every five. The stories, "Chispah", "The Courage of Cowards", "The Day of Prosperity", and "The Clam Digger," are all excellent. In the Sketch Book department "The Quest of OYuki" is well written and has local color. Among the clippings is a poem by Clinton Scollard, "A Midsummer Song". The *Lit* is in good taste and interesting throughout.

—The *Western College World* has a number of rather weak stories which are not in keeping with most of its other articles. Of these the best are found under the heading "In the College World", consisting of the "Future Occupations of Radcliffe College Girls", and an account of the ancient university El-Azahr in Egypt.

—The *Oberlin Review*, a paper similar to the *Hamilton Life*, announces that every month a larger edition will appear containing literary features. This would seem to be an excellent and conservative method of breaking ground for the monthly *Lit*, which will undoubtedly eventually find a place at Oberlin.

—The *Columbia University Quarterly* contains a full account of the graduation exercises. There are two excellent illustrations, one of University Hall, and the other of James Kent, LL.D., professor of law 1793-1798, 1823-1847. The latter is after a portrait presented to the Law Department by the law school class of 1905.

## HILL NOTES

---

—The 1907 *Hamiltonian* Board, with Peck as editor-in-chief, Swetman, business manager, Schwartz and Gilbert, literary editors, Day and Mansfield, art editors, and Rood, Hoyt and Bright as advertising managers, declares that *The Hamiltonian* will be out by May 1st.

—Sunday, Oct. 8th, Rev. Harlan P. Beach, M.A., F.R.G.S., of New York, addressed the student body in Silliman Hall on the Educational Importance of the Study of Missions. Yale has called him to occupy a chair of Missions which has just been founded there.

—This year there were posted twelve high honor and twenty-two honor men, in comparison to eleven high honor and thirty honor men of last year. Leavenworth, of Cleveland, was awarded the Baldwin Entrance Prize, and Baum, of Herkimer, the Brockway Entrance Prize. Six men won entrance prize scholarship.

—At seven the morning after Commencement, began the razing of "Old South". At present "New South" stands six or eight feet high with its inner walls nearly a story in height. The gray stone of the Clinton quarries is being used. Five stories high and ten to twenty feet longer than Carnegie Hall will make it the largest building on the Campus. September '06 will see its completion.

—The only change in the Faculty this year was caused by the resigning by Prof. C. H. Smyth, of the chair of Mineralogy. D. W. J. Miller, Ph.D., of Johns Hopkins, was elected to fill the vacancy. Prof. Smyth has accepted a professorship in Princeton.

—Football has looked promising so far this year. The 'Varsity averages only 157 in weight, but through the coaching of Watson, '05, Williams, Hamilton can boast of an extraordinary fast team. The first game was played at Ithaca. At the end of the stipulated time the score stood 0-0. Through some error in fixing the time of the halves the game went on five minutes longer and Cornell made a single touchdown.

—The 1905-6 Register is similar to last year's in all respects. It shows 183 men registered, the 57 Freshmen, 32 are Latin Scientific men and 25 Classical. 1908 has 22 of the former and 25 of the latter. The Juniors have 15 and 18 respectively; while the Seniors have but eleven Latin Scientific and 35 Classical men.

## ALUMNIANA

*(Send Alumni and Necrology notes to William H. Squires, '88.)*

—The *New York Evening Post's* tribute to Dr. North: "We are not aware that Edward North, late professor of Greek at Hamilton College, stood very high among the bustling scholars of the land. It is possible that he had not divined all the uses of the particle *ge*, or reckoned the date when the last string was added to the lyre, but he seems to have united a fair degree of learning with rather a rare art of living; and the memory of 'Old Greek,' as he was called in playful affection, was one of the best things which the alumni of that College carried with them into the world. The biography of this 'Old-Time Professor in an Old-Fashioned College,' compiled by his son, is something more than a work of filial piety: It is the portrait of a kind of life that every year grows less common among us.

"Prof. North began his offices in Hamilton College when only 23 years old and stuck resolutely to his post for more than half a century. He died just two years ago, and over him might have been incised the epitaph, 'written for myself,' which was found among his papers:

"'Who spent his last days in translating dead lore,  
Death now has translated where death reigns no more.'

"Perhaps most of all, as we follow him through his career, we are impressed by the sense of large and wholesome leisure which encompassed him. There seems nothing factory-made about his own education, and no drive and whirl about his work of instruction. And yet in his own way he accomplished not a little. It was his theory that a teacher's duty did not end with the classroom; did not, in fact, end at all, but was to be an influence which should sink quietly and deeply into the pupil's mind. He labored much for the College as an institution; he still found time to meet the individual student man to man.

"What is still more notable, his influence flowed unconsciously from the harmony of his own life. He enjoyed in undisturbed possession what is, perhaps, the finest union this world can offer—the love of books and the love of nature. What more felicity, indeed, can fall to human creature than to pass his days between the library and the garden, to change from a familiar and loving study of Homer and Sophocles and the great poets of humanity to a no less loving care of tender plant and drooping tree? 'Tis the Arcadia, no doubt, which the poets have had in mind from the beginning. 'Happy he,' sang the Roman praiser of the country and of science, 'who has learned the causes of things and has trodden under foot all fears and inexorable fate and the noise of greedy Acheron; and not less happy he who knows the rural gods, Pan and old Silvanus and the sister Nymphs.'

"There was something notably old-fashioned in Prof. North's scholarship. It would appear that he taught Greek because he had himself a passionate zest for the literature. On the title-page of his 'Index-Rerum' (this was before the days of the card catalogue) he had written out the words of Socrates as reported in the 'Memorabilia': 'The treasures of the wise men of long ago, which they recorded in books and left behind, I unroll and peruse in company with my friends; and if we see anything good, we choose it out, and we esteem it a great gain if we prove helpful to one another.' Young men were his friends as they had been of the Athenian teacher. And the wise men whom they studied together were strangely alive and present to him. 'I never liked the man,' was his verdict upon the orations of Aeschines, and we are told that of Herodotus he used to speak as of one whom he knew and esteemed, yet with a gentle demur at his tendency to gossip. Naturally, to such a student Homer could never pass into a myth, and he held to the old notion of the unity of the 'Iliad' long after most of our college men had been seduced by the Teutonic mania of analysis.

"Nor was the peculiar form of his industry less old-fashioned than his personal attitude toward books. He found leisure to write continuously and prodigiously; yet withal escaped the prevalent itch for publishing. In comparison with a certain class of scholars, who waste laborious nights in re-editing a much-edited play, or in piecing together another 'First Lesson,' there is something of refreshment in meeting with one who wrote for himself and spared the public—a note of modesty and contented discernment of the utilities. To read of his busy pen is to find ourselves transported from the eighteenth century. At his death the homestead was left literally running over with manuscripts and memorabilia of every sort. His books bulked with newspaper clippings; his scrap-books were voluminous, and the journals and diaries, his records of verse and brief memoranda of speeches and witticisms, were no less endless and intricate. He must have developed in the highest degree Shaftsbury's art of self-communion, and, 'like the men of a preceding age, he thought with his pen. His modesty in abstaining from the press was the more remarkable because he had a genuine literary knack. Some of his poems written in lighter vein and now printed in his son's memorial are the most happily turned, and his letters at times sparkle with wit.

"But as we have intimated, it was the union in his life of the cloister and the field that lends to it the popular flavor of a refined and old-fashioned scholarship. His home lay on the hillside, and was appropriately called 'Half-way-up,' Here in his garden of five acres he sought relief and strength in the care of flowers and in the planting of many varieties of trees. As we read of these days crowned with garden-hours, something of the Old World notion of thoughtful leisure as the

flower and purpose of scholarship comes to mind, and we see the long procession of philosophers who have turned their highest wisdom to 'A green thought in a green shade.'

His was not the life that all our learned men may lead; there are duties in the college of another and more militant kind; but it will be a pity when the tradition of this older ideal shall have passed entirely from memory."

---

—Robert L. Weaver, '01, has just entered upon his work as principal of the High School at Painted Post, N. Y.

—Rev. Geo. W. Luther, '83, has removed from Beloit, Wis., to De-tour, Mich.

—Rev. Walter Mitchell, '88, who resided in Redlands, Cal., for four years, is now located at Elsinore, Cal.

—Principal Frank H. Clark, '02, has been elected and inaugurated President of Whittier College at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

—Professor Duncan C. Lee, '91, is reading law in Ithaca while conducting his newspaper interests in that University town.

—Rev. Leslie R. Groves, '81, for several years Chaplain in the U. S. Army at Hancock, N. Y., is now located at Fort Bayard, New Mexico,

—The Rev. Milton Waldo, D.D., '48, and wife celebrated September the sixth in Philadelphia the Fiftieth Anniversary of their marriage.

—Hon. Clark H. Timmerman, '87, has resigned his office as Deputy State Comptroller, and will devote his energies to his private law practice.

—Mr. W. E. Youker, '03, and Miss Lena Violet Sabin were married Aug. 16th at St. Johnsville, N. Y. Their home is in Brooklyn, 4 Canton avenue.

—Hon. Frederick W. Griffith, '86, spent a part of the summer in Europe establishing branch houses of the Garlock Packing Company of which he is a member.

—Crosby J. Beakes, '97, who has been for some time in the practice of law in New York City has recently been appointed one of the attorneys of the New York Central Railway.

—Rev. William S. Carter, '79, of the Central Presbyterian Church, Rochester, as Moderator of the Rochester Presbytery, preached the sermon at the meeting of that body in Dansville, in September.

—Ralph W. Vincent, '94, connected with the editorial department of the New York News Bureau, has been again in Mexico to study the Mexican financial system and general affairs. Mr. Vincent is now the confidential news representative in New York of the Mexican Government.

—On October 3rd at Saratoga Springs occurred the marriage of Rev. Louis G. Colson, '87, and Miss Rena Merchant. Mr. Colson has been pastor of the Wolcott Memorial Presbyterian Church, New York Mills, for the last ten years.

—Principal Charles L. Mosher, '99, who has been at the head of the High School in Canton, N. Y., for several years, has been elected Superintendent of Schools in Herkimer to fill the vacancy made by the illness of Prof. John E. Masse, '73.

—Neil F. Towner, '96, has lately been witness before the committee of the Legislature now investigating the Life Insurance companies. Mr. Towner has attained a high position in his profession and his statements will carry great weight with the committee.

—Rev. Dr. Amory H. Bradford, '67, preached in the Amphitheater at Chautauqua July 18th. On four succeeding days Dr. Bradford delivered lectures on the following subjects: "The Inward Light", "The Inward Sin", "The Inward Calvary", "The Ultimate Standard".

—George H. Minor, '90, who has for some time devoted his attention to the legal business of the Erie Railroad, with headquarters first in Buffalo and more recently in Cleveland, O., has just been promoted to the second position in the Solicitor General's office of the railway company in New York City.

—Principal Elliott R. Payson, Ph. D., '69, the head of the Rutgers Preparatory School, of New Brunswick, N. Y., is a teacher whose fine record has long been established. He has under him two younger graduates of Hamilton who are winning from the friends and patrons of the school high praise for their efficiency as teachers. They are John A. Ferguson, '96. and Albert P. Mills, '03.

—The *Fourth Estate*, a weekly newspaper for the makers of newspapers published in New York, places Martin J. Hutchins, '88, among the "wideawake youngsters who, in spite of their youth, have done so much to make the newspapers of Chicago take rank among the best in the world". Hutchins made things go in College, and things have gone ever since that he has taken hold of. Hamilton men are great newspaper fellows.

—Rev. Professor Herrick Johnson, D.D., '57, has resigned his professorship in the McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, where he has been professor of Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology for the last twenty years. Poor health is the cause of Dr. Johnson's resignation. No man has stood higher in the Presbyterian Church, and none will be missed more. Hamilton College is proud of this loyal alumnus. His work may yet be resumed after a period of rest. Dr. Johnson is of the old school of thought in theology and is much needed in these times of theological shifting.

—Professor Walter S. Knowlson, '89, has given up business for the career of education. After serving as Principal in Clinton High School for several years, and three years in the same capacity in the Saratoga Springs High School, Professor Knowlson went into the drug business; but this fall he is again in the teacher's harness, at the head of the Poughkeepsie High School. Professor James Winne, '77, filled this position for many years.

—R. E. Morris, '04, is teaching in "The Cloyne House School," Newport, R. I. He writes; "We have fifty boys, ranging from 12 years up. There are ten masters, so that the boys get considerable attention paid them. We are only one hundred yards from the Naval Training Station and one of the training ships is the old 'Reina Mercedes' captured from Spain. The 'Constellation' is another. A Torpedo Boat Station is located here and it is interesting to view their practice and see them shoot torpedoes."

—Rev. John C. Long, '57, who for over thirty-two years has been active in the Genesee Presbytery as pastor, has been released from his active pastoral cares, and has moved to Erie county, where he will live free from church duties. Mr. Long has been one of the most aggressive members of the Presbytery and is revered by non-church goers in his community for his noble life and unselfish devotion to the interests of everybody regardless of belief.

—Rev. James B. Lee, D.D., '86, pastor of the Immanuel Presbyterian Church in Milwaukee, Wis., is prominently mentioned in the press in connection with the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church in Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Lee was one of the finest orators of his college generation and has made his power felt in the church and in educational circles. The aristocratic congregation of the First church in Buffalo would find Dr. Lee a prince among preachers and the man equal to the difficult task involved in meeting the demands of such an intelligent and wealthy congregation.

—Mr. Charles E. DeWitt, '79, has become the head of the DeWitt-Seitz Wholesale Furniture Company in Duluth, Minn. Duluth is the distributing point for the Northwest and the business has a prosperous future before it. Mr. DeWitt upon leaving college assumed a responsible position in one of the Duluth banks; later he was secretary of the Leithhead Drug Company in the same city; and now he has put on foot an enterprise that puts him at the forefront of the business affairs of one of the most energetic cities of the Northwest.

—Albert R. Kessinger, '88, has been nominated by the Democrats for Mayor of Rome. Mr. Kessinger is an editor, a public-spirited citizen, devoted in a non-partisan way to the interests of his community. Mr. Kessinger is a member of the Utica Court House Commission, is

also a member of the Rome Water Commission and has been the leading spirit in protecting the rights of the city of Rome against the Whitestown Water Company. The nomination was forced upon Kessinger and he is out to win. Kessinger is essentially a business man and would be a faithful servant of the people, should he be elected.

—Rev. Ira W. Henderson, '00, has had a very prosperous year as pastor of the West Avenue Presbyterian Church in Buffalo. At the General Assembly this year he was able to report to that body facts in regard to his church that gave his congregation the second place in growth among the Presbyterian churches in Buffalo. Henderson is a hustler—a man of courage and ideas, and a good example of a pastor who is still at the head of his church. He speaks with authority on things spiritual, and matters temporal do not escape his most careful attention. Mr. Henderson is among the fine business men Hamilton has sent into the ministry. With all his exacting duties as pastor of a growing, flourishing church Mr. Henderson still finds time to visit the College and keep in touch with its interests and progress. Busy men always have much leisure.

—Prof. E. R. Whitney, '89, has been elected Principal of the Binghamton High School. For a number of years Prof. Whitney has been building up the Science Department of that school and has had wonderful success in his efforts. When Principal Banta was elected Superintendent of Schools in Binghamton, Prof. Whitney was the logical candidate for the principalship and the Board of Education recognized that fact and gave him a unanimous election. Whitney is recognized far and near in educational matters and is a conservative man with ideas and courage enough to hold onto the tried in educational practice. He is an author as well as a practical school man. Other institutions have attempted to secure the services of Professor Whitney, but he has preferred to serve Binghamton. With Superintendent Banta and Principal Whitney at the head of school matters in that city, good results can be confidently expected.

—Prof. William P. Shepard, Ph. D., '92, who, as Professor of the Romance Languages in Hamilton College, does many hours of classroom work each week, who is also versed in the literary treatment of Romance literature, has found some time to devote to the mere abstruse interests of his special field of scholarship. A late number of the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, Vol. XX, 3, contains from his pen a detailed syntactical study of the three chief prose works of the XVth century in France. The article is entitled "The Syntax of Antoine de la Sale." The purpose of the investigation is to determine, so far as syntactical investigation can determine, whether La Sale, who is professedly the author of one of the three

works in question may fairly be regarded as the author of all three. The ascription of the two anonymous works to La Sale, according to a theory held by many scholars, is disputed by Dr. Shepard on the basis of his syntactical study. It is not the purpose of this notice, which is written by a layman for the laity, to attempt any technical estimate of the results reached by Dr. Shepard's paper, but rather to call attention to one particular phase of the intellectual activity of the modern college professor. He is an efficient teacher; the world sets that as its minimum demand upon him. He puts upon himself the further demand that he be an independent scholar, able to take part in investigation of unsolved problems.

—The trustees and faculty of Olivet College, Olivet, Mich., on Oct. 23rd, 24th and 25th celebrate the inauguration of President Ellsworth Gage Lancaster, Ph.D., LL.D., and hold at the same time a College Conference in which prominent college men of the middle west discuss present educational problems. For nearly fifty years Olivet College has been doing good work, and during the greater part of the time the Alumni of Hamilton College have been represented on her Faculty. Stewart Montgomery, '65, was professor of Chemistry and Physiology for twenty-seven years, until his death in 1902, with an honorable record for both length and quality of service. George A. Knapp, '84, has completed his fifteenth year of highly efficient work as professor of Mathematics. Dr. George V. Edwards, '91, was for two years professor of Latin, and W. S. Leavenworth, '89, has been since 1903 Olivet's professor of Chemistry.

—Warren I. Lee, '99, the nominee of the Republicans of the Eighteenth Assembly District for the office of Assemblyman, is one of the most popular young men in Flatbush. He has a host of friends, Republicans and Democrats alike, although he has always been a staunch Republican. Mr. Lee is a lawyer, and a member of the well-known law firm of Bradbury & Lee, 60 Wall street, Manhattan. He is married and resides at 156 Woodruff avenue. He was born in Oneida county, N. Y., thirty years ago, and graduated from Hamilton College, class of '99. He is president of the Theodore Roosevelt Club, a member of the Union League Club, and treasurer of the University Club, and is also a member of Kings County Lodge, No 511 F. & A. M. One of the papers in Brooklyn says editorially: "The roll was then called, One hundred and eighty-four votes were cast. The result was: Lee, 149; Gunnison, 35. The nomination of this clever young lawyer is creditable to those who brought it about."

—Dr. Ivan P. Balabanoff, '84, of Tacoma, Wash., spent the opening Sunday of this term on College Hill. After an absence of seventeen years he found a number of friends and acquaintances to give him wel-

come. Dr. Balabanoff was well known to the people of this vicinity twenty years ago. He was the second of a considerable number of Bulgarians who during the seventies and eighties found their way to Hamilton College. He was prepared for College at the Clinton Grammar School and received his professional training at the University Medical College in New York. It was his cherished purpose to do something toward bettering conditions in his native land by practising medicine in Bulgaria. When his application for a license was made, there were adverse influences strong and active enough to procure his rejection. He then returned to this country and settled in Tacoma where he has since been engaged in practice as a specialist. Dr. Balabanoff was an interesting figure in the College life of twenty-five years ago. Though a foreigner, without friends or financial backing save as he won them by his energy and determination, he overcame all obstacles and succeeded in gaining a thorough American training, both general and special. Dr. Balabanoff reports a colony of four loyal Hamilton men in Tacoma. A brother, Christo P. Balabanoff, '85, is a physician. Paul W. Dakin, '84, who besides being a Hamilton graduate is both a son and a grandson of a graduate, is engaged in business. John B. Flett, '85, is an enthusiastic and successful teacher in the High School, and the most expert and indefatigable botanist in that whole region of country.

—The 1905 men are getting settled for their year's work. So far as reported the last class is distributed something as follows: Abbey is studying engineering in Cornell; Beach, law in Harvard; Child, law in New York City; Crumb, teaching in Kentucky; Day, student of Theology in Albany, California; Dean, in the General Theological Seminary, New York City; Evans, in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York; Farey, teaching in Chicago; Farrell, teaching Latin and Greek, North Adams High School, Mass.; Hallman, Princeton Theological Seminary; Hand, teaching school near Poland, N. Y.; Harwood, law in New York; Hayes, banking in Clinton; Humphrey, handling stocks and bonds for Sherman & Co., Wall street, New York; Kingsley, connected with a library bureau, New York; Loftis, travelling for Pillsbury Flour Co.; MacIntyre, teaching in Dr. Stone's school, Cornwall-on-Hudson; Merrick, business in New York; Palmer, studying law in his father's office, Little Falls; Paton, in College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York; Richardson, business in Chicago; Root, law in Harvard; Schwab, in Boston School of Technology; Springstead, teaching in Ilion, N. Y.; Stiles, with the General Electric Co., New York; Stowell, law in Harvard; Sullivan, law in Albany Law School; Thompson, Latin and Greek in Harvard; Weber, stenographer in Buffalo, N. Y.; Wright, travelling for a Jewel Box Co., Albany, N. Y.; Hoffman, teacher of Science in the Johnstown High School;

Jenks, teaching in Northern New York; Jordan, studying law in Utica; Munger, editor in Frankfort, N. Y. Some of the class have not yet reported their present occupation, but are probably succeeding with their accustomed diligence. 1905 was a splendid class, loyal to the College, fine in scholarship—a manly lot of strong men,

—Judge Daniel P. Baldwin, L.H.D., '56, continues to encourage high scholarship by founding prizes for ambitious students in our institutions of learning. His record stands to date: Greek Prize, Colgate, 1872; the Oratorical Prize, Wabash College, 1872; the Baldwin Entrance Prize (\$100), Hamilton College; the Oratorical Prize, Cazenovia Seminary, \$500 foundation. The competitors for this last prize the coming year have the following subjects assigned: "Present-day Values of Oratory," "Influence of Oratory in American History," "English and American Oratory Compared," "American Women Orators." Cazenovia has held for many years a fine record for literary and oratorical attainments and Dr. Baldwin has just furnished extra incentives in the prize he has founded. During the last few years Syracuse University has won six intercollegiate prizes in oratory, but four of those were won by men who had received their training in Cazenovia. Cazenovia Seminary prepared for Hamilton College the late Hon. Joseph R. Hawley, '47, and Charles Dudley Warner, '51; Judge Daniel P. Baldwin, L.H.D., '56, and Hon. Francis M. Burdick, LL.D., '69; and Prof. Frank Hoyt Wood, Ph.D., of our Faculty, were graduated from that institution. Many others have come to Hamilton from that preparatory school who have made excellent records while here and in the world. The old private schools that have done so much for education are fast passing away, disappearing before the state-supported High Schools which are neglecting the classics and emphasizing the practical. Endowments alone can save the private schools from extinction. Every dollar put into them is well-spent, because it will assist in keeping alive institutions that are standing firm for the very best that there is in educational history. We are glad a Hamilton man is supporting Cazenovia Seminary.

—Judge Daniel P. Baldwin, L.H.D., '56, delivered two lectures before the Chautauqua Assembly people in July on: "Mathew Arnold, the Poet of Doubt and Transition", and "William Wordsworth, the Poet of Faith and Fruition". Wordsworth was a man of faith, a churchman. He was never troubled by modern doubts; he was an old-fashioned Bible Christian. In all of his poems there is not a single quotation from the Bible, but the spirit of the Bible rests on William Wordsworth though he never wore his religion as a rosette in his lapel, much less in his hat. The Bible decree, "What God hath cleansed that call thou not common or unclean," and the lesson of the great French

Revolution, taught Wordsworth and Robert Burns that all men stand equal in the sight of God, that there is no such thing before God as the higher and lower orders. Wordsworth saw God in the weeds as well as in the glorious sunsets. He had no sympathy with any man who could not see in nature something more than things. He has expressed his utter contempt for such a mental attitude as that of Peter Bell, the purely scientific attitude, in his lines,

"A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him  
And it was nothing more."

The higher forms of nature study came to Wordsworth as a religion. He believed that we do not find God simply in His Word nor yet alone in the "Word made flesh". He perceives that God has manifested himself in His works. Above all other poets and teachers he taught God in things, the religion of nature. He has taught us that back of phenomena is God Almighty. He is the High Priest of Nature. How can we read Wordsworth and get the best out of him? Wordsworth was a very voluminous writer. The first and golden rule in reading Wordsworth, as in reading Shakespeare, is wise and masterly omission. You want to know what not to read as well as what to read, because his thoughts at times dwindle to absolute nonsense. He was a man of great conceit, and he had not the slightest sense of humor. Second, get a good edition of his poems. Read only the highwater-mark poems, and read only when you are in Wordsworthian humor.

—Rev. Gilbert Reid, D. D., '79, has published the fifteenth report of his mission among the higher classes in China, of which the International Institute is the main feature. Dr. Reid gives a brief statement of the work during the last half year and then gives an outline of the development of the work since he issued his first report in China ten years ago. For the last six months class work has been going on, Dr. Reid being assisted by Mrs. Reid and by three native teachers. The full limit of boarding pupils has been reached, and Dr. Reid hopes that when the new building is completed a large number of pupils can live on the premises. He has been engaged also in preparing books for the commercial press, but has been unable to continue his lectures because of inability to secure a suitable hall. He has visited the city of Foochow to give an address at the graduating exercises of the medical college of the American Methodist Episcopal Church. Money is needed for the building fund and for other purposes. The Chinese are contributing and are much interested in the work. Dr. Reid gives a brief review of what has taken place during the past ten years:

"When ten years ago we made the attempt of special work among the higher classes, there was much criticism and also many obstacles

in the way of success. At that time there was no intercourse between Chinese officials in Peking and foreigners, even the ministers of foreign powers being only admitted to the Tsung-li yamen. Now nearly every missionary society regards it as important to be on friendly relations with the officials, while in Peking since 1891 the Empress Dowager herself has taken the lead in giving receptions to foreign ladies. When we undertook the work, after withdrawing from the American Presbyterian Board, there was only the promise of financial contribution from a few friends. It was prophesied that there could be no permanency. During all this time our treasury has never been in debt. This is due in part to the fact that at different times we have had other work to do, and other resources to draw from, besides the fund from the institute. For instance, as the Boxer uprising was beginning, all of our friends had ceased to make contributions, but just then we made arrangements to act as correspondent for one of the London papers which continued for several months after the relief of Peking. We also held the position as interpreter for the British forces. Thus it was unnecessary for us to touch the already diminished funds of the institute.

“When the work began, it was simply as the work of a ‘free lance.’ Since then the plan of the institute has received the sanction of the Chinese Ministry of Foreign Affairs, committees have been formed, funds have been raised, a site has been secured, and a new memorandum and articles of association have been drawn up, so as to incorporate the institute, not only according to Chinese laws, but according to the English laws of the colony of Hongkong. During all this time though many who gave assistance at the outset withdrew their aid afterwards, and though the enthusiasm of some of our home friends has, through the necessary delays incident to any enterprise in China, been transferred to other causes, yet we have maintained constant friendly relations with the Chinese, with the single exception of the few months that we were besieged in Peking. Chinese officials and Chinese scholars have not only been friendly advisers, but have given practical help in the way of money. In fact, I know of no other undertaking in China to which Chinese have given more liberally, and this should be a stimulus to foreigners to give similar help. If it should be said that the Chinese might be allowed to do it all, I would say in reply that this is not the plan of the institute, but it is one of cooperation and mutual benefit.

“The first idea was to locate the institute in Peking as the greatest political center, but after the return of the court, on consultation with the leading Chinese officials in Peking, when it seemed very doubtful if either foreigners or Chinese would contribute for buildings to be erected in Peking, it seemed best that the location be transferred to Shanghai as

the next best center, and where in the erection of buildings financial aid could be expected, while still possible to extend the work of the institute without buildings of our own, to other centers, even to Peking.

“There have been two opportunities to arise, and to be neglected. The one was in 1893, when after a long contest we secured in the city of Chinanfu property for the American Presbyterian Mission, by the help of the officials and the final consent of the gentry. Our circle of official acquaintance was already large, and both the mission and the Presbytery designated us to special work in the province among this class. We had an idea of having apparatus for lectures, and of a Christian institute. The home society would grant no appropriation, and it disapproved of the idea so much as to say, that if we wished to work among the higher classes, we had better withdraw and do it independently. A splendid opportunity was passed by, only to be taken up within the last year by the English Baptist Mission.

“A second opportunity arose in 1897. The foreign office had already formally sanctioned our plan of an institute of learning. We had made the acquaintance of 300 of the Peking officials, including the very highest, and over 200 had sent banners and scrolls on hearing of the death of my father. The grand secretary, Li Hung Chang, said to me, ‘Even if you cannot raise the whole Tis. 100,000, but have only a half or a third, come back in a year’s time.’ In a few months we raised one-fifth of the amount in Shanghai and other places in China, but when we tried America, no money was promised except on the condition of subscriptions for the whole amount. If we had returned in 1898, it would have been the time when reform was on the throne, and much could have been done to help on in a right way. But by delaying to return till 1899, reaction had already set in, culminating in the Boxer uprising and war.

“We now have a third opportunity. In 1903 prominent Chinese in Shanghai said they would purchase a site for the institute, on the understanding that foreigners would put up the main building. Shall there be anything to arise to cause neglect of this, another great opportunity, not only for advancing education but for strengthening the bond of friendship and brotherhood between the East and the West?”

---

## **Necrology**

---

CLASS OF 1846.

Dr. HORACE LATHROP died at his home on Chestnut street, Coopers-town, N. Y., July 12, 1905, as the result of a shock. He was born at Cherry Valley, October 2, 1824; prepared for college at Hartwick Seminary; studied medicine with Dr. P. M. Hastings, of Clinton, and

graduated from Jefferson College in 1852. He began to practice medicine in Cooperstown and continued until ill health compelled him to retire about ten years ago. In 1852 he married Delia Ann Paddock. Two children survive him, Mrs. Frederick L. Paddock, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., and Mrs. Charles W. G. Ross, of Cooperstown.

CLASS OF 1850.

SAMUEL ST. JOHN CAMP, son of Philander and Sarah St. John Camp, was born near Laurens, Otsego county, N. Y., June 5, 1824. His grandfather, Rev. Samuel Camp, was a Presbyterian minister in that region. He was graduated at Yale College in 1764. Inspired by the tradition, and desiring to fit himself for wider usefulness, Samuel fitted himself for college, studying at Franklin, Delaware county, entered Hamilton College as Sophomore and graduated July 24, 1850. During his college career he was known as a faithful student and a consistent christian. After his graduation he taught in New Berlin Academy two years. Removing to Napoleon, Jackson county, Mich., in 1853, he divided his time between farming and school teaching. There on Feb. 26, 1854, he was married to Adeline Waring with whom he had passed the 50th milestone of married life. Removing to Iowa in 1865, the family settled on the well-known farm near Clarence, where he died Nov. 1, 1904. The children are Ella, M.D.; Willard C.; Amy L. (Mrs. John Bossert); and Walter. Mr. Camp had his decided convictions in matters political or religious. His first presidential ballot was cast for Zachary Taylor, Nov. 7, 1848. He was present and took part at Jackson, Mich., in 1853, when the Republican party was organized. Loyal ever, during the civil war he was treasurer of the bounty funds for soldiers, and often slept with the funds under his head and an ax by his side. It is safe to say that he followed his convictions to the last. In his college days he was a member of the Methodist church, but during his residence in Michigan he joined the Baptist Church. To this he was faithful till the last, being prominent in the church in Mechanicsville till its dissolution. But he was always broad and charitable in his religious views, and the Presbyterian church of Clarence and its pastors have had no more conscientious supporters than Mr. Camp. Mr. Camp once wrote: "Could I have my life to live over again, I might make a bigger spread and accomplish less. Were it not for the promises made by the Man of Sorrows to sinful and erring mortals I should feel uneasy, but I leave it all to Him."

CLASS OF 1868.

Hon. DANIEL FINN was born in Westfield, Chautauqua County, N. Y., November 9, 1843, and was the oldest son of Wm. Finn and Frances Halsey, and died June 23, 1905. He was reared on a farm near Florida, attending Seward Institute, where he prepared for college. After teach-

ing school for a time, he entered Union College, where he spent a part of one year and then entered Hamilton College, from which he was graduated with the class of 1868, with the degrees of A. B. and LL. B. While in college Mr. Finn took high honors, and was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. After leaving college he studied in the law office of H. M. McQuaid, in Middletown, and later in the office of Osborn & Swayne in Toledo, Ohio. He was admitted to the New York bar in 1870 and the following spring opened an office in Middletown. In 1873 the firm of Hulse, Little & Finn was formed. This lasted two years, and then became Hulse & Finn. One year later the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Finn remained in business alone until 1901, when he took his son, Frank H. Finn, '98, into partnership with him under the firm name of Finn & Finn. In 1874 Mr. Finn was married to Miss Clara Slauson, of Wawayanda. He is survived by his wife and his only son, Frank Halsey, who was associated with him in business, and by three sisters, Miss Jane C. Finn, who is one of the principals of Ivy Hall, a preparatory school for girls located at Bridgeton, N. J., Sarah C., of Ralston, N. J., and Mrs. William C. Thomas, of Montclair. The deceased was attorney for the Merchants' National Bank of Middletown, and for the Cosmopolitan Theatre Company. He was a member of Clinton Lodge, F. & A. M. He was also a member of the Middletown Club and of the Royal Arcanum. He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church, and had been a trustee of that church for several terms. In politics Mr. Finn was always a Republican, and was appointed by Gov. Odell on the Board of Visitation of the Middletown State Hospital, and this year was appointed by Gov. Higgins to the Board of Managers of the same institution under the new law. Mr. Finn was a member of the Board of Education for three years, and always took a great interest in the educational advancement of Middletown. His efforts were always on behalf of larger and better buildings for our schools. Mr. Finn enjoyed a high reputation as a lawyer and had a large practice. While he was not demonstrative, he was more than ordinarily kind hearted and benevolent, and no worthy appeal ever made to him went unheeded. He was a great reader and spent his time upon only the best literature. Altogether he was a strong man of high character, loved by his friends and useful in the community.

CLASS OF 1880.

Dr. A. D. GETMAN, one of the best known physicians and most enterprising physicians of Oneonta, died of pneumonia May 23rd. Dr. Getman was a son of the late Norman Getman, of Richfield Springs. During the 20 or more years of his residence in Oneonta he had built up a large practice, had become widely known and had won the esteem of all. He was much interested in the building of the trolley line between his home town and Richfield Springs, and in the latter place, as

well as in Oneonta he had many acquaintances. He is survived by his wife and three sons of Oneonta, his mother, who lives in Richfield Springs, and a brother, H. H. Getman, '79, of Kansas City.

CLASS OF 1885.

Rev. CHARLES N. SEVERANCE was born in Oswego county, Oct. 25, 1858, and died July 2, 1905, in Kansas City. On Sunday, July 2, there died in Kansas City (Kansas) Hospital, a very remarkable man, Rev. Charles N. Severance, of Garden City Kansas. He was not widely known, but his friends believe that but for a heart affection, which always weakened him, and some little untoward circumstances, perhaps in a measure his fault, and perhaps belonging to the mystery of things, he would have become renowned. He was a preacher of almost phenomenal power, a mighty prophet of personal piety and ethical righteousness. He had a rare gift of simple utterance and of direct appeal. His preaching could not be called emotional, nor was it of the logical, argumentative sort. It could be styled, simply, with singular appropriateness, spiritual. It was always intelligent, it was never dogmatic, and it dealt so exclusively with essentials that it antagonized no one's theology. But it stirred the conscience, it made God real, it led men to Christ, it awakened interest in the Bible, it emphasized particularly the importance of prayer, and it insisted upon repentance and practical Christianity. Naturally eloquent and possessed of oratorical gifts, he seemed unconscious of them, and no one who heard him preach thought of attributing his power to them. He was so manifestly sincere in his presentation of Christ, so humble in his dependence upon the Holy Spirit, and so simple and unaffected in his manner that he seemed different from ordinary men. To the friends and acquaintances in whose memory he lives he will always seem so. The following from Rev. H. D. Herr, pastor of the Congregational Church at Ames, Iowa, where he was holding a union meeting when his health gave way, well illustrates the impression he made wherever he went: "It seems impossible that brother Severance is gone. We all felt it as a personal bereavement at our Ministerial Alliance here. The brethren without exception were won to him, and we all felt the charm of his personality and the persuasive power of his message. How pure he was, and how real and simple was his faith to God! He was beyond all men I ever knew, a real man of prayer. I thank God that I was permitted to come under his influence even a short time. I feel that I shall always be better for the glimpses into his pure soul which I was permitted to have while he was with us here at Ames." Mr. Severance was born in October, 1858, in Oswego county, New York. (In his college life he broke down from overwork, and after a year spent teaching and preaching entered Yale divinity school, graduating with the class of '88. His special gifts were already in evidence, and for two

years he was pastor of Perry St. Church, New Haven. The church sought to keep him after the close of his Seminary course, but he felt impelled to go West, and entered Home Missionary work in Kansas. Always interested in education, he for several years maintained a preparatory school for boys and girls in connection with his ministry. But he always struggled under physical disability, of the precise nature of which he was apparently for a long time ignorant. Some ten years ago he settled as pastor of the Union Church in Garden City, where it seemed for some time that he might regain his health and where, in labors more abundant, he endeared himself to thousands of people in that part of the state, and made for himself a unique place of influence in the community in his double role of pastor and business man. "Holy unto the Lord" was written upon the bells of his horses, and many learned from him how to sanctify all life.) His wife, (a sister of Mrs. W. S. Tenney, who died July 14 at N. Adams, Mass.) and two daughters survive him. Rev. Frank B. Severance, '87, of Frankfort, N. Y., is a brother of the deceased.

CLASS OF 1903.

MONTAGUE WHITE was born in Holland Patent, Nov. 9, 1881; was drowned near Beloit, Wis, March 31, 1905. "His parents were the late George and Millicent Hamlin White, to whom the following children were born: George D., of Little Falls; Fannie, the wife of Counselor E. Willard Jones, of Holland Patent; Nellie of Holland Patent, a teacher in a public school at East Orange, N. J.; Henry, professor of oratory and rhetoric in Hamilton College, Clinton; Lizzie, who died at the age of eighteen months, and Montague. The deceased received the most of his preparation for college in the High School of Holland Patent, spending a few months in completion at Little Falls. He then entered Hamilton College, from which he was graduated with distinction in 1904. He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa and Delta Upsilon fraternities. He was a Clark Prize orator and stood high in the contests. He was especially prominent in athletics. He possessed a commanding physique and was extremely powerful. He had a host of friends and not an enemy. Closely following his graduation from college he was elected to the chair which he occupied till his death. A brilliant career was opening to him and his sudden demise at so early an age, is extremely lamentable. Upon his brothers and sisters the bereavement falls with unutterable force. The deceased united with the Presbyterian Church when he was quite young, and while he was pursuing his college course his membership was transferred to the Presbyterian Church on the College Campus."

A tribute to the memory of Prof. Montague White appeared in the Beloit College paper as follows: "In paying a few words of loving tribute to the memory of Montague White, it is impossible to do so

other than from a personal point of view. Our loss is too fresh, our grief is too recent to estimate justly from a larger standpoint. And so, if these words seem inadequate, if they express but haltingly the love and respect we bore him, it is with full knowledge of our unworthiness for the task and with a recognition of the weakness of our attempt that this is written. Mr. White was with us only a few months. During that time he came into direct contact with every man in college, he did something for each of us and for the college, far more, perhaps, than we realize, for he gave himself freely and unreservedly to his work. We all admired him for his strength, for he was strong, physically, mentally and morally, and we loved him for himself, for above all else he was a man. There were some of us, to whom it was given to know Mr. White intimately. We saw the real man, we knew him for what he was. We did not love him because he did more for us than any other man we had ever known, although he did, but we loved him because he was Montague White. In the long talks we had with him, in the things we did together with him, we learned to know his quality and appreciate, in a measure, how great an opportunity we had in being his friends. The generous nature, the glorious ideals and the splendid courage of the man were a revelation to us. To those of us who were so privileged, those few months of intimacy counted more for the things that are worth while, than all our college course. He entered so largely into our life that perhaps our grief is somewhat selfish. It seems so peculiarly our own loss that we forget that such a life was many sided and could not but affect others as it did us, and so after all, we do but share in the loss of the whole college.

If to have lived cleanly and sanely and sweetly, to have done one's work cheerfully and well, to have shared the joys and sadness of one's friends, to have made a circle happier and better by one's presence, if these things be living, he lived life to the full.

Hero worshiper, loyal friend, strong heart; he fought the good fight, he kept the faith, surely such a man did well."

---



---

## WILLIAMS & MORGAN,

— The Furniture Leaders —

HAVE THE GOODS YOU NEED  
IN YOUR ROOM. DON'T FAIL TO  
CALL ON US. WE CAN GIVE YOU  
WHAT YOU REQUIRE AT RIGHT  
PRICES.

31 Genesee St.,

Utica, N. Y.

# Hamilton Literary Magazine



Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

November, 1905

# Suits and Overcoats

## FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN.

It's a great comfort to be correctly dressed. Some men think to dress well means a big outlay of cash, a custom tailor, etc. If you come to us we will fit you to clothes that harmonize with any surrounding—clothes that the average custom tailor can't duplicate. They are the Rogers, Peet & Co. and Hart, Schaffner & Marx makes—that's why. The Fall Fashions in Suits and Overcoats awaits your inspection. College men will find styles at this store designed expressly for them both in Clothing and Furnishings.

**The Guyer Hat  
is very popular  
with popular men**

## **Wicks & Greenman,** APPAREL SHOP.

56-57 Franklin Square, - - Utica, N. Y.

## GET INTEREST

on your money by depositing it with the

## **Citizens Trust Company,**

**Cor. Genesee and Bleecker Sts., Utica, N. Y.**

A Dollar in the Pocket grows continually less. A Dollar in the  
"Citizens Trust" grows larger ever day.

**Jacob Agne, President.**

**Elon G. Brown, First Vice-President.**

**William I. Taber, Second Vice-President.**

**Edward Bushinger, Secretary.**

# ***The Hamilton Literary Magazine***

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1867

---

VOL. XL.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

No. 3.

---

## **The Pyre**

THE ashes of the summer's funeral pyre,  
Red yet with flame of long departed spring,  
Lie on autumnal fields like fire on fire,  
And dreams of winter's death relentless bring.  
Alas, too swiftly are the birds, that sing  
In seasons of the hawthorne and the rose,  
Flown far beyond the winter's widening ring,  
Leaving the gauds of autumn to the snows,  
Till in spring's greening birth May once more blows.

—*A. M. Drummond*, '06.

## Modern Idolatry : An Oration

---

**M**AN is a creature of symbols. He hates the abstract, and loves to cluster about something tangible all the passions of his soul. The heathen groped blindly in the darkness, then he searched out some stock or stone and made it represent his ideas of God and the Eternal.

We laugh at the pagan with his superstition, but at the same time we symbolize every abstract idea except the religious. The mother treasures above gold and silver the little clothes and playthings of the child that has gone down into the silence. The scarlet cross of the Highlanders made their hearts beat faster and called them, right or wrong, to fight to the death. In Old Ironsides, Holmes saw something more than rotting timbers and a shattered hulk, when he cried :

"Nail to the mast her holy flag!  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!"

He caught a vision of a wind-lashed, storm-tossed sea : heard the booming of cannon : saw sails and banners rent by shot and shell, and a deck crimson with the blood of friend and foe. He read there a story of devotion and sacrifice, and saw a people coming through the fire, to take their place among the nations of the earth.

Up among the white-capped Alpine hills, two friendly armies, French and Italian, were encamped. A deep ravine lay between them. Upon one side was planted the Italian flag, while across the gulf, and far above the clouds that wrapped the base of Mt. Valletta, there floated in the breeze the grand tri-color of old France.

There came a night when the elements were let loose in the mountains. Across the peaks and up those frozen gorges swept the wild blasts. Morning dawned clear and cold, and as the sun gilded the mountain snow, it lighted up no French

banner to gladden the hearts of the men. Hurriedly they climbed the peak, and there, far below them in the ravine, they beheld the wind-rent flag. But the Italians had seen it also, and with generous goodwill were hastening to return it to its place. Then there burned in every French breast the thought that it were shame to receive their fallen flag at the hand of a stranger. A wild race began. Over stones and ice they made their way, slipping, falling, madly racing, bodies bruised and bleeding, but every French heart beating only for the flag! They gain the brink of a precipice, and the foremost Frenchman sees he must lose the race. But no, it can not be, it is the banner of the fatherland, and with a frenzied shout he leaps into the air!

They found his body, a torn and bleeding mass, wrapped in the flag. But it was a French hand that had first touched those silken folds, and it was the truest heart's blood of France that dyed red that Alpine snow and ice.

Talk to those Frenchmen about a flag? It meant to them home and fatherland. As they saw it lying torn upon the rocks they heard ringing in their ears the wild strains of the Marseillaise, and they answered gladly to the call that made self to be forgotten, and summoned them to uphold the honor of La France.

Idolatry? Yes. But it is the divine in man, that which makes us pause in our struggle for gain and realize what makes true worth. It links human hearts together and makes them beat in harmony with the pulsations from the breast of the Eternal. Relic of the past? Yes. But it is the power of the present and the promise of the future.

—*R. N. McLean, '06.*

## A November Sheaf

---

### I

ALL night the dull, mean pounding flood ;  
Egyptian blackness in a ruining world  
Of rotting leaves and mud,  
And infinite wastes of marsh and swampy leas —  
The devastating, annual disease  
Which like a serpent round earth's heart is curled.  
It strikes the soul, gets in the blood,  
Until the tired brain forgets and sleeps,  
And dreams of myriads of bygone Mays,  
And once more sees  
The ancient irresponsible days  
When all the universe seemed young and at the bud,  
At last old wet beggar, the morning, peeps  
And slinks in view, obscene with sick realities  
And multitudinous rag ;  
And after him the ghastly, sniveling hag,  
Discomfort, creeps.

### II

In this desperate month of rain,  
Earth in ruins lying,  
Nature writhing as in pain,  
Golden dreams are dying.  
Who can check the old year's wane,  
All its swift decaying?  
How can heart be light and fain,  
Which once was gone a-maying?  
Yonder see our wooded lane,  
Stark, pathetic reaching :  
Nothing but the wind's refrain  
And the hoot-owl screeching.

Dearest, why should we disdain  
God's appointed weather?  
We will live through summer's bane,  
You and I together.

III

Without, late autumn cries and shakes the pane,  
The stars shine fiercely through the chilly air,  
As though to challenge fools who doubt their reign  
Over all earthly things; while everywhere  
The menace-freighted north-winds seem to bear  
Rumors of winter's imminence: the Foe,  
Who snarls and crouches in his northern lair.  
Dying and dead the leaves, half sentient, know  
The coming of December's dismal ice and snow.

Within, the fire is cheerful, warm and boon,  
The air pipe-laden, intimate, compressed —  
A four-walled world revolving to the tune  
Of friendship, books and conversation's zest.  
A mental paradise, a human nest  
Of human reminiscence, human life,  
Accepting all there is of worst and best.  
Thus set at naught the soul-disturbance rife  
In harsh November's wretched elemental strife.

—S. T. Kinney, '06.

## The Intervention of Matz

---

ARMOND as usual was busy in his laboratory, and as usual was trying to concoct a plan for obtaining something for nothing. Like many other brilliant minds of history, Armond was perfectly content to work for days on some underhanded project instead of devoting his marvelous chemical knowledge to something honest.

At present he was deeply interested in an oily mass before him. At intervals he added various ingredients, stirring the mass vigorously with a stick the while.

"Wonder if the stuff will work," he said at length. "It won't do to have it begin too soon." He rubbed a cork with his product and dropped it into a pan of water. The cork hesitated on the surface for a moment, then sank slowly.

"Too soon," muttered the chemist. "We'll have to fix that." And he set himself to work on the mixture with increased earnestness.

Soon he repeated the experiment with the cork. This time it floated. Armond lit his pipe and sat down to wait. Half an hour passed by and Armond still watched the little cork intently. Suddenly it quivered and sank slowly to the bottom.

Armond looked at his watch. "It took about half an hour for the water to bring about the reaction," he mused. "That ought to give them time to get to the starting line. Now to try it on the 'Whipper'." The "Whipper" it might be here mentioned, was a small skiff that Armond owned.

Having studied the little cork to his satisfaction, he poured a quantity of his peculiar oil into a bottle, tucked it under his arm and started out across the campus for the lake. His boathouse was situated somewhat apart from the rest, and he entered it apparently unobserved. Once inside he immediately turned his skiff over and daubed some of his oil along her keel, allowing it to extend in a band from stem to stern about a foot wide.

"Don't want to put too much on, or the old tub will sink," he thought. "Now, what I've got on there ought to reduce the water friction to a minimum and make her go like blazes."

After waiting for his application to dry, he launched the skiff and put off up the lake for a row. Nothing unusual was noticeable in the progress of the skiff until almost half an hour had passed, then without warning the rowboat shot ahead like an auto-boat under the impetus of his strong strokes.

"Now I'll find that man Matz, and get back some of the money I've lost to him," he said aloud, as he rested on his oars. He'll be perfectly willing to bet on his crew in the race Thursday, and this oil of mine ought to decide the winner.

There was no love lost in any way between Armond and Matz. They had attended the same preparatory school, had quarreled bitterly, and had chosen rival colleges on graduation. Both were speculatively inclined, and they made it a point to single out each other when they wished to wager on the different events. So far Armond had been the loser, and the thought of being beaten by Matz rankled more in his breast than did the loss of the money. Hence his longing to "get even."

On the day of the race the course was thronged with yachts and excursion steamers bearing the rival colors. The usual amount of expressed and unexpressed excitement was over all. The cheers and songs reverberated sharply across the open stretch through which the crews were soon to battle for supremacy. In short it was the "day of the boat-race," with all that the words signify.

Armond found a seat on the long observation train directly behind Matz. This he did advisedly, that he might better flout his victory in his enemy's face. Matz seemed strangely content, and greeted Armond almost cordially.

"You won't be so chippy when the race is over," growled Armond. "You'll be hitting the ties to get back to your alma mater."

"Think so?" returned the other laconically. "Wait."

Bursts of cheers, the hoarse note of many horns, and the shrill blasts of the whistles on yacht and locomotive, greeted the crews as they put out from their boat-houses, and paddled leisurely to the starting point. After the usual delay in starting, the crews got away to a perfect start, and glided smoothly down the course. The great crowd was stilled in its tense interest. The sharp cries of the little coxswains floating down on the morning breeze, alone broke the vast silence.

Armond settled back in his seat, and contentedly puffed at an over-large cigar.

"Everything is going great," he congratulated himself. "It took just twenty-six minutes by the watch, for them to get started after they put the shell in the water, and in about two minutes that oil ought to get down to business. Thank goodness it didn't show until after they got off."

In about two minutes, as Armond had prophesied, the oil did work, and worked with a vengeance. The crew that had been working so smoothly but a moment before, fell over backwards as one man, almost upsetting the delicate shell, their broad oars cutting the water like knives. They scrambled back to their places and succeeded in partly filling the shell with water in their haste. At the next stroke the same strange thing occurred, and this time they sank the shell. The other boat rode smoothly on its way toward the goal.

In the midst of the excitement on the observation train, Matz leaned back and laughed in Armond's face. "Want to borrow car fare, old man?" he said tauntingly.

"No," exploded Armond, "but I'll pay yours to tell me how you did it. How did you know, how did—say, Matz, how (blankety, blank) did you do it?"

"It gives me real pleasure to tell you, dear fellow," cooed Matz. "I took a little trip over your way the other day, that we might have a friendly (he emphasized 'friendly') wager on the race, and happened to see you going up the lake at about forty miles an hour. Happened to be horseback rid-

ing, you know. As I say, I happened to see your chain-lightning performance and wondered. When I wonder I keep on wondering, (his tone was nothing if not aggravating) so I happened to be present when you oiled the shell about two this morning. Upon examining your work after you left, I decided that you had neglected to finish it, so I unearthed your bottle from under the log—that *was* kind of you my dear Armond, to leave it so conveniently near—and oiled up the oars."

Armond threw away the over-large cigar.

—*W. B. Simmons*, '08.

---

## **Sunrise and Moonrise**

---

**S**TREAMS of light in the far-away,  
Chirping of song birds blithe and clear.  
Earth is afresh from her slumber sweet,  
And radiant Dawn with her steeds is here.  
Mystic haze o'er a sea of black,  
Pixies dancing in woodlands still.  
Heavens besprinkled with lustrous stars—  
And the far-away call of the whippoorwill.  
—*A. V. Coupe*, '08.

## A Contrast

---

FROM far across the Oriskany valley, a glorious sunrise smiles upon the campus through the cold gray mist of the early morning. Dawn stretches forth her rosy fingers from the purple hilltops and glints upon the hoar frost of the fields and the trees which bear the last tinge of their autumnal splendor. The chapel bell rings out its earliest welcome to the day. As it has done nearly a hundred classes before them, the college answers the mandate of the bell, and ere long the campus takes on its usual activity. Breathing the clear air is in itself a benediction. Upon a campus hallowed by a century of Christian purpose, amid surroundings that speak silently of all the better things of life and of God, student meets student, and each hails the other with a "hello" that means more of true friendship than the handshakings of a metropolis. Sincerity is everywhere, inspiration everywhere. It is only natural to do right.

And thus begins the day, just an ordinary college day, far from idle, yet hardly strenuous, with little worry, with a deal of pleasure and amid congenial surroundings. There is no rush or clamor, no nerve-racking hustle. At nightfall, indescribable peace, with only a light here and there along the hilltops or from out the valley or from the college buildings. An almost primeval quiet rests upon the campus; nought crowds out the music of the spheres.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

The same sun that smiles across Oriskany's valley upon the dear old college gilds the towered sky-line of New York City. There it shines down upon the world's greatest metropolis, and its earliest rays greets sleepy preparations for a great election day. Ere that sun sinks into the waters of the bay, the efforts of many months, the expenditure of millions of dollars in campaign funds, night after night of speechmaking, the impetuous demagoguery of the press, the

wiles and rascalism of the politicians, separately or together, will have culminated in the election of some one to the mayor's chair whose influence for four years is to hold in the balance the political morale of America's proudest city.

Bleary-eyed politicians early meet each other at the polls, and adorn themselves with tawdry badges. Their pockets bulge with cheap cigars, their aspect tells the strain of weeks of campaigning. Before the chapel bell has tolled out the hour of eight, in that great city thousands of votes have been cast and the battle is on. For hours the city pulsates with excitement. Where the efforts of the stump speaker have failed to sway a vote, the glitter of gold can. Bloated ward-men and district leaders hurry through their districts in carriages to entice the tardy voter and to roll up a record vote for their district. The ignorant laborer, for whose existence the leader cares not a snap during three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, is beguiled into voting by a show of hospitality and friendship. An offer to ride to the polls with the district leader is an honor not to be sneered at, free drinks in a nearby saloon is a temptation not easily overcome; the flattery of the "heelers" touches human nature, false promises of reforms, higher wages, weigh upon him, and if these fail, perhaps a treasury note. After all, what is one vote, helplessly he reasons with himself, and he has sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage.

At the polls the smoke of poor cigars, reeking breaths and fouler language form an atmosphere how different from the air and sunlight on the Hill. How different the bar-room with its range of bottles and flasks from the "water that flows in the old college well." How strangely different that serpentine cordiality which crawls on its belly for a vote, to the honest salutation of the campus.

All day long the fight is waged. What if ballot boxes are stuffed, if dead men's names are used for party gain, if votes are bartered for? All is fair in war.

Late in the afternoon the polls close and the work of counting begins. The die is cast. New crowds begin to

gather at the polls, at the great news centers, anywhere to satisfy a frenzied curiosity. Throngs fill the main streets to congestion. In the vile air of the polls the votes are counted and hurried to police headquarters. Night comes on and the crowds grow wilder; drunken men reel along the gutters; the restaurants and resorts are crowded to the doors; fakirs sell countless horns and noise-producing trifles to the crazy crowds. In front of the great newspaper offices, the thousands overrun police protection, watching and waiting for the reports which are bulletined upon a glaring signboard every few minutes. Each announcement receives thunders of applause, and the multitude stands there all night, jeering, cheering, howling, shouting and cursing, as one candidate runs ahead of the other, until the final result is posted.

Within the newspaper office, in the dingy rooms, there is typified something of what an election means to New York. Nerve-strained editors, nervous reporters, and even the "cubs," work in the hardest way from early in the evening all through the night without sleep and well into the next day, bringing order out of the chaos of figures that sweep into the office from every precinct of the great city. The strain tells, for nearly every man is pulling at his pipe with nervous energy. The hours rush on, the first election extra is hurried out. The managing editor is not satisfied. Fuller reports must be rushed through and another edition issued before midnight. Human frailty gives way, and through the clouds of smoke, secretly or otherwise, office boys hurry damning stimulants to the tired workers. Within, without, the city is election crazy and sin stalks leeringly on. Who will estimate what election day costs? Surely it is not summed up in the bills of campaign expenses.

How different that maddened city, with its sin and temptation, its frenzied strife, from the quiet Hill, which meanwhile sleeps on beneath the stars in God's own quiet.

—*H. G. Aron, '09.*

## Passing Favor and Permanent

---

**I**T is an age of fads in which we live, an age when novelties are seized upon with avidity, exploited to their limit and then run into the ground with a precipitation that is appalling. You will find this characteristic displayed in every line of modern activity, but in none perhaps more than in literature. Here the publishers lie in wait for the slightest shifting of public fancy, and no sooner does a sensation make its appearance than the market is swamped with the most palpable imitations. The public has only to express a liking for a certain type of book and its desire is soon permanently sated.

Witness the rise and fall of that bane of the critic's existence, the historical novel. A number of years ago a Mr. Churchill, of Vermont, brought forth a story wherein the plot followed out certain lines of historical fact; and more than this, studies of great men and women had a part in the character drawing. Giving as it did a satisfying, fascinating picture of the times and fraught with associations dear to us all, "Richard Carvel" was direct and complete in its appeal. Within a month after its publication everybody was reading it; edition followed edition in quick succession; the public was generous and Mr. Churchill and the Macmillan Company were gratified. And then the fun began. Something in the nature of a frenzy seemed to strike the world of letters. From every corner there arose a crowd of writers, big and small, prominent and obscure, but each with the manuscript of an historical novel tucked under his arm. Even so sterling a writer as Paul Leicester Ford was beguiled into writing one to order, and gave birth to that lamentable affair, "Janice Meredith." Every phase of history from Babylon to the twentieth century was hustled into fiction, although the period of our own Revolution probably got the best (or perhaps the worst) of it, where feeble writers looked confidently to

the "Spirit of '76" to give some virility and vitality to their work. There were stories faithfully, mincingly accurate, and others flatly misleading. So it went. For some time the public greedily and indiscriminately consumed all it could get, and then proceeded to lose its taste for the "Richard Carvel" type as precipitously as it had acquired it. Today the term "historical novel" is apt to make an unpleasant impression, and ensures a certain frigidity of reception for a book, that is very seldom overcome. Its fall from grace has been complete.

Indeed, every author who is received with sudden and over-extravagant favor is headed straight for obscurity, and he can count on it. For instance, there was something abnormal in the success of the Shaw plays; it was unhealthy, out of all proportion to their merits, and the Irish dramatist need not look far into the future for the time when his antics will cease to amuse. Today you see him in all his glory, but people have begun to supply "smart" in their description of him where a year ago they would have used "clever." And in his scurrilous attack on Irving he slipped up, as the best of us are apt to do at times, and failed to entertain. Who knows, perhaps even now the Shaw sun has passed its noon.

But amid all these ups and downs of public fancy there is one type of book that is more than a mere passing favorite. This is the nature novel, and it has come to stay, not because of any innate vitality of its own, but simply because it is the echo in literature of a greater movement in the world itself. In the age of hustle and bustle, of automobiles, sky-scrapers, and general modern unsightliness, there is a "back-to-nature" cry to be heard everywhere. It is that which is leading men to seek their homes away from the cities; it is that which Hovey expressed so aptly in his "Vagabondia":

"I am sick of four walls and a ceiling,  
I have need of the sky,  
I have business with the grass,  
I must up and get me away where the wild hawk is wheeling,  
Lone and high,  
And the slow clouds go by."

We *are* sick of four walls and a ceiling, sick of the small, cramped lives we live, and it is because the nature novel gives a taste of something better that we welcome it to the position it has attained.

There are big men doing work in this field and big books are being written. The title "nature-novel" does not of necessity imply a communion with birds and flowers and the like, but it is the term given, in default of a better one, to those stories where the setting has come to be something more than a mere drop-curtain and side-wings, where the interest depends not only on the movement of the plot and the development of character, but on the big out-doors in which it is laid. Under this heading comes "Bob, Son of Battle," "The Garden of Allah," "The Call of the Wild," "The Kentucky Cardinal," and a host of others that could be named.

The possibilities of fine work along this line are unlimited. In the old-time novel, which confined itself strictly to human-nature, there was bound to be a certain pettiness, that was mentally cramping, but now with the advent of the new type there is a pleasure almost physical to be derived from mere reading. You can sit within ten feet of a street alive with the grate and jangle of a busy day, and become so lost in such a book as White's "The Silent Places," that you seem to feel the bracing cold of the far North and the grandeur of the great trees becomes very real.

It is interesting to consider Stewart Edward White with Cooper, and to compare the handling of very similar material by the new school and the old. Both told tales of adventure, with Indians and frontiersmen as their characters, but Mr. White has the ability of the nature-writer, and in his stories there is something of the beauty and spirit of the great green forests that the older writer utterly lacks. Then think of "The Talisman" and the "Garden of Allah," each with its desert setting. With what admirable art did Mr. Hichens weave the very life and body of the Sahara into his story, creating a succession of impressions of which Scott would have been incapable. This is not to suggest that the "Gar-

den of Allah" is a greater book than the "Talisman," (indeed a comparison would be ridiculous), but Mr. Hichens gave a quality of beauty to his work which is simply one of the modern developments in literature.

Few would dispute the right of James Lane Allen to the rank of head of the new school; he has realized the possibilities of delicate beauty and infinite pathos that lie within it, and his "Kentucky Cardinal" is typical of the perfection to which it has attained. Perhaps to Jack London must go the credit of reaching its fullest dramatic power in his "Call of the Wild." We may be very grateful to Mr. Allen for having given us so much to enjoy, and we have every right to expect great things from Mr. London. He is a young man, but he has already produced a book, gem-like in its simplicity and classic in its splendid strength.

It is a fad, if you will, this nature revival in fiction, but it is a very beautiful one. It debars anything sordid and revolting and it gives to the sensitive an uplifting breath of good, pure air and a glimpse at the green, clean world as God gave it to us.

—A. H. Woolcott, '09.

## Leaves from the North

---

**P**IERRE with a sharp twist of his paddle sent the canoe almost up to the low, marshy shore. "You see that?" he asked, pointing to a faint trail in the rushes. "Tha's where the bear been come down to catch the frog. Yes, sir, the bear he like good 'bouillon', I tell you."

As this was the longest speech so far vouchsafed me by the haughty halfbreed, I remained silent in humble fear lest I break the chain of his thought.

Pierre ejected a skillful brown stream from the corner of his mouth at a sleepy frog on a nearby lily-pad, and went on with his conversation as if it was the most natural thing in the world to be talking familiarly with me, a tenderfoot. Evidently I had acquired merit.

"I remember once when I was a very small boy, oh 'bout eight years in my age, I think, I was out in the bush with my father while he mak' the visit to his traps. We come up to one trap in very big alder bushes and we hear great noises; something mak' yells in there. Oh, great big noise like the horse when the wolves catch him, maybe. Myself, I have never hear such noise.

"Then my father he load his gun and he creep very slow through the bush, and me, I follow after him, for I have fear to be alone. Then we see a great bear in the trap. The bear he stand up when he see us and he wave his hands at us so, just like this, and he open his mouth and mak' great yells. My father he raise up his gun very slow and he aim right at the middle of that bear, and—spang! But he never fazzle him a bit; no sir, That bear he open his mouth and we see all the great, shiny teeth of him, and he mak' more yell. My father he shoot that bear dead three times and the bear he mak' more yell ever' time.

"Then my father he say, 'the devil in that bear,' and he tak' his axe and cut down a little tree that have two branches

like a crossshape, see, and he say, 'I fix you now, Mr. Devil', and he walk up to the bear very slow. The bear he open his mouth for to mak' more yell and my father he stick the cross way down his throat till he die, yes sir."

Pierre spat meditatively over the side.

"I think you got one fish."

"My, but that is a big one," as he jumped clear of the water.

"I tell you but he mak' the good 'bouillon', eh?" he asked as he lifted the shining trophy into the canoe.

"Is the devil in all bears, Pierre?" I asked, "or just in some?"

"Oh no, just in some, I gass. There is one big devil bear not very far from my home where I live, but some day I get him, see?" and he pointed to a string around his neck from which hung a bright new bullet.

"That I have for a charm taken from the priest that I should shoot that devil bear, yes sir."

"But did the priest give you the charm?"

"Oh, yes sir; that is, in some way, for the priest he was come to our home where we live one day to tell my sister that is called T'nette how that she shall not marry Joseph, who was come from beyond the Height of Land to see her every spring. For he is a most wicked man and sells not the furs which he have caught to the company (Hudson Bay Company) but he tak' them and sell them himself, oh a great many miles."

"But how about the bullet?"

"Oh, yes sir, I tell you 'bout that bullet. For the priest he is wearing a very long 'soutane' and the buttons are of silver, and while he is praying very hard he must unbutton it for he is very great in the size of him. I see that two buttons are very loose so that only a thread attaches to them. And our cat is very playful at our home where we live, so that I just mak' to wiggle a little with a straw the buttons as they lie upon the floor and — spang! The cat she has knocked one away into the fireplace.

"I have much sorrow and tell the father that I will return to him that button if I find it. For behold, the next day T'nette, my sister, she find it and give it to me for my charm which I shall shoot spang at that devil bear."

"But was it not wrong to deceive the priest?"

"Oh, no sir," replied Pierre, earnestly, "for he was not our priest but was come from the Company Post on Deer River; and besides, I told only that should I find the button would I return it to him, me. And behold, it was T'nette that found it, but it was very wrong of the cat, m'sieu. Yes sir, I fear for the soul of the cat."

"Now, sir, if one pulls in the line we will be at the camp, yes sir."

—*R. B. Peck, '07.*

---

## Close of Day

---

A LAST, faint glimmer in the deepening night,  
A fading hint of what was glorious day,  
Surrendered to the slender thread of light  
Which through the darkness lonely Hesper sends.  
Too sad for mortal heart to understand,  
For human mind to follow all too swift;  
Too high the motives of that mighty hand,  
That makes the sombre sunset and the star,  
And marks where we must drift.

—*P. F. Baum, '09.*

504524

## The Toadstool Eater

---

**S**TOOPED with great age, her hand trembling, her face deeply furrowed, we found her sitting peacefully on a low boulder in front of her cabin, smoking her stained clay pipe, and dreaming,—the mother, grandmother, great-grandmother of the few surviving descendants of the great Chief Cornplanter, occupying Pennsylvania's one reservation. She raised her head as we approached and the eyes which had beheld the light of ten score of years, instantly recognized my companion, the interpreter, as her grandson.

When he made known my errand she smiled, but hesitated. Several moments passed. I began to despair of obtaining a legend from her, when at last she broke the silence and said in the Seneca language, "Not today, I am tired, I cannot think of our traditions. The old stories are too long to tell to the restless youth of this day. Besides, it is not winter. The smoke crawls into the bed of the one who tells legends in summer."

She immediately heaved a sigh of relief and settled back into her former position with her pipe between her lips.

I drew the youth aside and urged him to obtain from the old woman at least some short experience of her early life, or a brief story which could not be called strictly a tradition or legend of primitive origin, persuading him that such a recounting would not bring the snake to her bed, as was the universal belief.

I could see now that she was yielding, and presently she began in her picturesque Indian way to tell the following crude story. As she progressed she became completely absorbed. She spoke, now softly, now loudly; pointed a finger in one direction, then in the opposite; measured off distances with her hands, started suddenly, twitched her face, and at last, completely exhausted, sank into a heap at the side of my interpreter.

A man once married a witch, who at will could change herself into a bear. A son was born to them, and the strange couple were faring well until one day the husband brought home a captive boy. The wife objected to the little stranger, and the couple separated, with the illboding threats of the wife to destroy the captive. For days the man carefully guarded the child. Finally he sought the woman and persuaded her to ask what she might if only she would agree never to harm the boy. "If you keep the boy out of my path and turn over to me each evening the results of the day's hunt, it will be well," she replied. Accordingly, from that time forth the boy was cautiously guarded. His food consisted solely of mushrooms, which his foster father brought him. He was from that time known as "The Toadstool Eater."

One morning in the absence of his guardian he broke his prison, and with a quantity of arrows and a bow, set out on the path of adventure.

About noon he came to an open place in the middle of which stood a hut. He peered in and to his surprise beheld a boy of his own age fettered to a post. It was a happy meeting for the two, and at the fettered boy's demand for the bow and arrows they were promptly surrendered.

On the walls hung innumerable skin bags, fully inflated. Without overcareful aim the boy let an arrow fly at one of these. A sharp pop followed, and a thick oil oozed from the hole. This proved great sport, and before long every skin bottle had been pierced.

Suddenly the little visitor recalled where he was and what he was doing. With all haste he returned home and disguised his escape.

The uncle soon burst in, and with a sad cry addressed his nephew:

"You have been visiting my wife's home today and have done much damage. Every day I've had to give the mother of that boy all my game, from which she tried the fat and filled those sacks you destroyed. She is so angry she threat-

ens to kill both of us before daybreak. It can't be helped now. But, listen to what I'm going to tell you. When my wife appears she will come in the form of a bear. On her breast is a pure white spot. If you can shoot an arrow into that you can escape, for it will stun her for several hours.

"Tonight I shall make a hollow arrow of alder. With the slight superhuman power we shall derive from your hitting the bear in that white spot, I shall cause you to grow small enough to be contained within the arrow. Take this wallet. In it you will find a beaver's tooth, a pigeon's feather and a small pebble. I shall shoot the arrow due westward. When it strikes the ground you will regain your natural size. Then, at full speed, push on in the direction the arrow took. When the bear is close upon you, take out the beaver's tooth and scratch the ground with it. Instantly a beaver swamp will ensnare the bear for a period of three days. With this start you will have progressed far. Again open the wallet and toss the feather into the air. This time, for another three days, the bear will be lost in an enormous flock of pigeons.

"Finally, throw down the stone. This will become a bounding rock, crushing everything it falls upon. If the Great Spirit grants, the stone will crush the bear, otherwise you will have to use your own means of escape."

About day-break the bear drew near the hut. With a rush she made at the two Indians. They nimbly sprang aside. For several moments the boy essayed to shoot the monster. Every arrow was proving ineffectual until at length a point pierced the white breast. With a groan the brute dropped to the ground.

The uncle quickly seized the boy by the shoulder and vigorously shook him. Soon the lad shrivelled up until he was a mere toy in size, small enough to be dropped into the hollow alder.

The mighty arm of the man reluctantly drew the buckskin to his shoulder to let the arrow speed its course. A light streak in the sky marked its path.

At the same time, with a howl of rage, the brute awoke

from her swoon. With unnatural strength she crushed the helpless man. It had already dawned upon her that the boy had attempted to escape. but she was too confident of capturing him to worry. Hurrying back to her home in the distance, she deliberately killed her own son. Then with great strides she bounded in the direction of the setting sun.

Nearer and nearer she drew upon the swiftly running boy. Now she hesitated to give a spring. At the same instant the boy dropped to his knee and cut the earth with the sharp beaver tooth. Immediately the bear sank in the mire of an extensive swamp.

Without glancing back the frightened toadstool eater ran on. For three days the bear struggled, harrassed by beavers and foaming with wrath.

Finally reaching the firm soil she started with quickened pace toward the fleeting unfortunate. As she approached she found herself blinded by a dense flock of pigeons. Helpless, she sprang to and fro endeavoring to free herself, but in vain. At the expiration of three days the pigeons disappeared and the enraged beast, with muscles taut, leaped on.

For the third time she neared the lad, and now a huge bounding stone suddenly loomed up before her. Try as she might, she could not get around the boulder. At last, negligent of her movements, she caught a hind leg beneath. With a scream she drew upright, transformed into a woman. Painfully removing the crushed limb, she balanced it over her shoulder and hopped along in the tracks of the crafty youngster.

The frightened lad had sunk down on the edge of a clearing. In the distance he beheld a group of log huts. In the foreground were a score of Indian boys engaged in a game similar to the modern tag.

He had become fairly well rested when he heard a rustling of twigs back of him. Turning abruptly about he came face to face with the one-legged witch. Before she had time to act he had alertly sprung into the midst of the game and become lost to view because of the strange resemblance he bore to his play-fellows.

The woman seated herself on the outskirts of the game and sought an opportunity to destroy the evader of her wiles.

Suddenly, as the boy ran close to the woman he seized the crushed limb, threw it high in the air, gave a mysterious gesture, and under his breath besought the Great Spirit to carry the flying member far away to sea. To the astonishment of all, the leg failed to drop to the ground.

By this time the boy was lost again in the merry crowd. Once more he was seen to dart forth, grasp the other leg, tear it from the startled woman and send it speeding on its way to a watery grave. In like manner he tore the arms from the defenceless witch.

Then he related to his new companions his experience. With one accord they wildly seized the poor stump of the body and savagely tore it to shreds. Dropping the awful mass of flesh they curiously watched the toadstool eater as he spirited away every trace of the sorceress. And now with a shout of delight they led the stranger, the message of the Great Spirit as they called him, to the village, where he was welcomed as their young chieftain and bestowed with honors rivaling those paid even Mercury of old.

—*C. M. Trippe, '07.*

## CRITICUS

---

EVER since the first centre was slugged in the ancient game *ἄρπαστον*, football has been a subject of protest among mild-mannered people. In these latter days the protests have increased to a definite chorus, faint echoes of which have pervaded the sanctum of Criticus. Swelling the chorus are the voices of many good men and great, a few newspapers and several university periodicals; and the burden is that the gridiron is becoming a shambles. Mass plays should be abolished, and coaches should not counsel the disabling of players on opposing teams. "Association" football should be substituted. In short, the syllogism is presented:

Only men made of steel and iron should indulge in American football as played today;

Men are not made of steel and iron; therefore,

Men should not indulge in American football as played today.

To Criticus, who holds that the prevailing vice of the age is a sickly and sentimental humanitarianism, all this falls upon deaf ears—all except the protests against deliberate maiming of players, an unedifying phase of football which will die out as soon as universal student opinion condemns it. For the rest, Criticus advises the retention of our own game, at any cost, rather than the adoption of anything like the "Association" variety on which our English cousins are so keen. Ours is an excellent antidote for the vague shudders at the thought of pain, which afflict the modern world.

Meantime the splendid game goes on, and the enthusiastic roar from countless bleachers attests its immense popularity, in spite of the occasional gong of the ambulance.

## EDITORIAL

---

**N**OW that Prof. Isaac Rice, of New York, has interested himself in the College and has presented to the Chess Club a beautiful table with all the accessories, chess ought to receive increased attention. Through the good will of Prof. Rice the College becomes a member of the Intercollegiate Chess League and our team will have a chance to pit itself against the best. In the past four years we have had very successful teams that have won against Syracuse and Rochester and have broken even with Princeton and other large colleges. Though several of the best men graduated last year, there is some excellent playing material left in College and it is high time that the club organized and planned its tournament and its season's campaign. The student body is greatly interested and the players will doubtless have encouragement in every way. Last year a good many men who were interested in the game, though they did not play, joined the club in order to help along interest and finances. The team has every inducement and advantage for a successful season.

---

**T**HE football season of 1905 has become history. In four games the men in the blue and buff have come off victorious, three times been beaten and once tied. Union and Rochester fell by the comfortable scores of 17 and 29 to nothing. Trinity fought hard and scored three times to our four. St. Lawrence was easily vanquished by a substitute team, but in a return game caught the 'varsity sleeping and played a tie. Syracuse with a heavy, clock-like team played magnificent football and administered a severe drubbing on our own Campus. Cornell playing on Percy Field won a victory which reflects little credit on her captain. The season closed on Nov. 11th, with a score of 17-15 in favor of Colgate.

A team is judged largely by the showing made in the last games. The second half of the Union game showed the brilliant offense which our men could put up. The Trinity game opened our eyes to the weakness of the defense. It was on Nov. 11th that the true metal of the men displayed itself. On that day the people assembled on Whitnall Field saw a team composed largely of Seniors playing their last game against Colgate. And such a game! Out-weighed twenty pounds to the man, with four regulars, suitable candidates for the hospital, with the memory of two defeats at the hands of the maroon fresh in mind, Captain Bramley's men finished their football course by playing the greatest game in their lives. Colgate won, but the moral victory rests with Hamilton. The open, fast game which our team put up completely overshadowed Colgate's line-pounding, beefy football. At one time with the score 15-6 in our favor it looked like a clear victory, but in the end beef told and we lost. To have success so near and then to lose was heart-breaking.

The season as a whole was successful. The Cornell, Colgate, Rochester and Union games showed great steadiness, judgment, knowledge of the game and above all, spirit and nerve. Coach Watson knew his men and displayed great insight and football instinct in the conditioning, in the coaching, and in the all around handling of the squad. The men played the Colgate game, but Mr. Watson's coaching put them in shape so that their strength was put to the best advantage. Captain Bramley has proved himself one of our best football captains. Mr. Watson needs no greater guarantee of the position he holds in our hearts than the fact that the management is striving to secure him for next year.

---

WE TRUST that our readers will be sufficiently generous to overlook the tardy greeting of this issue of the LIT, caused by a delayed *Alumniana*.

## AMONG THE LIT'S

It almost seems as if there were some sympathetic bond between the *Lit's* of the various colleges. When the stories in one are good all are apt to be good. When one *Lit.* has a good poem there is apt to be a sprinkling of good poems throughout all of them.

This month the stories are sadly lacking in all those qualities which go to the making of a good story. Stories of college life are numerous and it is always hard to make these interesting. "Granger" in the *Red and Blue*, and one entitled "And the Freshman Yearned for a Friend", in *The Touchstone*, are stories of this type.

Whatever the stories lack, however, they do not lack humor; that is, except the humorous ones, at any rate. For instance, one can imagine the staid Quaker shivering and shuddering in an ecstasy of fear as he reads, in the *Red and Blue*, "The Eyes of Serrano." His eyes may well start from his head as he reads how the wicked burglar stole up to the snowy cot of the be-haloed child, as "with a muttered curse the burglar's hard hand clutched the child's tender throat." It is truly heart-rending! And then the terrible holocaust at the end, in which the angel child, the wicked burglar and the insane scientist all go up in smoke! It is truly a tale to shock a messenger boy or draw tears from a saleslady. Another thrilling tale of an adventure with a burglar is told in the *Amherst Literary Monthly*, "My Friend, the Burglar." All the stories are not positively bad, but none of them are really first-class, or equal to those the same *Lit's* generally produce.

The essays and descriptive articles on the other hand are excellent and are well worth reading in spite of daunting titles. The following are some of the best: "The Pre-Raphaelite Movement in its Relations to Contemporary Movements in England," in *Wells College Chronicle*; "The Harvard Athletic System," in the *Stanford Sequoia*; "The Call of the Mountains," in the *Amherst Literary Monthly*; "Williams and Lake George," in the *Williams Literary Monthly*; and "Graft," in *The Touchstone*. Other *Lit's* which we acknowledge are the *Vassar Miscellany*, *The Quill*, the *McMaster University Monthly* and *The Laurentian*.

### CAUSE ENOUGH.

Why is it that the tomcat  
Makes discord when he sings?  
Because the horrid tomcat  
Is filled with fiddle-strings.—*Ex.*

## HILL NOTES

---

—The successful football season resulted in 105 points for Hamilton and 78 for their opponents. We won five out of the eight games.

—Another Gym. Show will be held this year in the Majestic Theatre in Utica sometime in March. It will be similar to the successful show of 1903.

—Sophomore Hop went off well the night of the 15th, with Williams as chairman, and Weekes, Babcock, Smith, Morgan, White, Cody, McLean and Hull as committeemen.

—Sigma Phi gave an informal dance October 30th. Mrs. Stryker and Mrs. Nichols, of Clinton, and Mrs. Smyth, of Utica, acted as patronesses. Rath's orchestra furnished music.

—The Freshman Class have elected the following officers: Beck, president; Love, vice-president; Butler, secretary; Getman, treasurer. Roenke was elected manager of class basket-ball at the same time.

—Owing to the great increase in the cost of the *Hamiltonian*, the 1907 Board has raised the price to \$1.50. It was thought unwise to run in debt to such an extent that a heavy tax would have to fall upon the class.

—The past month has seen on the Hill Rev. Bigelow, '51; Hon. A. E. Branch, '73; Dr. Burton, '91; S. H. Adams, '91; Ostrander, '99; Heyl, '99; Van Allen, '02; Collins, '02; Perry, '03; Jones, '03; Elihu Root, Jr., '03; Post, '04; Beckwith, '04; Abbey, '05.

—The Musical Clubs have a fair outlook this year. French, manager, has been busy since College opened and dates have been arranged with some of the larger cities. Practice began early and under the leadership of Purdy, '06, Hamilton may boast of clubs equal to those of the past.

—Again basket-ball practice is in full swing. There promises to be an extra fast team representing Hamilton this year. Not a man from last year's team has been lost and in the Freshman class there are players. Games with Amherst, Trinity, Williams and Wesleyan takes the team off for a four days' trip.

—Delta Upsilon held its annual national convention in Utica, Oct. 25-27. It began with a smoker in Bagg's Hotel the night of the 25th and ended with a banquet the night of the 27th, at which A. L. Blair, Hamilton, '72, acted as toastmaster. The afternoon of the same day Hamilton was visited and the literary exercises were held in the College Chapel. Ermon J. Ridgway, editor of *Everybody's*, was the orator of the day.

## ALUMNIANA

*(Send Alumni and Necrology notes to William H. Squires, '88.)*

—John W. Van Allen, '03, is associated with the law firm of Bissell, Cary & Cook in Buffalo.

—Leon Jenks, '05, is teaching Science in the Ogdensburg High School at a salary of nine hundred dollars.

—Prof. George W. Knox, D.D., '74, of Union Theological Seminary, is delivering a series of six lectures at the Johns Hopkins University on "The Religion of Japan."

—Hon. A. Judd Northrup, LL.D., '58, has been elected Vice-President of the Council of the New York State Federation of Churches, which lately met in New York City.

—Edward N. Abbey, '05, is studying law in the Columbia University Law School, and is not occupied with the study of Engineering in Cornell as stated in our last number.

—Dr. George E. Brewer, '81, of New York City, has published a text-book for classroom work, which has received much commendation. Its title is "Brewer's Surgery, a Text Book of the Principles and Practice of Surgery".

—Chas. W. Rice, '96, who served Seneca Falls several years as Superintendent of Schools, and resigned last June to take up the study of law in his home town, was elected Supervisor in Geneva, at the last election, on the Democratic ticket.

—Burr G. Eells, '96, lately principal of the high school at Scottsville, N. Y., has accepted a position under the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church as superintendent of the American school in Cachoeira, Bahia, Brazil. He is now on his way to his new field of labor.

—Dr. Lewis N. Foote, '94, and Mrs. Mabel Shull Ackler were married November 15th in Utica, N. Y. Rev. Dr. Lewis R. Foote, '69, of Brooklyn, N. Y., uncle of the groom, performed the marriage ceremony. Dr. and Mrs. Foote will be at home after Jan. 1st, '06, at 147 Hancock St., Brooklyn.

—The tenth anniversary of the connection of Rev. Anthony H. Evans, D.D., '81, with the West Presbyterian Church in New York City, was celebrated by a reception tendered to Dr. and Mrs. Evans by the ladies of the Church on Thursday evening Nov. 16. A large number of the members of the congregation gathered in the church parlors, which were handsomely decorated for the occasion. The choir of the church rendered a very entertaining musical program, after which there was a short presentation address and the pastor and his wife were made the

recipients of an elegant tea service, the sugar bowl of which contained a gift of twenty-dollar gold pieces, as a slight testimonial of the love and esteem of their parishioners.

— Prof. Joseph I. France, Ph.D., M.D., '95, was elected this fall to the State Senate of Md. After leaving college Dr. France studied philosophy under Wundt in the University of Leipzig, then studied Psychology in Clarke University, receiving there his Ph.D. After being graduated from the medical college, Dr. France entered the practice of his profession at Port Deposit, having his office during the winter months in Baltimore. Dr. France is an illustration of the scholar in politics, and he will make his influence felt wherever he turns his attention. Such men as France will purify politics and give to public office its proper dignity. It is a hopeful symptom when busy and successful professional men will spare the time and give the energy necessary to serve their state in such a capacity.

— Warren I. Lee, '99, has been elected to the State Legislature from the 18th Assembly district in Brooklyn, N. Y., and on the Republican ticket. Lee's plurality in one of the largest Assembly districts in the State was 2200. The representing such a district in the State Legislature by such a young man means business, but Lee is the man for the job. Lee made just one promise before election, and has made just one since: he would be square. Square men are needed in our Legislature — men not sold out before they get there, and men under the heel of no boss. Clean men were never more needed in our political life, but it is a sure thing that there will be one in Albany next winter who will stand for the square deal and business principles in legislation. We as Hamilton men are proud of Hon. Mr. Lee for what he is personally, and for what he has accomplished at this early stage of his career. We shall watch him with pride, not suspicion.

—October 5th and 6th the U. S. Civil Service Commission held an examination to determine the qualifications of candidates for the position of Fourth Assistant Examiner in the Patent Office, this being one of the most difficult examinations under the Civil Service. Among the thirty-seven candidates were two Hamilton men, Keith, '03, and Beckwith, '04, who had had three days' notice of the examination. Nine men passed and among the nine were Messrs. Keith and Beckwith. This position carries an entrance salary of \$1200 and is an excellent proposition to anyone desiring to study law and incidentally pay off his college debts. It also affords an excellent opportunity for entering into the patent law profession, which is probably the best paying branch of law for the average practitioner.

—A late number of the *Nation*, in summarizing the contents of the October number of the *Library Journal*, speaks of "a very interesting paper on 'California as a Place of Residence for the Scholar'" by M.

G. Dodge, '90, of the Stanford University Library. The *Nation* gives the following condensed report of the paper: "Besides the State Library at Sacramento, with its 125,000 volumes, the Library of the Mechanics Institute in San Francisco, with 120,000, the Public Library in the same city with 150,000, the State University Library at Berkeley with 130,000, and that of the Leland Stanford Junior University, already approaching the 100,000 mark, are mentioned the unaccessible libraries of Mr. H. H. Bancroft, with 50,000 volumes relating to the history of the Northwest, and of the Sutro estate, with its 200,000 volumes, including 'the best collection in America as to numbers and quality of books of the fifteenth century'."

—The Presbyterian Church in Buffalo, in charge of Frank B. Carlton, '89, had phenomenal growth during the last year. Rev. Mr. Carlton has attracted to himself and his work most favorable comment and wields much influence in the Buffalo Presbytery. Carlton is reported as an eloquent preacher, a diligent pastor and a man of the people. He manifests rare genius in reaching and holding the young people of his congregation as well as satisfying the critical element in his church. Though wanted in other churches, Carlton holds to his present charge, convinced that the long pastorate is the best pastorate because it keeps the pastor growing and hustling to provide new material for his people. The floater reaches the end of his intellectual and spiritual growth in a few short years, then laments that the Ministry is the most difficult of all professions. Increase of salary does not tempt Carlton—he has in his own church opportunity and this is eagerly taken advantage of. Carlton is not "popular" with his congregation; he has its confidence and respect.

—Hon. Albert R. Kessinger, '88, is now Mayor of Rome, N. Y. Forced onto the Democratic ticket against his wish and will, Kessinger made a successful campaign when all of his fellow ticket-men went down to defeat. This was a genuine compliment of the Romans to the young man who had fought their city battles in committee and in his paper, and before the Legislature in Albany, and in every possible place. Kessinger has been at the center of affairs in Rome for several years. He is a broad minded, non-partisan citizen who is willing to give his time and attention to his city's interests without hope of remuneration. The time came when the people decided to show their appreciation of their fellow townsman, and they did it with pride. Kessinger believes in the people, and his political philosophy and practice are all summed up in his firm faith in the reign of the common people. He is for the people as against the bosses every time, and in this Kessinger is no partisan. Independent, well informed, and self-reliant, Kessinger will make a record as Mayor that will be clean, vigorous, and for all the people.

—Ralph W. Stone, '99, government geologist, has been a member of the expedition to Alaska this summer. He writes from Nome, Oct. 10, 1905: "I shall sail this week for Seattle. The season has been a bad one in the Yukon region—lots of fog and rain. Winter set in on the second of September when we were a long way from our destination. Putting it briefly, we escaped with our lives. In ten days the ground was covered with a foot of snow. The horses could find scarcely anything to eat and were giving out, and our progress was becoming slow and difficult. When we reached Fort Hamlin on the Yukon the middle of September, there was little left of the expedition but the men. Horses gone; instruments, specimens, clothes, photographs cached back in the mountains, and scarcely enough grub left to last another day. It is a common story in Alaska, but far from amusing when one is living it. In Nome one hears nothing but gold, tin, steamers. Almost every man in the hotel-lobby has a claim somewhere on Seward Peninsula, and is taking out or hopes to take out a fortune." Mr. Stone wrote from the Golden Gate Hotel, "steam heat, electric light, European plan."

—The following list includes the Alumni that attended the New York Hamilton Banquet, Nov. 17th. President Stryker, D. D., L. L. D., and Prof. Oren Root, D. D., L. H. D., '56 were the principal speakers of the occasion: Oren Root '56, M. W. Stryker '72, F. A. Willard '80, W. S. Hubbard (Trinity '88), R. S. Griggs '69, W. M. Butler '70, E. W. Avery '63, L. A. Harkness '03, D. W. E. Burke '93, Oren Root, jr., '94, R. W. Vincent '94, D. H. T. Miller '07, L. F. Scott '07, E. S. Carr '04, E. N. Abbey '05, C. S. Scovel '04, W. A. Ferguson '04, F. F. Brandt '04, L. J. Ehret '04, Robert Pattison '87, R. L. Masseneau '81, E. B. Parson, '84, F. J. Swift '85, A. G. Benedict '72, D. W. Redmond '01, H. M. Andrews '99, Charles Harwood '02, John J. Martin, '92, F. W. Holmes '96, R. B. Marvin '92, B. M. Balch '95, A. D. Scovel '96, G. W. Elkins '87, I. L. Best '99, N. J. Marsh '85, Dwight Holbrook '75, W. M. Bristol '82, R. N. Brockway '91, S. H. Adams '91, A. E. Palmer (Wesleyan '74), E. L. Stevens '90, H. F. Hotchkiss '84, S. F. Engs '83, E. M. Bassett, '84, W. B. Winchell '80, A. C. McLachlan, '81, C. L. Lewis '90, C. A. Green '96.

—Rev. Dr. Robert L. Bachman, '71, has been making a campaign in Knoxville, Tenn., against the vice of that city, and is seeking to protect the school children against its menace. The board of public works has been appealed to, to remove what Dr. Bachman classes as a menace to the children of the city who attend the public schools, and a monster petition to that end will be presented to that board bearing the signatures of hundreds of citizens. The movement was given its inception in the Second Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Bachman is pastor, and every church in the city is helping in the big fight which

he commenced single-handed. Not only will a majority and perhaps all of the city churches back up Dr. Bachman, but he also has the good wishes and moral support of the board of education, or at least a majority of its members, and Superintendent of Schools. Other strong influences will doubtless be brought to bear upon the board of public works to take the action so much desired. The fact that a reputed house of ill-fame stands almost in the yard of the Hampden-Sydney School, which is located at State street and Commerce avenue, which information was conveyed to Dr. Bachman, caused him to begin the fight to clear away saloons and houses of ill-repute situated in close proximity to the schools. Last, but not least, a number of good mothers have beseeched Dr. Bachman by letter to make an attempt to remove the saloon and bawdy house from the school districts. The petition presented by Dr. Bachman to his congregation was signed by nearly every person in the church at the close of the service.

—Hamilton College has long been represented on the Faculty of Cornell University. Prof. Geo. P. Bristol, '76, has rounded out seventeen years of service as Professor of Greek and Comparative Philology. Dr. Andrew C. White, '31, Assistant Librarian and Reader in Greek, has been connected with the University since 1882. The last annual President's Report includes references to three of our younger graduates. Theodore F. Collier, '94, who now holds a position in Williams College, was last year Fellow in European History at Cornell University. He receives praise for "the rare conscientiousness and devotion" with which he discharged his duties as custodian of the President White Library during the protracted absence of Professor Burr. Dr. A. W. Boesche, '97, is named as a newly appointed instructor in German. Concerning J. A. Winans, '97, who succeeded to the work of Duncan C. Lee, '91, President Schurman says; "The appointment a year ago of Assistant Professor Winans as head of the department of Oratory and Debate has been justified by a work of quiet efficiency and solid success." The following account of one particular success of Professor Winans is based upon truthful testimony. Each year Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania hold a double debating contest. Each side has two teams. On the same evening two debates are held, one in Ithaca and one in Philadelphia. Of the two teams of each institution, one debates the affirmative and the other the negative, the question being the same. In the double contest held last year, the Cornell teams who had the training of Professor Winans, won both at home and abroad. The constituency of such a College as Hamilton, where conservative views of education have never been surrendered, will read with interest those parts of President's Schurman's report which relate to elective studies and requirements for graduation. Less than ten years ago, Cornell took the extreme position as to freedom of election. The

result has been "the emergence of some dissatisfaction, not so much with the elective system as with the current unrestricted license in its administration." A resolution is now pending before the Faculty "calling for a further regulation of the elective system". Years ago at Cornell a college course meant four years of residence. This regulation came in time to be a dead letter. During the past year, however, action has been taken reviving this regulation, and providing that the bachelor's degree stand for four years of residence.

—Prof. Philip M. Hull, '76, Conductor of State Institutes for teachers in the secondary schools in the State of New York, is carrying on a vigorous campaign against some phases of the present system as operated by Institute speakers. The Teachers' Institute has been an amusement concern, where all kinds of declamatory and oratorical arts have been practised for the entertainment of the teachers and the exhibition of the speaker of the day. All the petty arts and whims of speech at times have been resorted to in order to catch the popular applause and attain notoriety. In fact there have been days at the Institute when the "contortion" art has been dramatic as well as humorous and the occasion for work transformed into a veritable exhibition. Teachers have been paid by state money to go to Institutes to be amused; and speakers paid by the state to amuse them. The serious problems of education have often been ignored that whims and levity might take the center of the stage. Commissioners have sought the services of "popular" speakers—their reputation among the teachers often depends upon the accomplishment of this end. Great variety and a long list of entertaining speakers make a good program, and the appearance of the program must not be forgotten. The average life in the school of the secondary teacher being three and one-half years, it is not surprising that the elements of serious professional spirit should be in a measure lacking. Long and continuous service creates the professional tone among teachers and the habit of progressive study in their departments. During the last two years Conductor Hull has been attempting to change some of the unprofessional aspects of the State Institute for teachers by making the Institute a serious pedagogic school for the teacher, where consistent and progressive work should be done and the school system elevated by the instruction received. Prof. Hull is banishing entertainment and supplying plain, direct, subject-matter necessary for the teacher who expects to keep moving and energetic in the school profession. Prof. Hull's efforts are gaining in favor among the teachers, and his campaign is gaining ground as he proceeds. His contention that the Institute should be the teacher's university is heartily endorsed by the educational authorities in Albany. The continuance of the Institute should depend upon the question whether the work done there is valuable for the teacher in her efforts in the school.

To turn the children within a Commissioner's district loose for a week, and at the same time pay the teachers the week's salary, and incur the expense of the Institute in the matter of Conductor's salary and the expenses of the speakers employed is an important matter, and the people expect that their money so invested should be accounted for. If the teachers secure instruction, receive inspiration from their mutual conferences, and return to their school duties better prepared to secure results in teaching, Prof. Hull holds that the Institute is then an indispensable factor in our school system and should be preserved. Prof. Hull is a man with practical common-sense, plain sincerity, and untiring energy. His teaching is of the tried and approved order, savoring of the school-room and not of the study where mere theory flourishes. Prof. Hull has been Conductor of Institutes seven years and has a splendid record.

—Hon. Henry J. Cookingham, '67, lately delivered in Utica an address before the young men in the Westminster Church on "The Standpoint of a Lawyer." "There is a very great difference in lawyers; there is a very great difference in their preparation to practice law; there is a great difference in their character and in their abilities. The temptations which beset the criminal lawyer are very great, and although the criminal lawyer may get the most notoriety in the newspapers, he is not the greatest lawyer. There are a great many more dishonest clients than there are dishonest lawyers. The general impression is that a lawyer will do anything to win his case. The reputable lawyer will do all he consistently can to prevent litigation. The general impression is that a lawyer will in every case if possible bring a lawsuit. The exact opposite is true. In the constitutional convention everything possible was done to lessen the amount of litigation. Lawyers are not the instigators of litigation. You are a lawyer and a man comes to you and tells you of his trouble. You take down his statement in writing and then look over it carefully to see whether he has a good cause of action or a good defense. If you tell him that on the whole he has not a good case and would better not go to law, he will be very much disappointed, and will at once go to another, who will give him the kind of advice he wants. There is always the temptation to take these men as clients; a great temptation to get money at the sacrifice of character and right. There are, however, other and stronger temptations. You bring a suit relying on your client's statement. You take it down word for word. You bring a suit and a defense is put in. The defendant claims just the contrary of what the plaintiff has stated to you. You are bound to believe your own client. The trial of a case is a small matter compared with its preparation. Your own client may go on the witness stand and swear directly to the contrary of what he has told you. It would be foolish to put on the stand a witness with-

out knowing what he will swear to. You examine the witness in your office. It frequently happens that a very slight variation in the statement of what the witness testifies to, or what he knows, will win or lose the case. Sometimes the case can be won or lost by so simple a thing as a witness saying, 'I don't remember.' You know that a word of suggestion on your part will make the witness say one thing or another and will win or lose the case. Very often the lawyer and the witness fall in this temptation. It is the man who has moral character and experience who stands. Another great temptation is one in which many lawyers will utterly fall. Some one lawyer represents an interest in a large estate, and as his interest goes so the whole estate goes. Many temptations will be put in his path to get the case decided not for the interest of the client as for the interest of the lawyers. From the training a lawyer has, he is better prepared to judge of evidence than anyone else in the world; whether a fact or series of facts warrants a certain conclusion. Almost all lawyers are believers in the inspiration of the Bible. I can not remember a great lawyer of modern times who was not a believer in the inspiration of the Bible. If men trained to draw conclusions from facts accept the Bible as true, it is a tremendous fact for us to consider. Benjamin Harrison was not only a believer in the Bible, but a teacher in the Bible class and a defender of the Christian religion, not only by training but by his entire life. Character is of all things in the world the most desirable and the result of character is the most potent influence in the world. The character of its men and women is what makes a community desirable or undesirable to live in. The speaker showed what a long line of illustrious characters had been developed in the little community in which Jonathan Edwards lived and taught. If the sole motive were only success in life, it is the best plan to pursue. Moral Christian character is the foremost thing on the face of the world."

—Under the headline "Conscience or the Bible", *The Literary Digest* of November 18th gives an extended notice of the views of Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D. D., '67, who seems to abandon the stricter conception of the authority of the Bible. The 18th Century Deism has not yet lost its hold upon churchmen, and in these disintegrated times free-thought is bound to assert itself. The scholastic Theology has been discarded, the agapic sentimentalism has nearly dissipated itself in a wierd romanticism, and the twentieth-century must find something to keep people religiously inclined guessing. Nerve taxing theories of life and eternity are amassing themselves on every border. The weary pew must be startled into piety by up-to-date doctrine. The preacher must retain his hold by out-stripping his listeners. The plunge into the mystical is fascinating, and the mysticism of the present-day thought extends its spell. "Dr. Bradford points to the Society

of Friends as precursors in the acceptance and teaching of a doctrine which he believes will be the controlling one of the twentieth century. This is the doctrine of 'The Inward Light,' as the writer explains in a volume bearing that title. He summarizes the doctrine in the following words: 'There is in every man light sufficient to disclose all the truth that is needed for the purposes of life; that light is from God, who dwells in humanity as he is immanent in the universe; therefore the source of authority is to be found within the soul and not in external authority of Church, creed or book.' Mr. Bradford's critics would probably recall the fact that theological writers have long dwelt upon the insufficiency of conscience alone as a guide, and have pointed out the 'freak' forms of religious belief and the condonement of sin that have followed a too trustful confidence in an 'inward light.' The external authority of Church and creed has been so thoroughly discussed, from the time of Luther down, that it is hardly worth while to repeat Mr. Bradford's arguments in regard to it here. To find a Christian clergyman, an associate editor of *The Outlook*, and a lecturer at Andover Theological Seminary treating the authority of the Bible as on a par with the authority of heathen sacred books, however, will surprise many; and they will probably agree with him that his doctrine would influence religious thought in many and most revolutionary ways. Mr. Bradford's attitude toward the Bible may be seen in the following quotation: "Those who find the final authority for the spiritual life in the Bible, do not essentially differ from those who find it in the Church. At first it appears to be an easy and sure solution of all problems of thinking and living to be able to go to an authoritative book, and have it remove all difficulties; but troubles multiply the farther this road is followed. How do we know that the Bible may be trusted to such an extent? Is it replied that the Bible asserts its authority? If it does, I know neither the verse nor the chapter; but granting that it does, what then? The same claim is made for the Koran, the Zend-Avesta, and the Upanishads. That assumption may be made for any writing. Assertion is not proof. If the Koran, the Zend-Avesta, and the Bible assert full spiritual authority, it is evident that all can not be true, inasmuch as they often contradict one another. Either such assumptions are false, or the reason for believing them true is something other than its own assertion. Moreover, perplexing inquiries arise as this subject is pursued. These Scriptures, which we call the Bible, were written by different men, in widely separated periods of history. They represent various types of literature. Some of them are compilations from still older documents which have been, probably, forever lost. The Book of Jasher is known only by a single reference. There are at least three distinct narratives underneath the Pentateuch; those narratives are lost. The Gospels are supposed to have been compiled from now unknown

records of the words and deeds of Jesus—none less valuable for that—a fact which increases the difficulty of recognizing their authority as final. Many of these books were written in languages long since dead, and two of which languages have been greatly corrupted. In that fact there is both an advantage and a disadvantage. The language is no longer changing—that is an advantage; but it is no longer living, and consequently is more uncertain and difficult of interpretation. When the Scriptures were written, many words meant something quite different from what they mean now. If a truth has been translated from a language which has been dead a thousand years into a language which is steadily changing, its precise significance may easily have been sacrificed in the transition.' 'What should be our attitude toward the world's Bibles?' asks Mr. Bradford. He answers in part: 'They are as sacred in the eyes of those who were born where they hold sway as the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures are to us. Do we possess any essential truth not found in them? These questions are more theoretical than practical; for while many may press the inquiries, few will make the effort necessary to read those abstruse and difficult works, much less to study deeply enough to understand them. But a theoretical difficulty may be quite as dangerous as a practical one, and ought never to be unadvisedly or lightly turned aside. The question, therefore, as to what should be our attitude toward the world's Bibles, should receive fair consideration. Paul met the problem in his characteristically frank and lucid fashion. Any writing claiming recognition as sacred Scripture, before it should be accepted as such, must commend itself to the one studying it as calculated to inculcate truth and to promote righteousness. Whatever, when brought into the Inward Light and thoroughly and honestly examined, is found to promote goodness and loyalty to truth, may be trusted; and whatever does not is unworthy of credence. There is no loyalty and no sanctity in locality. What are its fruits in character? This is the test to which every claim to spiritual inspiration should be brought. The value of any religious truth may always be determined by the inevitability with which it tends to produce right conduct, and in time virtuous character. Truth and right are joined together throughout the universe, and no man can put them asunder. So far as the opportunity offers, all men should be hospitable to the various Bibles, for no one of them is without some fair claim to recognition.'

—Prof. Frederick Morgan Davenport, Ph. D., of our Faculty, has become a loyal enough Hamilton man during the short time he has been with us to be considered an Alumnus; so we here report a practical talk he gave the farmers at the Farmers' Club in Utica lately, of which E. P. Powell, '54 is the guiding spirit. Dr. Davenport stands high among Hamilton men for his rare mastery of the oratorical art,

and has won the admiration of all by his genuine sincerity, plain, practical ideas, and his hearty manner. Dr. Davenport is the author of a book on "Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals" which is attracting wide-spread attention, and is sure to be one of the great books of the times. Of this some word will be said later. The practical side of Dr. Davenport is mirrored in the words he spoke to the farmers—they understood him and responded with deep appreciation. Dr. Maynard, '54, and Dr. Davenport furnished eloquence in abundance for the farmers that day, and Dr. Maynard is always in demand. Dr. Davenport spoke on "The Farmer as an Honest Grafter".

"My subject, the farmer as an honest grafter, sounds a little insolent. Mr. Powell wanted me to talk upon religion in hard work, but I told him I didn't think there was any. The great trouble in this country is that we are working so hard that we haven't any time for religion. And that is one reason why the laziest nations appear to be so extraordinary pious. They have got time on their hands. But there is no need to talk to the farmers about religion. 'Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod, and waits to see it push away the clod, he trusts in God.' And graft is a more up-to-date subject than religion, and more popular. I don't like the word. It indicates a half-humorous tolerance of the political and commercial thief in American society. Until recently we have been wont to smile half-indulgently when we spoke of a grafter, and thereby we have revealed our own superficial ethical standards. Graft in its essence is robbery. It is the prostitution of social trust for selfish gain. We sometimes think of it as a political vice. It is not. It is an American vice. The country is ruled commercially as well as politically by the spirit of graft. It is a case of tremendous prosperity and rapid industrial evolution outstripping moral evolution. And it comes nearer the heart of things than we have suspected. Under the malign spell of it, the senator has betrayed his trust and the judge has besmirched his ermine, the administrative official has shared dishonest profits and the municipal councilman has sold his honor and robbed his city for a bribe. The sinister Addicks has had the state of Delaware in his fists, and in Pennsylvania—while he lived, so had the sinister Quay—no peace to his ashes! The silent Murphy has gilded the pillars of Tammany Hall. So has it been with the brutal Cox in Cincinnati, except that he divides with no one but himself. And so it has been all over the land.

"But that is not all of it. It has gone deeper than that. The life insurance official has lined his pockets with premiums and dividends which belong to the widow and the orphan. The railway magnate has deprived the independent shipper of the fundamental democratic right of equality of opportunity, when the railway magnate felt the hand of the oil or the beef highwayman at his own throat. The promoter of

worthless trusts, has swindled by the wholesale the ignorant and unwary. Yet even the plumber and the coachman have deserted the standards of business integrity. The trail of the grafter is over us all.

"And lately there has come into use another phrase, which I do not like either—honest graft, to employ the sentiment of Plunkitt, of Tammany Hall, honest graft is knowing how to get the roll without monkeying with the penal code. If the city machine is going to build a bridge, you get a tip beforehand and you go and buy up the approaches to the bridge, so that when the act is passed you can sell it to the city and to other investors in land at a handsome profit—that is honest graft. But it is all of the same piece. It is altogether one great national fraud and sham. It is the substitution of social highwaymanry and brutality for social honesty and sympathy.

"And we have got to get back to first principles. Honest graft comes not from running your arm deep into the pockets of your fellow-men that you may thereby increase your own unrighteous pile. The only truly honest grafter is the man who by his labor or by his skill can get his draft honored at the overflowing treasure house of the Almighty. Mr. Powell is an honest grafter. Luther Burbank is an honest grafter. The scientist who reveals to us nature's method of getting the free nitrogen of the atmosphere back into our impoverished soils is an honest grafter. The man who grows a cactus that cattle can eat on the desert land, the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, is an honest grafter.

"The farmer is the original honest grafter of this world. He has helped to establish the principle that every man shall have that which he or his forebears have produced by the sweat of brow or the sweat of brain. And that only. And just for this reason the farmer in the day which has gone has been the moral mainstay of our democracy, and he is yet able to teach this nation by his simple life of honest toil that the man who strives to get something for nothing is at heart a gambler or a thief.

"In the midst of such an orgy of financial corruption as is now revealed to the American people, we are inclined to think that every man is as much of a thief as he dares to be, that every man has his price. But I have such faith in the native instincts and conscience of my countrymen as to believe that the rank and file of the nation will rise, are rising against this accursed thing. Certainly the country that follows any other path is doomed. Nothing but the genuine is worth anything in national life or in private life. Once there was a farmer who mixed sawdust with the meal that he fed his hens. He thought they would never know the difference. But they got even. When he set the eggs, half the brood hatched were woodpeckers. Whatsoever a nation soweth, that shall it also reap."

## Necrology

CLASS OF 1849.

Rev. GEORGE RUMNEY, B.A., was born in Whitesboro, N. Y., January 9, 1828. Graduated from Hamilton College, 1849; and from the Theological Seminary, Alexandria, Virginia, 1852. Ordained Deacon by Bishop Johns in Christ Church, Alexandria, Va., September 12, 1852; and Priest by Bishop Alonzo Potter, in St. Peter's, Uniontown, Penn., April 13, 1853. Assistant minister in St. Ann's, Morrisania, New York, October 6, 1852, to August, 1853. Rector of St. Thomas's, Bethel, Conn., August 1, 1853, to March, 1860. Rector of St. Paul's, Woodbury, Conn., March 18, 1860, to December, 1862. Rector of St. John's, Millville, Mass., December 10, 1862, to February, 1872. Rector of St. Stephen's, East Haddam, Conn., February 7, 1872, to October, 1884. Rector of Christ Church, Sharon, Conn., October 15, 1884, to November, 1893. Lived in Naugatuck, Conn., without pastoral charge, from November, 1893, until his death, which occurred there April 13, 1905, at the age of 77 years, 3 months and 4 days. Buried in Hillside Cemetery, Sharon, Conn., April 15, 1905.

---



---

## WILLIAMS & MORGAN,

— The Furniture Leaders —

HAVE THE GOODS YOU NEED  
IN YOUR ROOM. DON'T FAIL TO  
CALL ON US. WE CAN GIVE YOU  
WHAT YOU REQUIRE AT RIGHT  
PRICES.

31 Genesee St.,

Utica, N. Y.

MAY 14 1886

# Hamilton Literary Magazine



Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

December, 1905

# Suits and Overcoats

## FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN.

It's a great comfort to be correctly dressed. Some men think to dress well means a big outlay of cash, a custom tailor, etc. If you come to us we will fit you to clothes that harmonize with any surrounding—clothes that the average custom tailor can't duplicate. They are the Rogers, Peet & Co. and Hart, Schaffner & Marx makes—that's why. The Fall Fashions in Suits and Overcoats awaits your inspection. College men will find styles at this store designed expressly for them both in Clothing and Furnishings.

**The Guyer Hat  
is very popular  
with popular men**

## Wicks & Greenman, APPAREL SHOP.

56-57 Franklin Square, - - Utica, N. Y.

## GET INTEREST

on your money by depositing it with the

## Citizens Trust Company,

Cor. Genesee and Bleecker Sts., Utica, N. Y.

A Dollar in the Pocket grows continually less. A Dollar in the  
"Citizens Trust" grows larger ever day.

Jacob Agne, President.

Elon G. Brown, First Vice-President.

William I. Taber, Second Vice-President.

Edward Bushinger, Secretary.

# **The Hamilton Literary Magazine**

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1867

---

VOL. XL.

DECEMBER, 1905.

NO. 4.

---

## **The Road to Mecca**

---

**A** CROSS dull desert wastes of sizzling sands,  
Worn by the fevers and the chills of countless revolving days,  
In tattered, torn and beggared bands,  
In gorgeous, wealthy, sumptuous caravans,  
Upon a hundred sacred, prophet-trodden ways,  
For centuries the multitudes have moved  
Towards Mecca and towards God.  
By suffering and toil and blood their faith they proved,  
And daily as the muezzin chants his call to prayer,  
Have turned wan faces to the prayerful east.  
*Allah il Allah!* God is great. The hallowed air,  
White with the light of bleaching bones  
Of martyrs fallen ere they reached the feast,  
Rings hot with prayings of the dead. *Allah!* Great is God.  
White bones of pariah and of priest;  
White bones of those who rode and those who trod  
The sacrificial sands; the dying groans  
Of sinner and of saint, alike attest  
The fervor and the faith of those who tread  
The road to Mecca and the road to God.

—M., '06.

## Death, the Ennobler : An Oration

---

THERE is something about the imminence of certain death that inspires the meanest soul with courage, something that nerves even a coward to heroic achievement. But the vague touch of the infinite, the awful presence of death, exalts immeasurably the truly noble soul, and there is presented for our admiration a Sidney Carton, laying down his misspent life in the noblest of all sacrifices; a Byron, perishing as nobly as he had lived ignobly; a Marie Antoinette, whose beautiful life took on new beauty in death. Man is the creature of occasion and surrenders most in receiving least.

In the fall of 1885 two vessels, the *Trenton*, American, and the *Calliope*, British, were stationed in the Samoan Islands. There was bad blood between the respective crews—the result of a common debauch and a consequent disgraceful fight ashore. Mutual anger and the eager desire for revenge rankled in the hearts of each as they glared at one another across the intervening waters.

Suddenly a fearful hurricane arose, and with fell, capricious fury, hurled the now helpless vessels toward the deadly coral reefs which stud those islands. In the face of that awful natural force all human effort was vain, and the American boat went crashing against an abutting rock which pierced a jagged hole in her hull, rendering her motionless. As she lay there, helpless and foundering, streams of water poured into her gaping sides, making her destruction merely a matter of minutes.

For a time it seemed that a like fate would overtake the *Calliope*. She too was caught in the shrieking revel of torrent and wave; the sudden fury with which the storm arose quite paralyzed her sailors. But though perilously close to the sharp jutting edges, she finally righted and turned heroically seaward. Her gallant fight for life was noticed by the doomed Americans, and as she pushed her way into the teeth

of the hurricane the commander of the *Trenton*, turning to his sullen jackies, shouted with flashing eyes:

“Boys, they’re making a game fight for life—let’s bid ‘em God speed!”

And from the throats of a hundred men who, a short half-hour before, had cherished the bitterest hatred, there burst a cheer which rose above the deafening roar of wind and wave. At the same time, with quick enthusiasm, the *Trenton’s* band struck up the British national anthem. And as the cruiser plunged heavily forward to the inspiring refrain, the American boat lurched, rolled, and sank from sight.

It was a sublimely tragic and beautiful salutation from those about to die.

—*W. T. Purdy, '06.*

---

## Premonition

---

**I**T CAME with the dawn of a winter night  
And the close of a winter day,  
Out of the psychic universe  
Into the mind to stay.  
For like a shadow it clutched the heart  
And tinged the dreams with dread;  
And in the morning he heard the news  
That she he loved was dead.

—*S. T. Kinney, '06.*

## The Hearth and the Cloister

---

“AND then you said —?” he questioned, looking across the table at his wife with a half smile of quizzical amusement.

“And then I said — now, Theodore Blake, what do you suppose I said — what else was there to say? I agreed to take the child of course. Dear, if you'd been there you'd have agreed with me; there was nothing else to do. Father Sayre told the story so pitifully and everything seemed so hopelessly muddled I began to waver even before they brought her in, and then when she came up to me, put her little mite of a hand on my knee and looked up at me so bravely, my heart went right out to her. Oh, Teddy, that little wan, white face, with its great damp tangle of black curls — it was so pathetic. I think a sense of her loneliness came over her then, for though she stiffened up pluckily, the little mouth twitched, the hand clutched at my knee, and no matter how hard she winked them back two great tears forced themselves into her eyes and rolled forlornly down her cheeks. That was where I gave way —”

“Gave way?” he queried.

“Yes, exactly,” she retorted, folding her napkin and thrusting it with deliberation into her ring. “I said I'd take her in charge. It's what they were all counting on. There was no one else to do it, so I had to. She is to be brought down to the city tomorrow.”

“And so, Mrs. B., you have taken this orphan into your philanthropic arms. May I ask how you are going to bring her up — in the way she should go, and all that?”

“Theodore, don't be frivolous. I don't intend to start in at my age and raise that child. She shall go to the convent of course. But, there, you think I'm foolish.”

“Stop right there!” he cried, reaching across the table to put his hand on hers. “Foolish, did you say? Don't I

always uphold you in these things? She's coming tomorrow, is she? I'm glad. What's she like?"

Mrs. Blake laughed softly. "Teddy, on occasions like this you are really lustrous. What is she like? Exactly like your spouse at that age — a holy horror, with big black eyes and an elfish, impish look that tickled my fancy. She has a great reputation for mischief, Father Sayre says, so none of the neighbors felt equal to taking her in charge."

"And you are clutching at the chance to drop that fire-brand among the peaceful sisters. Kate, I'm ashamed of you."

"Such intuition," she laughed, "but I 'fess up, I am chortling at the prospect of the kid and the Mother Superior. I relish it. Think of all those goody-goody innocents trying to manage that wild little thing with their rules and regulations."

"And what of the wild little thing herself?" he ventured mildly. "Does it occur to you that it might be hard on her?"

"Nonsense, Mr. B., nonsense! It will be good for both sides; it will tame the child and wake up the old ladies a bit, I fancy."

"Her husband came over to her and lifted her chin in his hand. "Mrs. Blake," he murmured, "I fear me you have a bad heart."

"Not at all," she retorted, staring back amiably, "let's call it rather a sense of humor. However, we shall see," she continued, gathering in her arms the great cat that had leaped purring onto her lap. "As I said before, the child is coming tomorrow."

The clang of the last stroke of ten was still lingering on the frosty air next morning as Mrs. Blake stepped cautiously from the trolley and lifted to the ground the very small child who had been sitting beside her. It was such a little girl, probably not more than six, yet there was something wonderfully mature in the great, restless, black eyes. The skin was almost pitifully white, but the cheek was round and suggested alluring dimples of latent laughter. One hand grasped Mrs. Blake's while the two stood on the snow-covered steps of the

Convent of the Gesu; and when the door swung open the little girl drew up closely to the protecting skirts of her companion and they entered together.

Could they see the Mother Superior? It appeared that they could, and in the grim stiffness of the reception room they waited, the child clinging very tightly to the woman's skirts but saying nothing. In the woman's face there was a strange expression of mingled belligerence and amusement, which summed up her attitude toward the good sister who shortly entered the room. The Mother Superior wore a look of triumphant placidity and the white folds of her surplice offset a cheek of soft, unwrinkled pinkness, which betokened a good and simple life well lived. Around her lips there sat an expression of almost blatant virtue, and to Mrs. Blake's antagonism her whole manner seemed so consciously efficient.

Mrs. Blake told the story of her protegee; told it simply, in a few words and with that characteristic bluntness which always showed itself when she came into contact with the women in the convent. The good lady listened calmly to the recital, maintaining a courteous silence until Mrs. Blake had finished.

"The child will be well cared for," was all she said. "You know that, of course." Then turning to the round-eyed child in question, she bent forward slightly, but still retaining that austerity of manner which was the sign of her office and the triumph of her virtuous career.

"Mary, you are going to be happy here because you will be good and busy. You will love all the other little girls and the Sisters; and first of all you are going to love me, aren't you," and the Mother Superior held out her hand.

"No." This abruptly but firmly from the child, ignoring the proffered hand. "You never smile and I don't think you know how. I don't think I'll like you."

The Mother Superior gasped faintly and Mrs. Blake with difficulty suppressed a mutinous laugh. She rose and said rather lamely: "Molly, you mustn't talk like that. Of course you'll love the Mother Superior." And here she brought the

interview to a close and betook herself somewhat precipitously from the room.

As she walked toward the corner her anticipated jubilation at giving the good Sisters something of a poser was unaccountably dampened by a queer little pang at her heart, and though she shook it off and laughed, somewhat artificially, at the recent discomfiture of the Mother Superior, the pang settled into a definite depression. The thought of the little wan face and the clutching hand became clamorous. Utterly out of keeping with her feeling of discontent with things in general was the hustle and bustle of Christmas preparations which seemed to have possession of the world. Great delivery wagons went dashing by with the impetus of double duties, and big stocks of Christmas greens were exhibited in front of the stores. Ahead of her an elderly woman was walking with a little boy, and both had those festive armfuls of bundles that mean so much at this time of year. Mrs. Blake could hear the child's prattle, and now and then she caught glimpses of the woman's face looking down at the little one toddling at her side. It was lighted by an infinite tenderness and affection that made Mrs. Blake look away as though from something sacred which she had no right to see. The pang at her heart deepened, and all her thoughts were with the little girl she had left in the big parlor with the Mother Superior.

All the next day this same tugging dissatisfaction invaded Mrs. Blake's peace, and by the end of the week it had begotten a troubled restlessness. The face of the little girl danced on the page as she read, and bits of her interview at the convent slipped into her letters when she tried to write; the words of the Mother Superior hammered her brain and forced themselves into the measured click-clack of her knitting needles. She — will — be — well — cared — for. "Of course she will," the woman muttered, pushing away her worsted and looking drearily out of the window. Outside, the sound of sleigh bells grew louder and louder, and a merry party drew up in front of the house next door. There, things were in something of an uproar. The young folks were home for the hol-

idays and the sounds of gayety came through the walls. Mrs. Blake heard the pattering of small feet flying up and down the stairs, and the noise of a piano played joyfully if unmusically. Her own great house never seemed so lonely. How different it would be if —, but she fought the thought away. At her age she would not, could not, take that child. But the question forced itself. Was she, after all, too old? Was she? And the big hall clock answered in its strokes, "She — will — be — well — cared — for."

That night at the table her silence hung rather heavily on the meal and her husband shot several quick glances in her direction as if to search out the reason. "Mrs. Blake," he said after a while, pointing a finger at her shrewdly, "you are hungry for that child. Why did you ever give her away?"

"Nonsense," she retorted briskly. "I do miss the tyke, but think what you are suggesting — a noisy brat, breaking in on your quiet."

"Why my quiet any more than yours? Look at me. What a thing it would be if she were the right kind. Its a long, long while since these rooms have heard a baby's laugh." They were both very, very quiet. He was looking at her intently.

"I'm too old," she said very feebly and quite without conviction. But she was still undecided when the next day found her ringing the bell at the gate of the Gesu.

Meanwhile things had not gone so well with Molly. The first twenty-four hours she was too much awed by her new surroundings to be anything other than passive; but the development of the strict routine that lay before her awakened all the rebellion in her independent little body. She *would* not be led around by the nose as all those others were. The Sisters found in her an astonishing aptitude for doing and saying the unexpected and the startling, and at times of being woefully profane.

When she found out that she would have to mend her own clothes she practiced infinite care of her wardrobe, so that Sister Agatha had to cut large round holes in Molly's stockings to give her practice in darning. This was too much and

the little girl became flatly mutinous. An altercation ensued. Sister Agatha was helpless, and by the time the Mother Superior was called in, Molly was ready for her. "Mary, you will mend those stockings at once," said the tall woman, coldly.

"I can't," asserted Molly, staring back complacently.

The Mother Superior's eyebrows raised ever so slightly. "And why?" she asked.

"Because I've put them all in the furnace," retorted Molly triumphantly, and a gay little laugh rang in the horrified ears of the good ladies. Of course she was put to bed without dinner, there to stay while the others went out to play. Six hours later Sister Agatha bringing in a tray of supper, found the small culprit, in her nightgown, standing on the table and, before an appreciative audience of laughing children, giving an imitation of the Mother Superior's loftiest manner. Sister Agatha gasped and the group scattered, but the little girl went back to bed without any supper. This rankled in her mind and kept her awake long after the lights were out. Plots and counterplots were evolved and revolved in her active little brain; after all was quiet she slipped quietly out of bed.

Five minutes later a small, white figure could have been seen sneaking out of the schoolroom hugging close in her arms the great flask of ink from which the wells were filled. With this she darted down the hall and into the dull, dimly-lit passageway which led into the chapel. Here the Sisters passed on their way to early mass and here stood the font of holy-water from which they crossed themselves as they filed toward the altar. Feeling around in the dark the little girl got a firm grasp of the stopper and soon the blessed water was drained out, and then she lifted the big bottle, slowly pouring its contents into the font.

"There," she muttered, holding the flask upright to get the last drops, "I guess that'll fix 'em." And she beat a hasty retreat, climbing into bed and pulling the covers over her head. "I'm most starved," she whispered to herself, "most starved, damn 'em"; but here she dropped off to

sleep, a fat, chubby hand lying on the pillow, and the great tangle of black curls falling over the innocent face.

It was half-past four the next morning when the Mother Superior led the way to mass. In the light of the altar she turned to whisper to Sister Agatha. The two women gazed at each other with considerable amazement. On the face of each was a long, unsightly streak of ink, and all along the line the women were making similar discoveries. There was a ripple of astonishment, for all the Sisters were bedaubed.

"The font!" said the Mother Superior grimly.

"That child," whispered Sister Agatha, nervously. The week's intimacy with her charge had bred in her a very accurate instinct.

The Mother Superior's face darkened ominously. "I'm sure of it," she said, and her hand clinched so viciously that the beautiful rosary which she held snapped and away went the beads, rattling and pattering on the mosaics at her feet.

It was this morning that Mrs. Blake rang the bell at the gate of the Gesu. The Mother Superior entered the room, calm and collected now, but with a long tale to unfold. She told very coldly how her charge had behaved since her advent. And Mrs. Blake said nothing, looking at the Mother with studied lack of animation, though her eyes twinkled irrepressibly when she came to the story of the ink. In her head was ringing and singing what her very heart-beats seemed to emphasize: "You're not too old; you're not too old." She rose without purpose and stared vacantly at the Mother Superior.

"I think," she said, but that was all. A scuffle was heard in the hall without, the door opened at the far end of the room, and the little girl darted down and into the woman's arms. With the resting of the tear-stained cheek on her breast all the longing of the past week dropped away as if it had not been, leaving only a sense of infinite relief and comfort. From without came the faint music of sleigh-bells. A great warmth descended on her heart and there were tears in her eyes as she turned to the Mother Superior. "I shall take the child home with me," was all she said.

—A H. Woolcott, '09.

## Friendship

---

**S**TRONGER than shaft of iron swaged by some mighty Vulcan, tougher than the hawsers of great ships, true as the E string of a Stradivarius, are the bonds which may hold one human heart to another. Most worth the having of all this world can offer, is a friend. The choicest treasures a man may count are his friends, and he who can not do that, though a millionaire, is but a pauper. Has your pulse never tingled at the touch of him whom of all men you esteemed? And your eye, has it never gleamed with the light which only is kindled by the heart? Have you never known a soul into whose ears you might pour your sorrows and your elations; or felt your heartstrings torn and shattered when you learned that he whom you loved was dead? Have you never known that man for whom you would surrender your position, your prospects, your life, nay, almost your honor? If you have not, you are not a man!

Great men have greatly recognized the worth of friendship. Milton knew it well when he wrote his "Lycidas" upon the death of John King. Keats knew it, when his "Adonais" commemorated that ethereal spirit, Percy Shelly, and Tennyson showed the world how a man could love, when the pages of "In Memoriam" were printed from his bleeding heart knowing that Arthur Hallam was no more.

And when your hair is white, and your eye no longer pierces, and your step no longer bounds; sitting by your lonely hearth, though your walls be hung with rarest treasures, and your shelves weighted with choicest books, or barest poverty responds to your failing stare; raking up the embers of the smouldering log and looking into the dim past, then if you can say: "Ah, but he was good: And he, and he, and he—and this one I loved, and what a friend was that one!" And as the dying coals of the fire burst into their last uncertain glow, and the thick dreamy smoke slowly curls up

its blackened way, recalling the face of that lad who long ago held the keys to your heart; if at thought of him strange unfamiliar tears come welling up tempestuously to your barren eyes, and your whole frame is shaken by an unconquerable grief;—if then, controlled at last, you sigh: “Ah, well, my turn is coming too, and I shall see him again; ’twill not be long.” Then indeed you have lived!

—*L. P. Stryker, '06.*

---

### To a Friend

---

O THOU, my hobnailed shoe,  
My constant friend, and true,  
No slipper, thou!

Although I need thee not  
When Phoebus waxes hot,  
I need thee now!

And now, or day or night,  
Thou keepest me upright,  
Preserv'st my sole;  
No more for others' mirth  
I quickly drop to earth,  
And gently roll.

O, thou, my hobnailed shoe,  
And thou, my other shoe,—  
My hobnailed shoon!

To ye I raise my song,—  
And lest it be too long  
Cease, none too soon.

—*P. F. Baum, '09.*

## Christmas at Grand Lac

---

**I**T WAS Christmas eve at Grand Lac. A bitter wind swept down from the north over dreary wastes of muskeg, whirling and piling the snow in ever-increasing drifts against the whitewashed cabins. Their cheery lights penetrated the darkness but a little and were shorn off by the white tempest. A muffled booming and rushing filled the air, and in the lulls could be heard the surge of the storm-wracked forest.

In the store the men were gathered about the red-hot stove, smoking much and saying little. The air was heavy with heat and smoke, mingled with the peculiar redolence of a wilderness warehouse.

"The doctor, I think he don't come, not tonight," said Michel LaRoche, the clerk, and all turned their eyes slowly in his direction, puffing steadily. But one figure, huddled in a blanket outside the warm circle, drew a little more fiercely on his pipe and bowed his head deeper in the folds of his blanket.

It was Jacques White-Bear, once the best hunter in all the Grand Lac district, now an old Indian, a useless incumbrance to his kin, and of kin he had but few; his granddaughter, Junelle, was all that remained to him, and now it seemed that she, too, would go to join the rest. For the doctor could not come twenty-six miles in soft snow with no one to break the track for the dogs, and who would go for him? There were no dogs in the village, all were away with the hunters, and to face such a storm without dogs was certain death. If any one could do it, it was Pierre; and Pierre had failed. Three days before he had started out when the storm was only beginning, and neither doctor, or Pierre had since been heard from. It was impossible that he could be alive; such a storm at this season of the year had not been seen at Grand Lac in many years.

It was the will of Heaven. Who was he, a worthless old man, that he should dispute it? Perhaps it was as well; Junelle would soon be with Pierre, and he, too, had not long to bide. So the old man smoked and mused and listened to the intermittent conversation.

Meanwhile, out in the wilderness of wind and snow, Pierre was fighting for his life and the life of Junelle. He had lost the trail in the blinding storm and was struggling through the muskeg, that terrible, treacherous waste of insignificant trees.

Among the trees the wind was not so strong, but the snow was deep and heavy. His food was gone, his direction lost, and his strength almost exhausted. Still he toiled on. Racking pains shot through his thighs at every lift of his heavy snow-shoes; the effort to free them from the clogging snow was exquisite torture.

A great drowsiness possessed him. He was walking in a dream? Now he soared through the air, and now he moved a step with difficulty, and still he plodded on. Always there were trees, the slender pole-like firs of the muskeg; on and on they stretched. Would they never cease? He was in a treadmill; however he toiled, the same trees always confronted him.

Then he came to himself with a shock. Or was he still dreaming. Still the trees were on every side, and winding aimlessly through them in ever-decreasing circles was a line of wavering tracks. Yes, they must be his, but what was he doing here and why were there trees, always trees? There came the thought of Junelle, and he remembered. With new determination he urged himself to his task, keeping a straight line by fixing his eyes on a certain tree, then on the next directly in line with it; in this way he made slow progress but sure. At last he saw light ahead; the trees ended; now he was awake.

The wind buffeted him with increased force, but once free from the muskeg his courage rose, and he felt more sure of himself. So long as he kept the wind in his face he must be

right, so bending his head he pushed on with dogged perseverance.

The storm blinded him and throttled him, but still he tramped on, ever keeping his face to his enemy. At last he struck some obstacle. Slight as was the blow he stumbled and fell.

On rising, he found that the obstruction was the top rail of a fence, and in his heart was a prayer of thankfulness. Toilsomely he followed its line on hands and knees lest he lose it, and so came to the town and the doctor.

All this Pierre himself told me one lazy autumn afternoon when it seemed impossible that this land could be so transformed by the power of winter. He told it in a simple way, making little of the danger and the pathos, and I felt that somehow I was an interloper, who saw only the lighter side of what was really a fierce struggle for existence.

"And Junelle, Pierre, did she live?"

"But yes, m'sieu'" he answered. "She has done me the great honor."

"And your grandfather?"

"The boys at the post, they find him in the snow on Christmas morning."

— *R. B. Peck, '07.*

## An Overcut in Ethics

---

AS THE "Limited" rolled into Chester, Covington snapped his watch impatiently, took a last covert look at the fair stranger beside him and prepared to make a hasty exit.

Contrary to its usual custom the "Limited" was almost fifteen minutes late, and Covington was proportionately worried. Having used up his last "cut" while in New York, with characteristic heedlessness, he was now counting on catching the three o'clock car which would land him at the college just in time for "Ethics."

"One minute to run two blocks and catch that car," he thought. "If I don't make the car I can't get to Ethics; that means that I'll be dropped, and if I am, the Governor swears he'll take me out of college and —"

The brakeman announcing "Chester" broke up his thoughts, and snatching up his suit-case he rushed down the aisle. At the door a travelling man drew aside to let him pass, muttering something about d—— fools. On the platform he lowered his head and ploughed through the waiting crowd like a fullback with the ball. A blue-coated policeman in the distance shook his club threateningly and started in pursuit.

As he turned the corner he saw his car just leaving. With a final sprint he threw his suit-case aboard and scrambled after it.

"Close shave," he muttered between gasps for breath. "Another ten seconds and Covington, '03, would have been out in the wide, wide world."

The smoking compartment was empty. Covington appropriated two seats, deposited his six feet two inches across them, and lit his pipe.

"Gad, but that was a pretty girl I sat with on the 'Limited'," he mused. "If I was a poet I'd write a sonnet to her and put it in the Lit. Wonder who she was? If it hadn't

been for that blamed Ethics I'd have stayed on the train and found out. Wonder if she was sore because I sat down beside her. Well, I couldn't help it, that was the only seat in the car. Gad, she was a corker! Seems to me I've seen her before somewhere."

He blew blue rings thoughtfully toward the ceiling and continued in his whimsical meditation. The electric glided smoothly out through the suburbs, then on into the open country beyond. Covington fell asleep and snored, as was his wont.

A rude hand brought him abruptly to earth from a dream which centered around his erstwhile seatmate.

"Come, young feller, you're wanted in Chester." A face with a short, tawny beard confronted his sleepy eyes.

"Wanted?" stammered Covington. "Wanted? Say, what are you playing?"

"You're him, all right," said the other, "the description fits exact."

"I'm who?" struggling to his feet. "Say, what's all this nonsense?"

He nearly expired as the man with the tawny beard calmly snapped an ancient pair of handcuffs about his wrists.

"I don't know 'who,' an' I don't give a thutterin' darn 'who.' I was telephoned to take ye in charge here at Laf-len's Corners, an' seein's how I'm tne constable, I reckon I kin."

"Ethics was fading rapidly in the distance. Covington, after making divers and explosive threats, suffered himself to be led from the car and escorted through a crowd of gaping villagers to the hotel. The car rolled peacefully away toward his college town and "Ethics."

Shortly he was speeding back toward Chester, manacled wrist to wrist with the officious constable, who puffed at a rank cigar with evident pleasure. A patrol wagon met them, and they were driven to the police station. The policeman in the wagon could give him no reason for his detention.

At the barred court house he was presented to the desk

sergeant with great solemnity by the constable. The sergeant snickered when he saw the hand-cuffs, ordered them off, told the constable he could go, much to the latter's chagrin, and ushered the young man into the chief's office.

Covington's brows contracted and his eyes expanded with astonishment. Sitting beside the high desk was his good-looking seat-mate. She flashed him a look of scorn as he entered, and studied the pattern of the worn carpet.

The chief laid down his pen and swung around in his chair.

"Is this the man?" he said to the girl. She nodded. Then to Covington:

"This young lady, Miss ——" referring to the blotter on the desk, "Miss Margaret Pennington, accuses you of stealing her purse on the 'Limited' at 2:50 this afternoon. She says she is sure she had it at 2:45, and at 3 o'clock it was gone. Your hasty and evidently premeditated exit, forced her suspicions toward you. What have you to say, please?"

Covington was dazed by the accusation, and for the moment speechless.

"Why I — er — ah — I," even his words seem to blush in confusion, "I — why it's all *rot*," he exploded.

"I infer then, that you claim that you are not guilty," said the chief, evenly.

"Certainly you do," sputtered the young man, "why it's — it's perpostuous." Which last proves that a college education in orthography is of no use in moments of excitement. "And furthermore," continued Covington excitedly, "I don't like to be dragged through the streets like an escaped convict, and you made me 'cut' Ethics."

"Of that I have no knowledge," said the chief severely.

"For the present —"

A sharp knock at the door interrupted him, and an attendant entered with a yellow envelope and saluted.

"A telegram for Miss Margaret Pennington, sir."

The girl ripped open the envelope, scanned the contents, then read aloud:

"Purse found between back cushions by Brakeman

Connolly. Delivered to police department at Ausbury.

[Signed]

HARRISON,

Conductor, Train 36, N. Y., L. & S."

"That ends the matter, I believe," said the chief. "You are dismissed, young man."

Outside the girl started to stammer out an apology.

"That's all right," interrupted Covington, "you're Madge Foster's room-mate at Miss Graham's in New York, aren't you?"

"Yes, but —"

"And you're the girl who couldn't come out to the 'prom' with me, because your mother said it wasn't proper for you to come with a man you'd never met?"

"Yes, but —"

"And you can come, now that you have met me?"

"Yes."

"Thank you for omitting the 'but,'"—laughing. "Just now, if you'll excuse me, I'll have to telephone to 'Squid'—he's a prof.—to excuse my overcut in Ethics. Then we can have a jolly little supper together and you can take the 7:15 tonight."

— *W. B. Simmons, '08.*

## Van Brunt's Christmas

---

THE chief topic of conversation that November night at the Arlington club, was the new racing machine that young Van Brunt had constructed.

"I'll bet she will make some of those foreign cars look like freight trains!" said old man Harvey, Van Brunt's uncle.

Mr. Walker did not think so. His son had a 120-H. P. French car which had already taken several prizes. "Jim's machine," said Walker, speaking of his son's Mercedes, "can give Van Brunt's 60-H. P. half an hour's start and catch her before she has made thirty miles. And I have a one-hundred dollar bill that says so!"

"I'll take you up," Harvey said; and the match was made.

The next four weeks Van Brunt spent in perfecting his car. It was never off his mind. At the times he was not working at it, he would sit beside the machine and enjoy its company as much as if it were human. It was nothing more than an inanimate combination of cold steel; but it was his hobby.

Christmas day, the day of the pursuit race, dawned bright and warm over the glittering sands, the calm blue sea, and the green palm trees of sunny Florida. There was a balmy, drowsy stillness in the air such as no Northerner could associate with the word "Christmas"; and Van Brunt was a Northerner. To him, the awnings, the fans, the bathing-suits drying in the sun, were strange things. He longed for the moving panorama of hustling, whistling, happy-faced, bundle-laden people; longed for the sound of the creaking of the crisp snow beneath the feet and the merry jingling of the sleigh bells. But Van Brunt did not have time for much sentimental reflection of this sort. This was his busy day. To-day was to prove the success or failure of his ten months' work.

At eleven he was off. Ormond Beach had seldom seen fifteen miles reeled off faster than his first fifteen. At the rate

he was going he was even gaining on Walker. On and on he went; his face stuck to the wheel, one hand on a lever, the other steering the machine. A deep moaning sound like that of a low-pitched locomotive whistle could be heard as he passed, with now and then a cannon-like report interrupting. A volume of dust was ever in his wake. It looked as if he was trying to get away from it: but still it hung as if fastened.

He was happy now; everything was going his way. In half an hour more the race would be his and his happiness complete. But to all joy there is an end. Something slipped. With a grating sound the machinery stopped. Van Brunt swore. He got out, lay under the car on his back, tinkered, oiled, examined and cleaned; every now and then crawling out and cranking the motor. At last he found the trouble. In vain he searched for a piece to replace the broken part. The only thing left for him to do was to wait for his opponent to come up. He was tired and hungry. His breakfast that morning had consisted of cheese-sandwiches. The whole situation was one that would almost justify profanity in a saint; and Van Brunt was human. He made the atmosphere look like a bunch of aerified bluing. He swore like a regiment. He cursed the machine till he had exhausted his vocabulary and then he began all over again. He cursed it all the harder because he had had so much faith in it; because it had returned his affection in this way. "Yes," he said in conclusion, "you're a pretty neat animal!" and he gave the tire a substantial kick.

In Van Brunt's make-up there were two good features, anyway: he never cried over spilt milk and he could sleep under any circumstances. And so, with one last assurance that he did not give a certain quantity of a big something, he lay down on the sand in the shade of the automobile and in a moment was dead to the world.

Minutes passed. The hot sun still beat down on the yellow shore; the waves washed monotonously on the beach; and now and then a lone bird called its mate; all was peace.

But suddenly, far off in the distance Van Brunt could hear his machine. His last recollection had been that the car was beside him. But no! There could be no mistake about it. Nearer and nearer the auto approached. He could see anger written all over it. It almost seemed to scream out resentment at its master's unmerciful maledictions. Like an escaped tiger it came. Louder and louder it roared as it approached with increasing speed. Van Brunt tried to get out of its way but he could not move. He was growing remorseful and penitent, for now he could even smell the gasoline-scented breath of the injured one and he knew that in less than a moment all would be over. Suddenly something struck his head, a white light flashed before him—then all was black.

He found himself lying on his back with a heavy leather cap on his face. He removed it.

"I wonder who the devil threw that!" he muttered, sleepily.

He sat up, rubbed his eyes and looked around. He was between two motor cars: his own and a newly arrived one. He lifted his eyes and there, sitting in the still vibrating Mercedes, was Walker, hatless and dirty.

Walker smiled. "Merry Christmas!" he said.

Van Brunt revived his vocabulary once more.

—A. F. Osborn, '09.

## CRITICUS

---

**W**HEN our ancestors made the word "hypocrite" they were fashioning something to sting the wolf that paraded in sheep's clothing. They were narrow about their concept, those fathers of ours, because in those days the good only was thought to be praiseworthy. But Criticus is glad they stumbled upon a term broad enough to shelter new ideas, for it is not linguistic etiquette to coin new words, and we want something to sting the sheep that parades in wolf's clothing, too. The black-vestured saint, as well as the white-garbed sinner, "plays a part." That means they are both hypocrites, but "part-player" is a better term, because it really means as much, and sounds nicer. The man who bohns a subject all night, and in the morning "knows nothing about it," plays a part. The man who "flunked it cold" and then gets posted nine plus, plays a part. The Professor who is really a master in his department, but whose "p'dor brain presents the subject weakly," plays a part. And the invertebrate Freshman who has always been a Sunday School shark, and who is negatively perfect, but who tries to make people believe he is a dead game sport, is a hypocrite. Hypocrites — their name is legion, and the usual motive is to secure credit where credit is not due. When a man tells you he is going to be perfectly frank, congratulate him on his cunning. When a man tells you how feeble he considers his own efforts, agree with him; your opinion will be one-tenth as pleasant and ten times as true. It's the only time when he wants to be contradicted. Around college Criticus has heard the popular ditty warning a man from pretending he "is what he aint." It is just as timely to warn him against pretending he "aint what he is." Hard to draw the distinction? That's because the two kinds of hypocrisy are just alike.

## EDITORIAL

---

**T**IME is flying and the holidays are nearly here. Both facts are important when the '91 Manuscript Prize is considered. Although the Christmas atmosphere may not be ideally conducive to literary output, the LIT. confidently expects a large amount of material in early January. For the last few months contributions have been fairly numerous, and for the most part, available. And here let us say a word to those men whose story or essay has been found unavailable. *Do not cease trying.* Like every other publication, the LIT. has its standard, and endeavors to live up to it. We could no more use, for instance, a story of the Sunday School *Forward* type, than we could use a certain variety of the *Smart Set* story, and for obvious reasons. A great field of opportunity lies between the two. Original essays and logical stories, providing, of course, that they are well written, will always meet the LIT's approval.

---

**P**LANS for the Gym. Show in Utica are slowly maturing. The Majestic Opera House has been secured for the evening of March seventh. The advertising in Utica will be extensive, and if we have success in attracting the crowd equal to that of two years ago, we will net a good sum for the Athletic Association and by no means lessen our reputation.

"Uncle" John is working with the gymnasts and says his material is as good as he has yet had. Though basket-ball and the Musical Clubs take a great deal of time, "Uncle" feels confident that with hard work the gymnastic exhibition will be in no way inferior to the best. The Glee and Instrumental Clubs promise well and several embryonic "stunt" makers are trying out for positions. If Ehret, '04, can be secured, his presence alone will make the show a success.

Next term the coöperation of the whole College and especially of the men who can do the Gym. work will be needed. The show is a College affair and demands the talent and labor of the whole College for its success. The pyramids will require many men, and hard work will be needed to perfect

them. "Uncle" has lots of work and the fellows ought to turn out regularly at his call. The Musical Clubs can be relied on to do their best. We want to make this show better than anything previous and the College must coöperate.

---

**B**ASKET-BALL has started its season well by defeating Utica Academy on Dec 6th, 90-16, and Waterville Y. M. C. A. on Dec. 9th, 77-7. In these practice games the "Old Guard" showed they had lost none of their skill or snap. The team work was excellent. The old 'Varsity are all in college, and a number of good men are out for practice. At the beginning of the winter term, Mr. Watson will return to take the squad in charge, and under his efficient coaching we hope to put out a team that will be an honor to the College. A training table is also planned. The schedule has several new games on it this year, as well as the old stand-bys. Williams, Trinity and Wesley are to be played on an eastern trip and Dartmouth is to be played in Utica. These are all strong teams. In every respect the outlook for the season is bright. Captain Sherman is working hard with the squad and everyone of them is behind him.

---

**N**O ONE seems to know what will be the final fate of football. Some universities have abolished it, others are striving to change the rules, while others perceive no cause for reform. The situation is interesting and full of possibilities. Think of the exodus which may ensue of needy but beefy men from the university which has abolished football to the university which maintains it intact; or the still more tragic outcome of a general change in rules, whereby agility and swiftness only will count. The position of the two hundred and fifty pounder, whose bulk has earned his tuition, would be truly pathetic. Starvation or a boiler shop would be his alternatives. There is nothing in the present situation that the imagination can pass over without torment. It is possible, however, that the game will go on merrily next fall, with perhaps a few trifling "reforms."

## AMONG THE LIT'S

---

The *Smith College Monthly* gives first place to two essays, "The Scandinavian Drama," and "Emerson's Essay on Friendship." Both are good, especially the first. Following these is a story, "His Masterpiece," which is excellent. In it pathos, a difficult thing to handle and control, is artistically managed. The verse and sketches in this magazine are all above the average.

The stories in the *Vassar Miscellany* are not so good as usual, but the essay on Robert Louis Stevenson and the verse are excellent, though the former contains almost too many quotations. A unique feature of this Lit. is the amount of college news which it contains.

In the *Amherst Literary Monthly* "The Wife" is a well written and interesting story.

The November number of the *Wells College Chronicle* is not so good as usual; it contains no verse and the stories are below the average.

The *Williams Literary Monthly* excels in its verse; the essay on Count Rumford is also good.

The *Stanford Sequoia* for this month is a football number and is up to the standard.

In the *Bowdoin Quill* "Cui Bono" is more than interesting, and the poem, "The Holy Quest," has the mystery and charm of the age of chivalry.

The best feature of the *Alfred University Monthly* is the essay, "Romola."

The *Colgate Madisonensis* proposes to become a weekly publication after January first, and to publish a literary number for the next two terms.

Now listen to my tale of woe,  
It really is no joke,  
When I go forth on pleasure bent,  
I always come back broke.

—*Alfred University Monthly.*

## BOOK REVIEWS

---

**THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.** Edited by Charles F. Richardson, Professor of English in Dartmouth College, author of "A History of American Literature." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

This is an authorized and revised edition to which has been added suggestions for libraries, selected lists of books of reference, history, biography, and literature, with the best current editions, notes, and the prices given. The design of this work is to give, in the plainest and most practical form, a complete body of suggestions concerning the right use of books, from the smallest private to the largest public library, and the development of all literary taste from childhood to age.

**LA FILLE DE THUISKON.** Arranged and edited by Kate Thecla Conley. Cloth, 12 mo., 208 pages with frontispiece. Price 65 cents. American Book Company.

*La Fille de Thuikson* is a collection of French translations by the noted author Lambnie from German originals, both in prose and poetry. All the selections are within the easy reach of readers who have an elementary knowledge of French. The Germanic origin of these selections, which are all rendered into prose, and no way detracts from the clearness of the French version. The notes and vocabulary are excellent.

**GLEASON'S GREEK PROSE COMPOSITION FOR SCHOOLS.** By Clarence W. Gleason, A.M., Roxbury Latin School, Author of "Greek Primer," etc. Cloth, 12mo., 155 pages. Price 80 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

This book is designed to meet the usual college entrance requirements in Greek prose composition, including those of the College Entrance Examination Board. The treatment is such that after a thorough study of the course the student is equipped for composition work in connection with any portion of *Anabasis*. The volume is divided into three parts. The Summary of Grammar is a concise presentation of what seems to be the best expressions of the four leading grammars. References to these grammars are included. The Exercises are remarkable for their simplicity, their easy and natural development from the simple subject and predicate to the various clauses and more complicated constructions. Drill is afforded in both oral and written composition. The last eight lessons constitute a review of the corresponding chapters of the story and of all constructions previously encountered. A system of cross references is maintained throughout. The Vocabulary is complete.

**LAMBERTON'S THUCYDIDES.** Books II and III. Edited by W. A. Lamberton, A.M., Litt.D., Professor of Greek, University of Pennsylvania. Cloth, 12mo., 440 pages, with introduction and notes. Price, \$1.75. American Book Company, New York.

This edition of Thucydides has been prepared with special reference to the needs of college students. The introduction gives the life of the author, with a condensed account of his work, method, plan, and purpose. To this is appended a statement of the more prominent features and idioms of his language. Whatever is unusual has been explained as far as possible, and illustrated by pertinent examples. Much pains has been taken, especially in the notes on the speeches, to set forth the line of thought and the connections.

**SELECTIONS FROM LIVY.** Edited by Harry Edwin Burton, Ph.D., Professor of Latin in Dartmouth College. Cloth, 12mo., 375 pages. Price, \$1.50. American Book Company.

This is the only edition with English notes that has attempted to include the best passages from all the thirty-five books of Livy. The passages are varied in nature and are not confined to military history. The book includes, among others, chapters relating to the foundation of the city, the strife between patricians and plebians, the decemvirate, the capture of Rome by the Gauls, and important campaigns and incidents of the Samnite, Second Punic, the Macedonian Wars. There are six maps, on which all places mentioned in the text may be found. The introduction, notes, references to ancient and modern works, and cross reference are exceptionally complete.

**MATHER'S CAESAR. EPISODES FROM THE GALLIC AND CIVIL WARS.** Edited by Maurice W. Mather, Ph.D., formerly Instructor in Latin in Harvard University. Cloth, 12mo., 549 pages. Price, \$1.25. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

This volume furnishes some of the most interesting and instructive portions of Caesar's writings, which have hitherto been little read in schools. The notes on the last three books of the Gallic War and on the Civil War are especially full. The introduction contains the lives of Caesar and Pompey, a brief treatment of Caesar's army, and a list of books useful in the study of Caesar. The book is abundantly supplied with illustrations, maps, and plans.

**PAINTER'S GREAT PEDAGOGICAL ESSAYS.** By F. V. N. Painter, A.M., D.D. Price, \$1.25. American Book Company.

This volume introduces the student to the principal documents of educational history, from Plato to Spencer. Selections from twenty-six of the world's greatest educators are given, prefaced in each instance by a brief biographical sketch. The book deals with original sources of information.

**THE PROPHETS AND THE PROMISE.** By Willis Judson Beecher, Professor of Hebrew in Auburn Theological Seminary. 440 pages, 8vo., cloth, \$2.00, net. Postage, 20 cents additional. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York.

The lectures which inspired this book were originally delivered in Princeton Theological Seminary; but the complete work is a product of studies accumulating during many years. The study is of the Prophets of the Old Testament, and their message relating to the coming Messiah. The work will doubtless take its place among authoritative textbooks in the theological literature.

**FERRIS'S ELEMENTS OF DESCRIPTIVE GEOMETRY.** By Charles E. Ferris. Price, \$1.25. American Book Company.

Unlike other books of its kind, this volume deals with all its problems in the third angle—a method generally considered to be the most logical and that most favored by engineers. The author presents for each problem a typical problem with its typical solution, and then gives numerous examples, both to show variations in the data and to secure adaptability in the student.

## COLLEGE VERSE

---

### BALLAD OF A BOSTON BABY.

It was a Boston Baby,  
A literary shark,  
Who could rhapsodise in sonnets  
And speak Hindoo in the dark.

Now Baby had a little dog  
Named "Introverted Past  
Transmigratory Canine One  
Upon a Bleak World Cast."

The dog oft proved an epicure,  
For ever and anon  
Plump human calves became the food  
This youngster fed upon.

Then quoth the Babe, "My canine friend  
May neither read nor talk,  
Yet causeth sore impediment  
To persons in their walk."

"Lo, I will give a warning  
And yield the rest to Fate,"  
And so he hung a signboard with  
"Ecce Canis" on the gate.

—*Concordiensis.*

---

### A TALE OF EXTREMITIES.

The battle din was raging high,  
And many men were forced to die,  
And one poor man whose leg was blown,  
Begged stalwart Pat to bear him home.

And stalwart Pat whose heart was soft,  
On his shoulders bore his charge aloft,  
But as through the bullets home he sped,  
A shell blew off his burden's head.

But in the awful battle-squall  
He never noticed that at all,  
And though his strength was nearly spent,  
He struggled to the surgeon's tent.

"Shure, what's the matter with yer, Pat?  
What be yer doin' here with *that*?  
He's lost a leg?" the surgeon said,  
"It looks more like he'd lost his head!"

Pat laid his burden on the ground,  
And stared astonished at what be found,  
And all bewildered mopped his brow,  
"Well, he *said* his leg, sir, anyhow!"

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

## HILL NOTES

---

—It is to be regretted that Mr. Watson, our football coach, cannot be secured for next season. Yet he has been engaged to coach the basketball squad next term.

—The Job Lot basket-ball team, composed of Stryker, '06, Bennett, '06, Maynard, '06, Benedict, '06, and Kuolt, '07, were defeated by a close score, 14 to 12, by the Clinton High School, Dec. 8th.

—The Senior and Junior Debate teams have been chosen. The former is composed of Drummond, McLean, Melrose, and Purdy; the latter of Grossmeyer, Gilbert, Libbey, and Scoon. They will debate next term the question: "Football is a Detriment."

—Saturday night, November 25th, the annual football smoker was held in Commons Hall. Instead of having an extensive dinner as usual, the refreshments were simple. Athletic spirit was easily aroused by the stirring talks of professors and Drummond, '02.

—Two practice games of basket-ball have been played this month. The first was played with Utica Free Academy and resulted in a victory of 90 to 16 for Hamilton. The second was with the Waterville Y. M. C. A. The score was Hamilton 77, Waterville Y. M. C. A. 7.

—It is rare that such a speaker as Dr. S. M. Zwemer, D.D., F.R.G.S., is heard here. Monday night, Dec. 11th, in the Chapel, he addressed the College on Mohammedanism in a most vivid way. His latest book on Arabia, "The Cradle of Islam," will probably be studied by one of the mission classes winter term.

—Eighty dollars has been appropriated for the purchase of H sweaters for the men who won their letters this season in football. All scrub men who worked diligently the entire season, will receive the official blue caps. The latter step is a new one and is looked upon with favor. It furnishes an incentive at least.

—Another thing of late which has aroused more or less indignation, is the matter of snowballing the dormitories. The mere fact that a bunch of fellows—not all underclassmen, either—willfully decided upon this course to produce a little merriment, does not indicate so much barbarity as an outsider or a victim might think. Doubtless if a sufferer presented a bill to the fellow who broke his window, it would be paid. But the general principle of procedure was that of tit for tat and only a few fellows suffered who did not get their snowballs through the windows belonging to some of the bunch.

—In January Hamilton will debate New York University in the College Chapel. The proposition submitted by the latter is: "Life Insurance Should be Under Federal Control." After the annual inter-class debate the fourth debater will be chosen to represent Hamilton with those already chosen, Drummond, '06, McLean, '06, and Purdy, '06.

—A surprise came over the College when it was announced that the Freshmen had decided to abolish scurf posters. It has occasioned considerable talk, but it is difficult to tell whether the College approves this sudden breaking off of a traditional custom or not. At any rate it has not been a matter of concern to the Sophomores. Their scurf posters will appear as usual the first morning of winter term.

—At the athletic meeting held Wednesday, December 13th, the following were elected to the Athletic Association: President, Dr. F. H. Wood; vice-president, Prof. Henry White; secretary, Earl Clark, '07; treasurer, Prof. F. M. Davenport; Sophomore representative, H. K. Holley; Freshman representative, H. German; football manager, R. B. Jerome, '07; assistant manager, W. M. Pratt, '08; N. Y. S. I. A. U. representatives: Faculty, Dr. W. H. Squires, Alumnus, H. J. Cookinham, '98, Undergraduate, R. M. Scoon, '07; Alumni representatives, President M. W. Stryker, '72, Dr. H. C. G. Brandt, '72, G. E. Dunham, '79, Clinton Scollard, '81, F. M. Calder, '86, Spencer Kellogg, '88, Joseph Rudd, '91, C. B. Rogers, Prof. A. P. Saunders, Prof. T. F. Nichols, R. C. S. Drummond, '01, R. U. Sherman, '05.

—The following basket-ball schedule has been presented to the faculty for approval:

- Jan. 10—St. Lawrence at Clinton.
- Jan. 18—Syracuse at Syracuse.
- Jan. 24—Rochester at Rochester.
- Jan. 31—Rochester at Clinton.
- Feb. 2—Potsdam at Clinton.
- 5—Colgate at Hamilton.
- 12—Syracuse at Clinton.
- 23—Dartmouth at Utica.
- 26—Trinity at Hartford.
- 27—Wesleyan at Middletown.
- 28—Williams at Williamstown.
- Mar. 5—Colgate at Clinton.

## ALUMNIANA

*(Send Alumni and Necrology notes to William H. Squires, '88.)*

—William F. Bacon, '00, is studying law in the New York Law School, and his address is 131 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—Superintendent Edward L. Stevens, '09, has lately sent some valuable books to the pedagogic department of the College Library.

—Friend M. M. Hull, '00, who filled the position of Principal of the High Schools both in Whitney's Point and Sherburne, N. Y. for four years, is now teaching Science in the High School in Kingston, N. Y.

—Frederick G. Miller, '02, who has taught at Lakemont Seminary for two years, and one year in the Geneva High School, is now studying in the University of Munich, Germany. His address is Adelbert Str. 44, II.

—Rev. Charles C. Johnson, in the class of '62, who left College to serve his country in the Civil War, and a graduate of Auburn Theological Seminary in the class of 1869, is now engaged in teaching at Clarkson, Monroe County of this state.

—President M. Woolsey Stryker, D.D., LL.D., '72, has published in book form the thirteen baccalaureate sermons preached to the Hamilton men of these years. Wm. T. Smith & Co., of Utica, have published this volume, and it sells for \$1.00.

—Rev. Darwin F. Pickard, '97, who has completed nearly five years as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Paxtang, Pa., has been called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in Albion, N. Y. In his congregation will be found Hamilton Alumni: Judge I. S. Signor, '70, Supt. Willis G. Carmer, '85, and Charles G. Signor, '02.

—The brother of Edward J. Graham, '00, was shot by a bank burglar in Andes, N. Y., the last of October. Mr. Frank Graham was returning home from a call one Sunday evening in company with another young man. When they passed the bank they noticed something wrong there and looked in. The burglars detected that they were observed and made for the young men who had looked in at the window. The boys ran, and one of them fell down and escaped injury, but Mr. Frank Graham was struck in the back by a pistol ball. He ran to a near-by physician for assistance, but fell exhausted at his door. In a few days Mr. Graham died. The bank robbers escaped, and a reward of \$3500 is offered for their capture. The community was deeply aroused over this desperate and cowardly deed, for a more dastardly crime was never committed.

—Principal William S. Steele, '89, who filled so acceptably the principalship of the Olean High School for two years, is now principal the High School in Harrisburg, Pa. The Olean papers have spoken the most enthusiastic terms of Principal Steele's work in that town and regretted that it must lose so able an educator. Principal Steele was president of the New York State Principals' Conference, which meets in Syracuse every December.

—The wife of Mr. Edwin B. Root, '83, of New York City, according to the *New York Herald*, is the author of a play which will have its premiere in Altoona, Pa., Christmas day, under the management of Maurice Campbell. The drama is written with Mozart as its theme. The play, which is a poetic drama in five acts, deals almost exclusively with the life of the famous pianist, and its title will be simply "Mozart". A stock company, incorporated in Albany under the title "Mozart Company", is back of the production.

—The Warfields [C. H., '89, and F. P., '96,] made good time in College and took a lot of high marks. They have just become interested in the Dey Time Recorder Company, of Syracuse. The company has been in operation for some years with increasing success. The business demands greater facilities and therefore more capital. In a reorganization with a half million investment enter the Warfields. C. H. Warfield becomes president, and F. P. Warfield, secretary and treasurer. They are not now after marks, but money. The more profit to them.

—Rev. Robert G. McGregor, '97, pastor of the St. Cloud Presbyterian Church, Orange, N. J., preached his fourth annual sermon to his people Nov. 12th. His theme was "The Church Striving Unto Perfection", and the effect of the discourse was so deep and inspiring that the congregation secured its printing for future reference. The sermon is direct, spiritual, full of good cheer, genuinely Christian. Mr. McGregor has been delivering a series of sermons to his people on "The Home": A Christian Home; Good Books; Honest Work; The Afterlife and End of Life.

—The College friends of Sidney A. Sherwin, '67, of Batavia, N. Y., rejoice with him over the high success of his daughter Miss Marjory Sherwin, as a violinist. After a course of instruction under the famous Professor Seveik, she made her debut at Prague on the evening of November 3rd, at a concert given in the great Rudolphinum Hall under the auspices of the American and English Consuls. Her mastery of her art and its instrument delighted a large and highly critical audience and won not only the enthusiastic applause of the gathering, but the earnest praise of the critics. Miss Sherwin, who is accompanied by her mother, sister and brother, after a concert in London, returns home. It is expected that Sherwin, '67, will have a full Christmas for 1905.

—Hon. William C. McAdam, '77, of Utica, is one of the projectors of the new trolley road projected from Clinton to Waterville and Hamilton, Madison County. Franchises have been secured and the work is expected to begin shortly. The Clinton branch of the Mohawk system has been so successful that new territory is to be tapped and a rich fortune secured, besides giving to the people in these districts better service than the railroads will afford unless crowded to it by competing lines. It is hoped that these promoters will extend the trolley line to the foot of College Hill.

—Thomas R. L. Carter, '03, is now Assistant Head Master of a large training school in Gallatin, Tenn. Mr. Carter's work in the Montgomery Bell Academy, in Nashville, Tenn., was very successful and made possible his present position. Mr. Carter is now busied with the preparation of a book on Composition and Rhetoric for his classes in English. Within the last few weeks Mr. Carter has received a flattering offer to become a teacher in a boys' school in Alabama. Carter likes the South, finds many attractive features in school work in that region, and means to make it his permanent home.

—Rev. LeRoy F. Ostrander, '94, who has been situated at Samokov, Bulgaria, for several years, has published several sermons in the Bulgarian language, and also pamphlets on practical subjects touching the religious life. One pamphlet discusses "Honest Doubt, and What to Do With It"; another pamphlet contains addresses and a Baccalaureate Sermon on "Fidelity to the Highest," delivered before the graduate students of the American School in Samokov last June. This month Mr. Ostrander has delivered a lecture in the Hall of the American Scientific-Theological Institute on "The Panama Canal."

—In the make-up of the Congressional committees Speaker Cannon has assigned Hon. James S. Sherman of the 27th District, New York, again to the chairmanship of the committee on Indian affairs and to second place on the committee on interstate and foreign commerce. Both these are important designations, indicating the esteem in which Mr. Sherman is held, and are a recognition for long and excellent service in the House of Representatives. For his work on the committee which has in charge the Indian affairs, Mr. Sherman has acquired a national reputation, and what he has done is of much value and importance. Continuous service, ability and personal popularity with his associates have combined to make him one of the most influential members in the House, and his constituents are pleased to note the distinction he has attained and the recognition accorded him.

—Prof. William H. Benedict, '75, Principal of one of the largest ward schools in Elmira, is one of the able and successful schoolmen of the state. Prof. Benedict still believes that Sir William Hamilton's

Metaphysics is a rare classic in philosophy and worthy of closest perusal today. This was a required subject for Seniors in former days, and is often mentioned by the older graduates as one of the best things studied in College. The required studies of those days, including the Calculus, certainly compelled men to do things that were not always to their tastes, and thus cultivated the habit of hard work in things contrary to prevailing taste. The elective system is fast developing its weakness, and the coming generation of college students will receive better discipline and minuter scholarship by a conservative required course of study. The old system of required study turned out some very successful men who are fine examples of that training. If what has been claimed for the full elective course in college were half true, the world would be filled with geniuses of the highest type, and society would certainly be on the eve of its complete regeneration.

—Clinton Scollard, L. H. D., '81, of whom President Roosevelt spoke last summer in such high terms, continues to publish novel and poem, and to republish what has already been sold to the last number. Several of Scollard's poems appear in the magazines of December, and this one, "In the Age of the Year," is full of music and cheer:

Is it the wizard wind  
That has shriveled the quince's rind?  
Sooth, we know it was he  
Who shook the leaves from the tree  
And danced them out of breath  
Till they wizened away in death!  
Strange and subtle powers  
Have rule of these ashen hours,  
Binding the stricken sphere  
In this, the age of the year.  
  
Through the crisped grass and the husk  
Rustle the feet of the Dusk;  
And the only song we know  
Is the back-log's murmur low.  
Then come, and sit with me  
By the side of Memory  
And Love, with the blue skies  
In her spring-reverting eyes,  
And there shall be vernal cheer  
In this, the age of the year!

—December 11th Hon. F. M. Calder, '82, surrogate of Oneida county, returned to the bench and held court for the first time in eighteen weeks. It will be recalled that he was the passenger most hurt on the

car that ran down the cemetery hill, in Utica, tipped over and plowed into the dirt at the first turn, last summer. He was very seriously injured and even now has by no means made complete recovery. He is unable even so much as to sign his name with his right hand, but has learned to do it with his left and that is just as legal. There is a large amount of business awaiting his attention and it will be taken up and disposed of as expeditiously as possible. He was warmly welcomed by the lawyers who were in attendance at his court. Mr. Calder deserves and enjoys the reputation of being one of the very best surrogates Oneida county ever had. He is uniformly fair and courteous to all who have business before him, and best of all his decisions stand the test of appeal. His friends congratulate him upon his partial recovery and earnestly express the hope that before many weeks it will be complete. It is expected that Judge Calder will be the next Supreme Court Judge from Oneida county.

—Christmas day, 1879, Judge Daniel P. Baldwin, '56, as teacher of a Sunday school Bible class presented a program, and a theme for study. After twenty-five years of deep study in human and divine philosophy, the scholar and thinker finds the truth of the preceding quarter century of greatest import, and indeed, a guide for the years remaining. Amid all the discriminating criticism offered on biblical questions, Judge Baldwin reveals the most genuine loyalty to all the essentials of Christianity. His views are always fascinating because always so clear, penetrating and whole-souled. This little program is presented as up to date in the thought of the Judge today: "We are beginning a new decade; 1880-90 promises to be the most fruitful in research and results of all the decades that have preceded it. And with it begins a new seven years' series of International Bible Lessons. It is certain that some of us will not see its close. The first six months of 1880 opens—and opens with great propriety—with the life of Christ. It is wise to place at the forefront of this new series the stronghold of the entire system. In my judgment here lies the truth or the untruth of the two great systems of thought of the Nineteenth Century. The enemies of Christianity having, as they claim, vanquished Moses, now open the attack on Christ. They teach that he was a great man—greatest of all the great—so great that grateful humanity has surrounded his name with a marvelous cluster of myths and traditions, the like of which was never woven around any other of the world's heroes. But they say this is because he surprised them all in his teachings and life, and these myths and traditions, which Christians call miracles—are the wreaths with which loving hands have adorned his brows. So, they say, we have begun decorating in a less degree our Washington and Lincoln. The other school teach that Christ was God made flesh, and that his

miracles are and were the signs and tokens of his Godhood. How could, for example, he who was to break the bars of the grave and reveal a new life beyond 'be holden of Death?' How could any other than the Master of Nature's laws undertake to cure the imperfections and ills of those laws? Here, then, is the place where rages the storm. Was Christ man or God? Whichever party holds or carries this citadel, holds the key of the coming century. Which is right? Shall humanity work out its religion without supernatural interference as it works out its science or government or philosophy, or was Christ 'God manifest in the flesh, seen of angels, received up into glory?' It is my purpose for the coming six months to study with you this great problem, and in so doing, let it be understood, that we fear nothing but error. The Bible and religion were made for man, not man for the Bible or religion. The latter idea gives us priestcraft and ecclesiasticism—the former freedom and truth. We invite every one to attend our meetings—to ask any question, and to submit any thought or inquiry he or she wishes to do. We require but one guaranty—sincerity and an earnest desire to know the truth. We shall freely discuss the theories of Renan and Strauss, and compare them with the Evangelical theory of our church. We shall meet every Sunday at 12 m. Our meetings last less than an hour. Come and join us."

—Rev. George L. MacClelland, '86, delivered the address at the funeral of the late Hon. S. Frederick Nixon, '81, before a distinguished gathering of public men from all over the state. It is reported as eloquent, direct, simple and sympathetic. The late Dr. Terrett once said that the greatest sermon he ever heard from the pulpit was a Presbyterian sermon by Mr. MacClelland. Some passages from the reported address at Speaker Nixon's funeral follow:—

"If we can listen to the language of the waves of the ocean and from that music as it comes back to the land, get a lesson, we have a picture of what life really is. We know how we stand, we know how frail we are, and we know how we are called to fill an allotted place in life. He who has filled that place has met his obligation to his God. There was a saying among the seven sages that 'to know thyself' and 'to know thine opportunities' is to be successful in life.

"There is more of man than mere humanity; it is the possibility which God takes and weaves from humanity into a likeness of Himself. It is a beautiful thought that we are to take on a higher life. The Apostle Paul gives us a teaching which is appropriate today, when he said to the multitude, 'When that which is perfect is come, that which is in part will be done away.' Life is filled with mystery. I can have no explanation for that splendid extract of life called character and I have no explanation of the perfect work of the future, which is unknowable now.

"Where is the sculptor who with hammer and chisel can cut out the perfect form? Where is the painter, even a Turner himself, who with brush and colors can put on the canvas, the beautiful sunset of a fading day in June? What does the song bird know of the infinitude of space his wings penetrate, and how can the human mind comprehend the good things which have been prepared for them that love the Lord?

"The perfect work of the future must be the outgrowth of the work here. We should never lose our individuality, but should constantly be aiming to bring the state and nation to the high plane to which they belong. Everything we touch is imperfect. God has not finished one iota of his creation, but He wants us to develop it for Him. He gave us this world to build up.

"I know there are many hearts that are aching here today, many hearts that are asking for sympathy. I feel that it is with you as with myself, one of the saddest days in life. I would have had this occasion postponed if it could have been so. If we could have seen the end of this promising life, we would not feel as sad as we do today. All the hearts in this great Empire State are saddened, and I might say the whole nation is in mourning today.

"What does this mean? A great heart has ceased its throbbing, the government has been deprived of a business man and statesman, the Speaker of the Assembly. You follow him as I have followed him and have the peculiar acquaintance that I have had with him, and you will say he was one of the manliest men that ever entered the walks of public life. He dared to state his opinions, but waited calmly for you to state yours. He never stooped to sneakish things in politics and while he knew he was serving his county, he always had his mind upon the welfare of the great state of New York.

"Mr. Nixon was able, and he used all his mental ability in admirably filling the positions of public trust which were imposed upon him. When he would return from the Legislature for a few days' rest, a dozen or more men would call upon him, and he always had a kind word for all. He had a childlike capability, and always waited to hear all sides of every argument.

"Mr. Nixon was just, and that is a good deal to say in these days of selfish men. He was not selfish. He was fair, as the men with whom he labored in the Assembly for years will say. Has it occurred to you that since the passing of Fenton there has not been a man in this state even who became so close to the hearts of the people as this man? He was loved by men of both political parties. Who will take his place do you say? No one can take his place. There are others who are good, but none can take the place of Samuel Frederick Nixon.

"I wish I had the power of the sculptor or the skill of the artist. Then I would picture to you the expression on his face when he took

my hand a few hours before he passed away. That expression told me better than I can picture it to you that he said: 'It is finished; the victory is complete.'

"Mr. Nixon was a regular attendant at the services in this church when at his home, and he believed in God Almighty as the father and Jesus Christ as his elder brother. He believed that men should mingle with men for the betterment of society, the state and church of God,"

---

## Necrology

---

### CLASS OF 1897.

At the residence of his mother in Andes, Delaware County, Sunday, December 10th, died James Bruce Turnbull, after a lingering illness. He had lived in Utica for a number of years. Mr. Turnbull took a severe cold two years ago and suffered from pneumonia, and since that time he had not been in good health. During the past year he had failed very rapidly. He was a member of the first Presbyterian Church in Utica, and had been a teacher in its Sunday School. Mr. Turnbull was born in Andes, April 23, 1870. He lived there up to about ten years ago, when he went to Waterville, where he remained for about a year as assistant principal of the high school in that village. For about eight years he had been in Utica. For some time he was assistant agent at Utica of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, and for the past four years he had been associated with Charles L. Benedict, general agent of the State Mutual Life Assurance Company of Worcester, Mass. Mr. Turnbull had the position of district manager, which he continued to hold up to his death. He was a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity. He was a prominent member of the Colonial Club of Utica. Mr. Turnbull was a young man of sterling integrity and fine character. He was modest and retiring in disposition and was well liked by all who knew him. Besides his mother, he leaves one sister, also of Andes, and two brothers, E. J., of Andes, and Rev. Thomas Turnbull, of Pomeroy, O.

### CLASS OF 1881.

SAMUEL FREDERICK NIXON was born in Westfield, December 3, 1860, of Scotch-Irish parentage. His boyhood days were spent in that village and his early schooling was received in the Westfield Academy, graduating in 1877. He entered Hamilton College the next year, taking a four years' course, graduating with the degree of B. A. in 1881. Returning to his native town, after a year spent in Southerland, Vt., with the Vermont Marble Company, he formed a partnership with his

brother, E. C. Nixon, and together they have conducted a monumental and marble works ever since. In connection with his brother, he also had extensive farming and vinyard interests in Northern Chautauqua. Like most men who have won distinction in public life, Mr. Nixon very early showed a taste for political affairs. He also displayed an unusual talent for leadership. Hardly had he attained his majority before he had become a prominent figure in local politics. Before he was twenty-four years old he was elected a trustee of the village of Westfield, and two years later, in 1886, he was elected supervisor of the town of Westfield, and served continuously until his death. He was elected chairman of the Board of Supervisors in 1892 and reelected every year until his death, having just been chosen as presiding officer by the Supervisors at their annual meeting. Mr. Nixon's first introduction to state politics was in 1887, when he was chosen to represent the First District of Chautauqua County in the Legislature. He served the district in 1888, 1889 and 1890. In 1893, when the two districts of the county were consolidated, he was chosen to represent the whole county. He was re-elected each year from that time until his death. In 1899 he was elected Speaker of the Assembly, an honor which he held with credit to himself, his constituents and the state at large until his death, October 10, 1905. He was married on May 21, 1885, to Miss Myrtle Hunting Redfield, of Westfield, and is survived by her, two sons, Samuel F. and George Nixon, one daughter, Dorothy Nixon, and a baby boy born since his death. His only brother is Emmett C. Nixon. There are no other near relatives.

A Democratic paper had the following to say of Mr. Nixon just a few days before his death: "Speaker Nixon has many friends; few, if any, personal enemies. He exercises a practically unlimited power and control in the Assembly of this State. Any measure which he supported is easily put through that branch of the Legislature. This is in part due to the powers resident in the Speaker's gavel, and in the rules of the Assembly, and to the things which the Speaker is able to do for his friends or against his enemies. But other men, in the same position, have had a vigorous opposition, within their own party lines. Mr. Nixon has the united support of his party associates, yet the Democrats in the Assembly have little fault to find with its fairness as a presiding officer, or his courtesy and considerateness as a man. He is an unbending partisan; but above all and through all, he is a kindly, friendly, thoroughly human man. He has served 15 terms in the Assembly—1888-'90, inclusive, and 1894-1905, inclusive—and seven years, since 1899 continuously, as Speaker. Unanimously renominated by his party friends in the Second Chautauqua district, he will, if the next Assembly is Republican, become its Speaker, without Republican opposition. Since his present illness began, he was elected chairman of the Chau-

tauqua county board of supervisors, for the fourteenth time. Erastus Root (1827, 1828, 1830) was thrice Speaker of the Assembly; so were William Hitchman (1868, 1870, 1871), and Thomas G. Alvord (1858, 1864, 1879), Alexander Sheldon (1804, 1805, 1806, 1808, 1812), and DeWitt C. Littlejohn (1855, 1857, 1859, 1860, 1861) five times held this high honor. James W. Husted, the "Bald Eagle" of Westchester, held the record, long unchallenged, with six terms as Speaker—1874, 1876, 1878, 1886, 1887, 1890—but Speaker Nixon surpasses them all both in number of terms served, and in continuity of service, as presiding officer. Few men in our time have served so long, so continuously, and so conspicuously as he, and few, indeed, would be so widely missed as S. Fred Nixon would be."

---

---

## WILLIAMS & MORGAN,

—The Furniture Leaders—

HAVE THE GOODS YOU NEED  
IN YOUR ROOM. DON'T FAIL TO  
CALL ON US. WE CAN GIVE YOU  
WHAT YOU REQUIRE AT RIGHT  
PRICES.

31 Genesee St.,

Utica, N. Y.

11 4 30 R

47

# Hamilton Literary Magazine



Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

January, 1906

# Suits and Overcoats

## FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN.

It's a great comfort to be correctly dressed. Some men think to dress well means a big outlay of cash, a custom tailor, etc. If you come to us we will fit you to clothes that harmonize with any surrounding—clothes that the average custom tailor can't duplicate. They are the Rogers, Peet & Co. and Hart, Schaffner & Marx makes—that's why. The Fall Fashions in Suits and Overcoats awaits your inspection. College men will find styles at this store designed expressly for them both in Clothing and Furnishings.

**The Guyer Hat  
is very popular  
with popular men**

## **Wicks & Greenman,** APPAREL SHOP.

56-57 Franklin Square, - - Utica, N. Y.

## GET INTEREST

on your money by depositing it with the

## **Citizens Trust Company,**

**Cor. Genesee and Bleecker Sts., Utica, N. Y.**

A Dollar in the Pocket grows continually less. A Dollar in the  
"Citizens Trust" grows larger ever day.

**Jacob Agne, President.**

**Elon G. Brown, First Vice-President.**

**William I. Taber, Second Vice-President.**

**Edward Bushinger, Secretary.**

# ***The* Hamilton Literary Magazine**

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1867

---

---

VOL. XL.

JANUARY, 1906.

No. 5.

---

---

## **New Year**

---

**T**HE New Year comes: let Hope now reign, and cheer!  
Let all hearts echo to the joyous chimes,  
The glad sweet heralding of better times,  
That usher in at midnight a new year.  
Leave now behind that landscape sad and drear —  
The sorrows of past years, the sins, the crimes;  
Let Hope stand at your helm, and sunnier climes  
Will smile upon the way where he shall steer.  
Be not a vessel drifted with the tide,  
Nor let the fears of bygone years be crew;  
The frailest bark can Hope and Courage guide  
Through fearful storms safe o'er Life's ocean wide,  
Until the peaceful haven comes in view.  
This year, O Hope, reign in our hearts anew!

—C. E. Leavenworth, '09.

## **The Human Heart: An Oration**

---

**I**N THIS greedy age of ours, even while we are vainly saying, "Halt!" to the mad, surging, money-crazed world, we are apt to ignore the fact that in spite of all the development of men and nations, one thing has remained the same,—and that is the human heart.

Guided by the unseen hand of nature rivers have changed their courses; mountains have risen from the seas and been buffeted by the elements, finally to sink back from sight; the land and the sea have ceaselessly shifted, but the human heart, despite its mantle of culture and its highly developed aesthetic tastes, is the exact counterpart of those that fiercely beat in the wild bosoms of Cain and Abel.

Would you be willing to affirm that the heart of the savage warrior, who wildly fought and stolidly died, was one-half as black and foul as that of our 20th century crook and swindler? The savage fought like a man, scorning treachery, while the confidence man of our day comes upon the unworldly with his oily ways and cruel intent, and leaves his victims crushed before they know it.

And how much different, with all the years of gentler training behind it, was the heart of that grim old Hapsburg ruler, Bismarck, who with the calmness of a fiend caused his dangerous rivals and successful rulers to be swept away one after another, here one by the hand of an assassin, there another the victim of some of the iron-hearted old tyrant's imperial poisoners; from the heart of that terror of all the world of his day, Attila the Scourge.

When we study the character of Wolf Larsen, in that best of Jack London's novels, "The Sea Wolf," we shudder at this grewsome picture of a man, a giant in mind and body, but with no soul and a brute's heart. Tell the world that the universal man of today is a Wolf Larsen, and what will it say? Better, what can it say?

In spite of the fact that there are multitudes of men who are living for humanity's sake, men who have a pure hatred of ill-gained power and are above fraud; in spite of that movement toward the right and the noble which points back 2000 years to Calvary, where was witnessed the grandest sacrifice the world has ever known, society, as a whole, is godless.

What about the secret swindles of finance, where thousands of lambs are led to slaughter every day in Wall Street? What can we say in defense of the contemptible tricks of so called mining experts, whose opinions lead the public to drop their savings in empty holes in the ground? What about politics? Why did Tammany Hall, in the face of a united pulpit and an almost united press, sweep the forces of good government into New York Harbor last fall? Tom Lawson, in his fearless way, says, "Because the business men were not willing to build up an honest administration; but preferred to buy immunity from the Tammany Tiger."

With all our advancement and accomplishments, we are simply barbarians. If we today are seemingly better than yesterday, it is because we think it will pay better. The first question that you hear as you go among men is, "Will it pay?" That is just what the old pagan said to himself. Such motives as these caused men to hesitate and then choose the expedient and not the right thing, when the modern nations were making; and this spirit makes the world of today a world of falsehood, of trickery, of evasion of duty. All down through the ages it has been the same, and how well did Tennyson know this when he wrote:

"Far among the vanished races old Assyrian kings would flay  
Captives whom they took in battle,—iron-hearted victors they.

Ages after while in Asia, he that led the wild Moguls,  
Timur built his ghastly tower of eighty thousand human skulls.

Later here in Edward's time, an age of noblest English names,  
Christian conquerors took and flung their Christian captives in the  
flames.

Love your enemies; bless your haters; said the Greatest of the great.  
Christian love among the churches looked the twin of heathen hate.

From the golden alms of blessing man had coined himself a curse,  
Rome of Caesar: Rome of Peter: Which was crueller; which was worse?"

And this question still confronts us. Which is the worst: the wild free savage? or your Hedonist, ready to sacrifice honor and principle to satisfy his desires? Ask the average man such a question and he will throw up his hands in astonishment at the very idea. "Why," he will say, "how can you ask such a question, in the face of all our advancement and progress?" Progress? Yes! "Forward" is the cry on land and sea. But it is a ghastly march over the upturned faces of men who have fallen in this wild struggle; and to the prow of Mammon's private yacht is nailed a death's head, and at the wheel stands Satan, as the ship sails on—into the night.

—A. B. Maynard, '06.

---

## The Song of the Poet

---

THE bard sang sadly in the shadows dim:  
*As fades some little star at blush of dawn,  
Unnoticed and unknown,  
So slowly fades the light of life in me,  
Unfriended and alone.*

And echo brought the answer back to him:  
*As go the dewdrops on the grass at morn,  
Uncounted and unthought of,  
So quickly have my pennies gone from me,—  
More quickly than they ought have.*

—P. F. Baum, '06—

## **The Magnamity of Capt. John Hudson**

---

**J**UNIATA river is a small stream traversing Jutata county in southern Pennsylvania and emptying into the Susquehanna. It borders a large tract of land which has a singular history, but to whom it belongs no one at present is certain. Tradition says that the land was given to an Indian chief of the Seneca nation, known as Captain John Hudson, who served during the Revolutionary War under the British flag, leading his powerful band of warriors on expeditions to massacre the white inhabitants of New York and Pennsylvania.

A year or so ago a party of Pennsylvanians made a search through the different Seneca reservations of New York State in the hope of finding descendants of this Captain Hudson. Finally they ran upon an intelligent Indian who supplied them with the sought-for information. He is the interpreter of the missionary to the Western New York Indians, who is familiarly known as Alfred Jemison, Ha-nah-a-new, "the-man-has-a-hatchet-in-his-hand." His grandmother was a sister of Capt. Hudson. They were Delaware Indians by birth, who as children had been adopted into the Seneca nation. Their home was in the Genesee Flats, known to the Indians as Gen-nis-he-yo, "the Beautiful Valley." Here Capt. Hudson ruled that band of Senecas, and from this valley he pushed out in every direction, as prompted by the British, to massacre and burn whole settlements of whites.

The part of his history with which this account deals is that connected with a planned raid down the Alleghany river.

One fall the war party hastened by land route to Olean, He-soh, on the Alleghany, O-hee-yo, "the Beautiful River," where a fleet of canoes was built. They had paddled down nearly to Pittsburg when they beheld ahead of them smoke wreathing through the tree tops bordering the river. A council was held in mid-stream and it was decided stealthily

to creep up to the party, surprise it and hurry away, leaving the slain untouched. But they had been detected, and on landing were confronted by an old chief in paint, indicating peace. He called for the hostile chief, and a few words passed between the two. It was discovered that the visitors were on a deadly errand, and that the camping party was merely a lot of deceitful prowlers who existed by travelling far and wide, stealing, burning, and slaughtering.

The latter begged the war party to leave them in peace. "For doing us this favor we will give you a great reward," promised the chief.

They walked through the undergrowth to the camp. To their surprise the visitors beheld a party greater in number than theirs, but not bedaubed with fiery paint. These were evidently expecting an assault by a powerful force, from the fearful expressions on their faces. But on the contrary the strangers had reason to be cautious, although an agreement had been made to shed no blood.

The circle of the natives was broken and in the center were seen two white forms, naked and fettered to separate posts. Nearby in a trench lay a bed of glowing embers. The white captives were on the verge of torture and death. Pitiful were the glances they slyly cast toward the visitors, glances of possible hope at first, then of despair.

"Brothers of the Alleghany," began the chief of the captors, "to ward off bloodshed it has been necessary to promise the braves from the north some gift. All we have are these two whites. Shall I surrender them to our friends that they may delight in a feast of their own? Shall I release these palefaces that our brothers may laugh over the howls of the dancing whites? The dancing place now glows as does the sun. Shall I let the visitors take charge of the feast, let them enjoy the roasted slices? What care we for the dripping flesh?"

"Take these beasts, O Gen-nis-he-yo braves, take them and laugh over their cowardly actions. Take them and burn them as is your custom. But leave us in peace."

Hudson was not a mere Indian. In him there dwelt something higher than the savage spirit. To him torture of the body and the howls of the suffering were sickening. To him alone, perhaps, was there an idea of pity, a thought of the common cord of love that bound man to man; yes, red man to white.

Casting a furious look at the old chief who had just passed, he slowly lifted his right arm, extended it full length in the direction of the two shuddering prisoners and quietly said, "Release them."

A murmur of assent arose from the circle and a moment later the naked captives stood at the mercy of the war party.

The chief once more lifted his arm. "Bring their garments," he commanded.

Neither of the parties knew the thought of the great chief. The prevailing idea was that the whites were to be dealt with in another mode of torture,

A third time the arm was extended, this time toward the river, and looking into the eyes of the two whites he said in broken English, "Leap into canoe." Immediately they started in the direction pointed. But the strain had proved too great. One of the captives was an aged man, the other a lad of thirteen. A few steps and the boy staggered. The chief saw him and tenderly lifting him in his arms, carried him to the river side. Here the canoes were waiting in the overhanging cottonwood. With one impulse the warriors leaped into the long, frail barks and pushed into midstream.

Now the amazed Indians on the shore realized the intent. The captives were to be returned to their own country and then, woe to the marauding band!

Down the river a quarter of a mile lay the dark forms of the camper's canoes. A shout from the war chief announced the fact, and down the river swept the fleet. The shore men had already started toward their boats. It was a race for life. At first the latter were in the lead, but the tangled underbrush impeded their swiftness. Now the racers were abreast. They continued so. A moan passed the lips of the

white boy — just a childish cry of excitement, mingled with fear. The warriors caught the sound simultaneously. The paddles bent under their strain, and just in the nick of time the fleet swooped close to the bank, seized the canoes and shot into the deep current, safe.

It was near evening. Slowly the party floated down the peaceful river until it was time to play their strategy. The vacant canoes were cut loose, and the party reversed their course. Quietly, yet swiftly, they paddled against the current. They must pass their enemies unnoticed. The dangerous spot reached, silence pervaded. In the shadow of the opposite wooded shore, the fleet crept on. Soon they covered the desired distance and with less caution they paddled on. The entire night they traveled, till they came to a wide creek, up which they turned.

Hudson had learned the circumstances connected with the captives. Their home in southern Pennsylvania had been attacked by a party of Indians and burned. The mother and girls had escaped to the neighbors, but the father and son had joined others who attempted to withstand the whooping band. Suddenly they had found themselves separated from their friends. A moment more and they were seized by the Indians. Before help appeared the band hastened off with the two. Over the whole distance they were compelled to walk, only to a horrible death as they sensibly supposed.

At daybreak Hudson called a halt and commanded his warriors to find a favorable camping place up stream and there wait for him. They were not to venture into the woods where their footprints would remain. Danger lurked everywhere.

Taking the whites he crossed the Alleghany and hid his canoe. Lifting the boy in his arms the chief led the way into the Pennsylvania forest fastnesses. For several days the three plodded on, the boy traveling almost continually in the arms of his rescuer.

At length they came in sight of smouldering ruins which the father recognized in the distance as what was left of the

settlement from which he had been taken. The Indian abruptly stopped, and letting his grateful friends know that he feared the anger of the whites, he turned and disappeared.

Several years later an old Indian wandered into Jutata county and with searching glances went from one place to another. It was not long before he came upon the object of his search. His heart had turned back to the boy whom he had carried out of death to his loved ones, and taking advantage of peace he visited the region he had not forgotten.

As a slight token of their appreciation the father gave the old chief a gun and a horse, together with a grant of land on which he could bring his family and pass the few remaining years of his life.

But with the peculiar modesty of the Indian, Hudson quietly shouldered the musket, leaped upon the horse, and bade farewell forever to the lad whose life he had saved.

Such is the true account as related by the descendant of Capt. Hudson, the interpreter, Ha-nah-a-new.

—*C. M. Trippe, '07.*

## Popularity

---

**I**N OUR heterogeneous population it is a fallacy to point out a single characteristic of a people and claim for it a universal predominance, but go where you will there is a characteristic that is peculiar to every sphere of life—an insatiable desire for popularity.

That craving to be acceptable to the mass of the people, to be the target of the smiles of the crowd, has existed as long as men have been associated in groups. Who was the popular man among the savages? That man who by reason of unusual height, physical prowess, a cool head, bravery and craftiness was easily distinguishable from the rest of the tribe. This man became the chief, the leader of his brother warriors, and maintained his popularity as long as muscles remained hard and wisdom keen.

With us, however, the meaning of popularity has deteriorated, as has its duration. Rather, he is popular who by some fore-planned, premeditated act, so hypnotizes men by his dazzling fireworks that they can see and think of but this one man, forgetting him as quickly as the display is over.

Popular men are essentially men of the hour, never for all time. Socrates was unpopular because he told men the truth. He did not cater to their opinions. He wished to make the world better; he wished men to live a life of virtue; and when he revealed to men the conditions of their lives they called him an imposter, a quibbler, and condemned him to death on a charge of corrupting the youth of Athens. Socrates was unpopular; he was not a man of the hour, but a character for all time.

That fiery yet just denunciator, Jerome Savonarola, was another unpopular man. And why? Because he revealed to men the rottenness of their lives; because he denounced the vice and crime of his age, because he dared to stand up as a man and with terrible directness oppose the hitherto concealed

immorality of the church, the injustice and underhandedness of the government; because he pointed to the political revolution in Florence and Italy and pronounced it the divinely appointed means for the regeneration of religion and morality.

Christ was unpopular. And why? Because he gave praise only where it was due; because he touched where it hurt; because he did not bow to kings and cater to princes because; the light which he bore revealed Judah in her nakedness. Unpopularity grew to hate, hate to malice, until the hissing populace condemned him without a cause and crucified him between two thieves.

The multitudes could not in a short time catch the tremendous truth these men uttered. From the high importance of their message the quick moving but skimming populace failed to appreciate or even to understand.

The present day political machine will exist as long as the people allow themselves to be swindled. The power of money in politics is a shameful truth. A man can buy popularity. He can buy as a commodity the influence of the political boss and the smaller politician, thus getting his name to loom up before the people as a savior of his race, and he becomes a man so lauded by stump oracles, so boomed by money, flags and fireworks that the excited populace are intoxicated and vote for him with no question as to the candidate's ability, his past, his policy or intention for the future.

Hail to the editor who in the face of the frowning public dares to expose, criticise, denounce, publish in burning words the naked fact; to the office seeker who will not be bribed, who believes in honesty as a principle and not as a policy; to the divine who, disdaining popularity, dares to preach to his Sunday audience his inmost convictions!

—*J. H. Edgerton, '06.*

## **An Inter-link Affection**

---

**P**ENZARO was not a conceited man. He knew that he looked like a monkey, but he made the best of it and turned the resemblance into money. His right name was McGill; he was Irish. Nature had endowed him with a long upper lip and a flat nose. Sixty winters had streaked his scant brick-colored hair with silver, and had dug deep furrows on his face. These were the features that a portrait painter would have noticed. To a scientist a glimpse of his face meant a proof of the Darwinian theory. To any other man, to behold was to laugh.

Penzaro's talent lay in one direction, the stage. In his youth he had been a singer and dancer, but of late years he had taken up an animal specialty. In this change his love for his wife had taken a large part. When he married her she was in the same business in which he now was engaged, and she and her baboon, Chicita, had become as famous as any vaudevillians could. When she left the stage Madame Penzaro would not part with her pet although she received many flattering offers. In the long absences of her husband the baboon was the childless woman's sole companion and comfort; and soon Penzaro himself began to regard the brute with a like affection. The wife died after awhile. In the time of mourning that followed Penzaro's hair grew whiter and his cheeks sunk more than they had in his entire thirty years of stage life; his heart was broken.

A broken heart generally proves fatal, but in Penzaro's case there was an excellent balm, Chicita. He decided to take her on the stage once more, but that was in reality only an ulterior motive; what he decided was to keep the pet with him always. The change turned out to be for the best. His new act was far more successful than his old one, and Penzaro's spirits returned.

The Saturday before New Year's found the Alhambra packed to the doors. Penzaro was to show that day. The curtain arose at last for the act, and Penzaro, wreathed in smiles, stepped forth before the audience. After a few of his own antics he gave the signal for Chicita's first stunt. In-

stead of her accustomed response, the baboon remained stock still. Penzaro approached her and reached out his hand to pet the almost human head of the animal. With the quickness of a tiger, Chicita clenched her pearly teeth on her aged master's hand. The red blood shot forth and Penzaro's face grew white: but he was game. He stuck the wounded hand in his pocket, and smiled a smile that cost incalculable effort. The curtain fell and Penzaro sighed.

Penzaro knew enough of animal training to realize that one rebellion meant eternal insubordination. No, there was one way of resubjecting—by the whip. But rather than use that he would stop at nothing. The fates seemed hard on Penzaro.

Up in a barn-like apartment, so situated that animal specialists might be near their property, Penzaro was sitting at a crude table. Poverty stared him in the face. He had made a lot of money, but he was a true artist: a bankbook was to him a thing unknown. The punishment for his happy-go-luckiness was severe, for he must sell Chicita. And as he sat there writing in his bad English to a firm of animal dealers about the pet, bitter sadness oppressed him. He signed his name and was just sealing the letter when the door creaked. Penzaro lifted the lamp from the desk and looked around. Seeing nothing, the Irish in him mumbled a few words about the super-excellence of the ventilation and returned to his task. He scrawled the first part of the address but got no further. Out of the darkness a little furry arm reached forth and gently touched Penzaro's bandaged hand. Two brown eyes met the master's gaze when he looked up; the pet baboon sat before him, and on her face there was an expression of penitence mingled with joy. She placed a pair of rusty pinchers on the table before Penzaro and then daintily handed him a little white object. The old man examined it: it was an ulcerated tooth.

"Aha," said Penzaro, brushing the makings of a tear from his drink-bleared eye, "I knowed yer wasn't no cheap skate, Chicita!"

—A. F. Osborn, '09.

## Mr. Thompson's Cosy Corner

MRS. THOMPSON rinsed out the last milk can and slammed it noisily into place. Then she slowly straightened her angular body and surveyed her husband with red and perspiring face.

"The Wilkinse hev a cushion in their pew."

Mr. Thompson put the stick which he had been whittling into his pocket, ponderously removed the pipe from his mouth as if preparing for a mighty effort.

"Hev they?" he finally queried mildly. He was, as his wife termed it, "sort of fleshy," and any speech, no matter how short, required a great deal of effort on his part.

"Yes, sir, Lafe Thompson, they hev, an' if you had any gumption 'bout you 't all, you'd never let them Wilkinse, an' he not even a deacon, get a cushion in their pew before you even thought of gettin' one in yourn."

"Well, 'Liza, well, what should I do? I can't make cushions, can I?" asked the bewildered Mr. Thompson.

"No, I s'pose you think I ought to make it myself. Lord knows I ain't got much to do, just cook an' scrub an' milk an' tend the chickens an'—" but the broad back of her spouse was disappearing through the door of the woodshed.

Supper that night was a silent meal until Mr. Thompson cleared his throat portentously and remarked, "By the way, 'Liza, I got to go to the city tomorrow to—to—er—that is on business, an' I'll see if I can't find a cushion fer our pew. I been thinkin' fer quite a while that it was purty uncomf'rt-ble, an' a nice tasty cushion 'll sort of brighten it up an' make it more cheerful, too."

"Humph," said Mrs. Thompson acidly as she surveyed her husband's ample proportions, "a lot you need a cushion!"

"Why, why, 'Liza, I thought you wanted a cushion: you was sayin' just this mornin'—"

"Oh, if you're gettin' it fer me I'm sure I'm very much obliged," said Mrs. Thompson, and began to gather up the dishes.

The next noon found Mr. Thompson at one of the large department stores.

"I want to get a cushion fer our pew in the Presbyterian Church," he began.

"Pillows," said the man behind the counter politely, "third floor, third counter left from the elevator."

Declining to trust the elevator, Mr. Thompson painfully ascended two flights of stairs and by dint of much inquiry at length reached his goal. By this time he was out of breath and very warm. He looked at the young woman who confronted him, and said almost hopelessly, "I don't s'pose this is where they sell cush—er—pillows, I mean; I want to get one fer our,—that is, I want to buy one I mean." In the course of his inquiries he had decided that it was a pillow he wanted, not a cushion, and that the fame of the Presbyterian Church of Hornell's Corners had not reached the city.

"Pillows? Yes, right here," and he was confronted by a motley array. Red, blue, green and yellow danced and blurred in his vision.

"How do you like this?" as she held up a particularly gorgeous one.

"That's very nice," said Mr. Thompson politely. "I was thinkin', though, of somethin' a little longer, an' maybe, well, maybe not quite so bright; I want something tasty, too," he added quickly.

"Something for a divan, perhaps, or a cosy-corner."

"Yes, I guess a cosy-corner is what I want. My divin' days are over, I'm 'fraid."

"This way, please."

"I want somethin' right bang-up stylish," said Mr. Thompson as he followed her.

At length his choice was made for him.

"You think it's all right with them pipes an' things on it?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes, they're all the style now," said the girl, but don't you want some curtains or something to put around it?"

"Is that the style?" asked Mr. Thompson helplessly.

"Oh, yes, no one would think of not having them."

"Well, if it's stylish I s'pose I'll have to get 'em, but I do know, 'Liza likes to look 'round consid'ble after she gets set."

"But they're only on the sides, you know."

"Yes, I s'pose so," said the plastic Mr. Thompson.

At length he escaped from the store and hastened to make a hearty meal, which somewhat revived him.

Two days later he reached home and was met on the station platform by his wife. There was trouble brewing, but for the life of him he couldn't think of anything for which he was at fault.

"Well, 'Liza, I guess I got you fixed out with pill—, cushions, I mean, this time."

"Yes, I reckon you hev," said Mrs. Thompson with emphasis. "Israel Gibraltar Thompson, what under the canopy did you think that you was a-goin' to do with them heathenish things you sent home? Did you hev any idea, if you ever had such things, that you was a-goin to put them outlandish contraptions in our pew? Not if I know myself, you aint! No, sir. I'd turn Baptis' first!"

"Why! why! what's the matter of 'em, 'Liza?"

"Matter of 'em? Do you reckon I'm goin' to set like a heathen 'idol on a cushion, with pipes an' cigars an' Lord knows what not on it, with green an' yaller shawls hung up 'round me in the Presbyterian Church?"

"It's—it's the style, 'Liza."

"Style, humph! 'Taint my style; an' how much did you give for them things I'd like to know?"

Mr. Thompson quailed. The price of the articles was something he was not prepared to divulge.

"Oh, 'bout ten dollars, I guess," he said.

"Ten dollars! My sakes! You give ten dollars fer them things, an' what can we do with 'em?"

Mr. Thompson had an inspiration. "The pill—cushions, I mean,—ll make a cosy corner in th' pew 'Liza."

"A cosy corner in a Presbyterian church? I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Thompson devoutly.

"Maybe we can dye the pill—cushions, I mean,—an' use the curtains in the chicken house," suggested Mr. Thompson meekly. But his wife maintained a scornful silence.

—R. B. Peck, '07.

## Robert Bruce—A Study

---

ONE figure, prominent in human thought and in the history of his country, will ever be remembered with reverence and honor for the success he achieved in the sacred cause of liberty, and for the example he has left to all mankind. This man, Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, entered the public view at a time when things appeared at their worst. The light of freedom, as far as it concerned his own country, appeared to have been totally extinguished. The majority of Scotland's nobles had acquiesced in what they thought the inevitable, and acknowledged Edward's right to rule. But he, spurning Edward's offer of honor and preferment, chose rather to suffer confiscation of his estates, and outlawry. He aspired to the royal power, it is true, but at the beginning of his career what hope was there that his mad dream would ever find realization? Mad! said the French, the traditional allies of his country, and so even his own comrades thought him. But it was the madness that inspired Henry of Navarre, Garibaldi, and our own Washington. Such madness has proved the making of empires, has stood for ideals which we have come to honor, causing us to wonder how humanity could have lived so long without their benign influence. Such a reformer, such an enthusiast, such a patriot, was Bruce. All honor to him and his associates.

When he first joined his country's cause, Edward was everywhere triumphant. All of Scotland appeared to be in a kind of stupor. The battle of Dunbar had proved its undoing. In spite of this general depression, Bruce was crowned at Scone, and what little there remained of an empty title was all his. Even his wife discouraged him. "You are indeed a summer king, but hardly a winter one," she said. But no lack of sympathy could dampen Bruce's zeal. Collecting a handful of untrained men he approached Perth, then occupied by the Earl of Pembroke, who possessed a superior

force of men. Bruce's force was cut to pieces in the ensuing engagement, and he himself barely escaped. He was now without any sustenance or shelter, and winter was fast approaching. He resolved to push for the western coast and the adjoining islands, and there, among those hardy highlanders who had not as yet felt the first wave of English advance, to pass the winter and obtain recruits. An instance of Bruce's military prowess presents itself here. While attempting to pass through the territories of John of Lorn, an old enemy of his family, he was attacked by three mountaineers. So skillfully did he defend himself, that he slew them all and escaped.

While hunting for food one day in the neighborhood of Loch Lomond he met the Earl of Lenox, one of his old associates, but now a wanderer like himself. It was he who assisted Bruce to Cantrie, the home of Angus, better known as the Lord of the Isles. Here Bruce found welcome and a refuge, but soon left, fearful of drawing down upon his host's head the wrath of England. He again sought safety in the island fastnesses. This time he reached Rachun, off the coast of Ireland, where he remained in safety until spring.

Meanwhile Edward's power was stamping out all hope of resistance in the Lowlands. Bruce's wife and daughter were consigned to an English prison and the Countess of Bucham, who had placed the royal crown upon his head at Scone, nearly a year before, was immured in the Castle of Berwick. His friends and relatives everywhere were executed or degraded, and he himself was excommunicated and a price put upon his head. Truly his cause seemed a desperate one. But here, as in former cases, fortune came when least expected. The darkest hour of the night is that which precedes the dawn.

With spring came hope, and Bruce's fortune changed, this time for the better. He reached the mainland and joined Douglas and a few other brave spirits. They, together, set about organizing the Scottish forces against the invaders. He was successful. But the enemy were still vigilant, and more than ever were the Scottish forces compelled to disperse, only

to reunite and strike some blow where it was least expected. By his victories, however, Bruce gradually gained the confidence and support of Edward's lukewarm Scottish adherents and consequently grew bolder. By this time Edward began to feel chagrined that a handful of ragged partisans should set at naught his trained troops, but death removed him just as he was about to take the field in person. The direction of the war was left to his son, Edward.

For four years Edward did nothing, while Bruce was slowly gaining ground everywhere. But finally even his slothful spirit was roused to action, and the 23rd of June, 1314, witnessed the opposing forces of England and Scotland drawn up in battle array on the field of Bannockburn. This was the climax of Bruce's career. The conflict, as it is well known, was favorable to Scotland.

The remaining work was that of organization and amalgamation. The scattered clans and tribes had to be united under one leader, so that by no petty jealousies could such a state of affairs occur again. The spirit of Bruce, firm and steadfast when the outlook was blank and cheerless, proved unconquerable once more, and there was shown what a handful of men, animated by a stern spirit of patriotism, could do in spite of overwhelming resistance. The moral effect on his country was tremendous, and showed how one decisive victory can do more to sustain the spirit of independence than twenty defeats can do to suppress it. Scottish independence was henceforth a brilliant reality, until several hundred years later the accession of James to the English throne peacefully united the two kingdoms.

—*F. E. Joralemon, '08.*

## From Horace

---

BOOK I., ODE XXXVIII.

I HATE the Persian splendor, friend,  
Twined garlands 'mid the linden flower.  
Thy quest so long continued end,  
Nor seek for the late rose's bower.  
For more than myrtle cast no look;  
It is enough, my slave, for thee,  
And 'neath some vine's sequestered nook,  
Inhaling it, sufficeth me.

—*L. P. S.*, '06.

---

BOOK III., ODE XIII.

FOUNT of Bandusia, clearer than crystal,  
Worthy sweet wine and the fairest of flowers,  
Thou shalt be given a kid on the morrow,  
Tender, whose brow with first horns is protruding,  
Vainly foretokening love and sharp combats:  
Soon shall this kid, of the wanton herd offspring,  
Tinge thy cool waters with blood of bright scarlet.  
Sultry Cannicula's hot, raging season  
Cannot come nigh unto thee, who doth furnish  
Coolness refreshing to wandering herds and  
Oxen all toil-worn from dragging the ploughshare.  
Famous thou also shalt be among fountains,  
I and the muse will e'er render thee famous —  
Thee and thy oak standing over the rocks, whence  
Laughing and prattling thy waters leap downward.

—*M. A. D.*, '06.

## An Old Dodge, or the Wisdom of Solomon

---

**I**T WAS the last scene of the greatest trial that the Lower World had ever known and the courts of Hades were packed to overflowing. Now was to be decided, legally and with a satisfying precision and finality, the mightiest and most perplexing question which has ever fretted man on either side of the Styx. Who did them? Was it Shakespeare, or then again, was it Mr. Bacon? The two claimants stood before the judgment seat, the big pile of plays looming up between them. And the last witness, Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, had retired from the stand, a volume of his Cryptogram tucked affectionately under each arm, and a smile of smug complacency adorning his face. He was nodding a knowing assurance to the dubious Bacon.

Now the scattered murmurings and whisperings were hushed in the big hall and a portentous silence fell on the vast assemblage as every eye was turned toward the judge, the greatest of all ages, who had been called upon to make the decision. It was Solomon. Now he rose and gazed at the plays before him, and still he did not speak.

"Humph," whispered Blackstone from his seat in the gallery. "The old gent's up a stump. What?"

"Yes, all fussed," assented Judge Jeffries in a hoarse whisper. "You see he counted on Sherlock Holmes to help him out, but Dr. Doyle snaked him back across the Styx and the gent's stumped for fare-thee-well."

"In all his glory," said Blackstone sarcastically.

"In all his glory," assented Mrs. Siddons, who sat beside them, musing tragically. "Look at them now."

And the great Solomon *was* perplexed. His mind was befuddled by all the inane testimony he had heard, and for a long time he merely groped blindly through his past records to find something to help him crack this nut. And then his face lightened. The clew — he had found it. In his grop-

ings he had bethought himself of an old dodge of his that had once made a rather sensational hit. It might do again; now his face was all animation.

The shades craned their necks to catch the pearls of wisdom as he gave signs of preparing to let them fall. "We find," was his dictum, "that the rights of these men would seem to balance equally, and so to each shall go an equal share of these works." His magisterial voice was becoming thunderous. "Summon the executioner. Let the plays be cut."

And then as the murmurings in the hall rose to a deafening clamor the crowd parted and Augustin Daly appeared, armed with shears and blue pencil. At this awful sight one of the two men fell at the feet of the judge. "Oh God, not that," he moaned. "Anything else. Give him the plays; all of them. But not that—Oh God, not that!"

And Solomon chuckled. "Why teach an old dog new tricks?" he thought. And he winked at the Queen of Sheba across the hall.

—A. H. Woolcott, '09.

## CRITICUS

---

ONE evening toward the close of a term, as Criticus was thoughtfully blowing rings of tobacco smoke, a knock sounded and there entered a Freshman to whom Criticus occasionally played the rôle of guide, counsellor and friend.

"I flunked the exam. today — flunked it cold," said the Freshman in a trembling voice, as he paced nervously up and down. "This is my first one, too, and I am sure to flunk the rest if another wave of that paralyzing imbecility of this morning strikes me at each exam. I couldn't concentrate my mind on anything. I felt as though some one had knocked me on the head."

Criticus listened with sympathetic interest. The Freshman was a high-strung specimen of adolescence who, Criticus had heard indirectly, had been doing excellent class-room work. He looked pale and haggard.

Criticus volunteered some conventional advice and the Freshman departed. A little while elapsed and the Hill saw the Freshman's face no more, for his fears of "flunking out" had been realized, and he had vanished from our ken uttering, at least in spirit, the famous wail which closes the *Prometheus Vincit*.

It was a sore puzzle to Criticus, until one day the truth came to him. The Freshman had mentally overtrained — a rare occurrence in this outdoor era. Long before examinations he had begun to study desperately, sleeping but four hours out of the twenty-four. "Exam. week" found him with tattered nerves and total inability for close application. He had overtrained in the same manner as the football player who becomes weak and lethargic.

A cold smile plays about the reader's mouth.

"A rare instance," Criticus seems to hear him say. "Yes, somewhat rare," Criticus acknowledges.

## EDITORIAL

---

**T**O THE list of prize essays another name is added this year, the "William H. Baldwin Prize," to be given to the author of the best essay on a subject connected with municipal government.

The subject is "Franchise Grants to Gas and Electric Light Companies," of which the following subdivisions are to be made:

1. The relative powers of state and municipal authorities in the granting of gas and electric light franchises and in determining the conditions of such grants.
2. The terms of franchise grants to gas and electric light companies with special reference to conditions existing in a large American city.
3. Efficiency and cost of service to the consumer.
4. The reserve power of the state and municipal authorities over the efficiency and cost of service to the consumer.

The essay is not to exceed 10,000 words and must be mailed or delivered to an express company not later than March 15th, 1906.

The competition is open to students registered in a regular course in any college or university of the United States which offers distinct instruction in municipal government. As the field is large the honor will be correspondingly great, and aside from the value of the prize, \$100, this should be an additional incentive to work. Some of the glory, moreover, will belong to the institution which produces the successful candidate.

When opportunities of this kind come it is the general plea that there is enough work to do in college without going outside for it, but it must be remembered that this view if carried to the extreme makes a college too egotistical, too much wrapped up in itself. It is a very pleasant existence here on the Hill, but there are certain duties to the outside world

which should not be shirked. Athletics is not the only avenue through which our fame may travel. There may even be some men in the world to whom the winning of such a prize as this by a student of Hamilton College means more than the most successful season of football.

---

THE schedule of the Musical Clubs for this year seems to us a start in the right direction. The several cities booked are of some size and importance, and offer good fields for advertising.

Although the musical organizations in their efforts to entertain have always had the support and good will of the College, yet there has been a more or less positively expressed opinion that they were "wasting their sweetness" in confining attention to towns of indifferent size. Not that appreciations or lack of it, would be less likely to be met with in smaller than larger towns: but because, considered relative to the advancement of college interest, musical clubs fail or succeed in terms of good or bad advertising. Therefore in securing important engagements for the clubs, the present manager has introduced a policy which, if successful, should command the adherence of future managers.

Of course, this departure will involve the expenditure of much money; but it is, in a sense, a big investment, and like all such, if successful, will yield good profits. Too, it means added responsibility and effort on the part of the clubs. For while a village audience may exercise a discriminating taste in music, still it lacks the relative scale or standard which obtains in places annually visited by more pretentious organizations.

We welcome this change and congratulate manager and clubs. But if the clubs make good, why limit their appearance to three cities? If other college clubs find it to their advantage and convenience to take holiday trips, why not have an Easter trip? The vacation is long enough to permit of such a trip, and it would surely be welcomed by the fellows, who have worked hard in preparation.

WE WISH to call attention to the article entitled "The Magnanimity of Captain John Hudson." The writer was fortunate in obtaining first-hand from the descendant of Hudson the information sought for during an entire century. The land on Juniata Creek actually exists and awaits the clearing up of claims. The account was reluctantly told by Jemison, and in publishing the true story as accurately as it could be written from notes taken directly from Jemison's lips, we disclose facts of ultimate value to those who may see the account and are interested in this large fertile tract of Pennsylvania land.

---

FEBRUARY 21st has been named as the date for the debate between the College of the City of New York and Hamilton. The proposition as submitted by New York is: "That life insurance companies should be under federal regulation and control." Hamilton has chosen to uphold the negative. The team is made up of Drummond, Purdy and McLean; and these three will choose an alternate immediately after the interclass debate the last week in this month. Last year Hamilton sent a team to New York, which was defeated by the City College. We upheld the affirmative of the proposition that United States senators should be elected by direct vote of the people. The Hamilton team this year was unanimous in their choice of the negative of the insurance question, and are working hard to wipe out the defeat of last winter. The debate will take place in the Chapel.

## AMONG THE LIT'S

—With January 9th the *Madisonensis* commences as a weekly.

—The *Touchstone* from Lafayette College also appears in a Christmas cover as well as increased bulk and excellence. The essay, "Optimism," is well worth reading.

### A FLUENT ANSWER.

"What is meant by the expression, 'music of the spheres?'"

"The clinking of the high-balls."

—The *Vassar Miscellany* does not show the wealth of fiction and verse of the *Williams Lit.*, though the quality of both is good. Its best article seems to be the essay, "The Historical Background of the Modern Celtic Movement."

—The December *Sequoia* of Stanford is a fiction number and is excellent. The stories are all good and some more than good. The first, "Stranger than Death," is an exceptional story for a college Lit. The verse, too, is above the average even of the *Sequoia*. Several illustrations also improve the appearance of the magazine.

—The *Brunonian's* Christmas cover is very attractive, and its contents are no less so. All readers may not agree with the writer of "The Achievement of Maurice Hewlett" as to the greatness of that author, but few can find fault with the essay itself. The stories in this *Lit.* are good and the department, "Brown Study," is especially interesting.

—The Christmas *Williams Lit.* is thoroughly good. The stories are all well told and interesting. "The Mercy of God," as a Christmas story, deserves particular mention. The essay, "The Laureate of the Gentle Heart," on Austin Dobson is well written. The verse in the *Williams Lit.* is up to the standard set by the rest of the magazine. It is abundant and good. There is an excellent dramatic poem, "Until He Cometh," of the twelfth century. "Sanctum" and "Chat" are always interesting departments of this magazine.

### A SURE THING.

My father used to say to me,  
"If you wish a thing well done  
You must do it yourself. for you can't," said he,  
"Depend on any one,"  
But I have a rule that works real well,  
For it counts not when, nor where,  
If I wish a thing well done, I tell  
The waiter to bring it rare."—*Stanford Sequoia*

## BOOK REVIEWS

---

**DUMAS. EXCURSIONS SUR LES BORDS DU RHIN.** Edited by Theodore Henckels, Professor of Modern Languages in Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont. Cloth, 12mo, 176 pages. Price, 40 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

The introduction to this French text consists of a short, yet adequate appreciation of Dumas as a writer. In these legends he shows his great powers as a story teller; he sketches as he goes, is reminiscent, historic, always entertaining. The stories themselves are as old as the Rhine, but in his telling they gain added charm. The volume offers excellent material for students who are commencing to read connected French. There are no notes, all necessary assistance being given in the vocabulary, which is detailed and exhaustive.

**JORDAN'S ELEMENTARY LATIN WRITING.** By Clara B. Jordan, Head of the department of Latin, Hughes High School, Cincinnati. Cloth, 12mo, 270 pages. Price, \$1.00. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

Jordan's Elementary Latin Writing is planned for the second, third, and fourth years' work in secondary schools. It therefore assumes that the pupil has studied Latin one year and is ready to make use of the regular forms of the Latin language. The book aims to teach the student to write good Latin Prose. To this end it pays attention to style rather than form. Great emphasis is laid on the necessity of the student's grasping the feeling of an author's expression and imitating his style without copying his exact words. The volume presents the important rules of syntax and a series of 100 graded English exercises to be rendered into Latin. These passages are both interesting and useful. The first part of the book contains a brief summary of the general rules of syntax, arranged by topics in the order of their presentation in Latin Grammars. The second part is devoted entirely to general exercises, which furnish more advanced and connected work than that previously encountered. Latin quotations, presenting in order nouns, verbs, adjectives, adverbs, pronouns, and numerals, have been introduced for the purpose of providing systematic and mechanical drill in forms. An English-Latin vocabulary completes the book: it is very full and contains not only words, but also important phrases, with reference to the articles of syntax.

**FLORES DE ESPANA.** Edited by C. Fontaine, B. ès L., L. en D., Chairman Romance Language Department, High School of Commerce, New York. Cloth, 12mo, 151 pages. Price, 45 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

These nine stories are by four of the leading Spanish writers, Antonio

de Trueba, Juan Valera, G. Martinez Sierra, and Emilia Pardo Bazan. They are easy and have been carefully graded. They have been selected with great care in order to avoid anything that might offend in any way the sense of propriety or religious sentiments of anyone. By the reading of these stories, by several different authors, the pupil will be enabled to acquire a large vocabulary, and the frequent change in style and subject matter will keep his interest awake. The book is supplied with notes and a vocabulary.

**ESSENTIALS IN MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN HISTORY.** By Samuel Banister Harding, Ph. D., Professor of European History, Indiana University, 8vo, half leather, 655 pages, with maps and illustrations. Price, \$1.50. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

This work, published in the Essentials in History series, edited by Professor Hart of Harvard University, begins with a survey of the World from the fall of the Western Empire to the year 800. From the latter date there is given an account of the development of the various important countries which have influenced the progress of civilization. Although most of the space is devoted to European nations, yet various others, as the United States and Japan, are dealt with as occasion demands. The book includes such recent happenings as the separation of Norway from Sweden, and the terms of peace between Japan and Russia. The author emphasizes the fact that mediæval civilization includes some of the great principles of ancient government, especially the tenacious concept of a world empire. At the very outset Professor Harding attacks and solves what are, for young people, the three most difficult problems in mediæval history—the feudal state, the church, and the rivalry between the empire and the church. Each chapter ends with a brief summary, presenting a succinct statement of the whole ground covered by the chapter, which may be used to excellent advantage in reviewing. Furthermore, at intervals through the book there are inserted, with marginal headings, quotations from the original sources and other eminent works. The maps and illustrations are particularly noteworthy. Not only are they numerous, but they have been prepared and collected with unusual care.

## COLLEGE VERSE

---

### THE END OF THE DAY.

Sitting with folded hands,  
With weary eyes and dim,  
She sees the glow on the western sands,  
The sun on the ocean's rim ;  
And her heart turns back to the nights  
Of song and roses and love,  
When life was sweet in the diamond-lights  
Of myriad stars above.

She hears the wind in the trees,  
The Summer rain on the grass,  
The prattle of children about her knees.  
Soft shadows come and pass  
And cluster around her chair,  
And fairy fingers blow  
Kisses sweet as April air  
From lips of long ago.

Sorrow and pain are past ;  
Passion and longing are dead ;  
Evening shadows are falling fast  
About her drooping head,  
Sitting with folded hands,  
With weary eyes and dim,  
She sees the glow on the western sands,  
The sun on the ocean's rim.

— *Charles W. Kennedy in Nassua Lit.*

---

### MY STAR.

Star of the west, my evening star,  
Shine through the dark to me !  
O glorify the twilight gloom,  
My inspiration be !

Star of the night, my guiding star,  
Be thou my lodestar true !  
O draw my soul to thy fair height,  
My hope and aims renew !

Star of the west, O lodestar mine,  
My inspiration thou!  
Thou dost my darkness pierce with light,  
Dost shine in glory now.

— *The Sibyl.*

---

ON GUIDO'S BEATRICE CENCI.

A sad, sad beauty has the moonlit sea,  
Which 'neath her dimpled bosom hides the scars  
Of many a lashing tempest, while the stars  
Seek still to solve her ancient mystery.  
And such thy beauty, maiden, for to me  
Those anguish-laden eyes tell of hot wars  
'Twixt soul and sense behind the prison bars  
Which guilt uprears and guards relentlessly.  
Why must I strive in vain to pierce the gloom  
That shrouds in sable folds thy fair, pale face?  
Can love not soothe thine isolated doom?  
Can sympathy not touch that lonely place?  
Yet now, Oh, God! those clear pain-frozen eyes  
Chill the warm glow within me and love dies.

— *Williams Lit*

## HILL NOTES

---

—The Junior Prom. will be held February 15th. The committee composed of E. M. Clark, chairman, Bagg, Gilbert, Dudley, B Meeker, Dunham and Schwartz, are making ample preparations for a successful week.

—January 12th saw the reorganization of the Junior Whist Club. The Psi U's were the first hosts. It was a noticeable fact that the whist was exclusively played. The club will meet every two weeks. For this year the officers are: President, Massee; vice-president, Ham; secretary, Trippe; treasurer, Bagg; scorer, Scoon.

—Two bequests have lately come into the possession of the College. One is that of the late Nicholas F. Vedder, of Utica, and amounts to eight thousand five hundred dollars. The other is that of the late Francis A. Palmer, of New York, the amount being five thousand dollars. The will of Mr. Palmer is being contested, so at the present time it is not known when the amount will be handed over to the College.

—The Musical Clubs are proving to be better than at first promised to be. Under the able leadership of Purdy, '06, both are getting into excellent shape. January 24th occurs the Clinton concert. February 1st the clubs are in Auburn, the 2nd in Elmira, they will be entertained by the Phi Mu Sorority of Elmira College. The 3rd they appear in Binghamton. February 14th occurs the 1st concert. March 7th the clubs will furnish music for the Gym. at the Majestic Theatre, Utica.

—One by one the necessities of the College are being supplied. During the Christmas vacation, carpenters and electricians were engaged in equipping the Y. M. C. A. building with electric lights. What an improvement over the smoky oil lamps! In the vestibule is a strong light. The reading room is now amply lighted in an artistic manner. The Cabinet room is no longer in semi-darkness and now perhaps chess players will take enough interest in the game to form a club. There is a cheery place in which to spend the evening at chess. The parlor has been likewise furnished with suitable lights. Never again will a meeting of the Association be interrupted by the necessity of a man standing on a chair and painfully reaching around to light the fabled oil lamps. The second story has been wired, and when furnished with electric lights will be a large assembly hall which will be a fitting place for the regular use of the Association, then the fellow

forsake the cramped quarters below and enjoy an elegant room for all services. It is a fact that this large room should be used. Years ago it was furnished by Mr. Silliman. The different crowds, it is said, borrowed the furniture for special occasions, returning the articles borrowed when they happened to feel disposed. At last the room became entirely void of furniture, and in that condition it remains today. There was a time when this room was not needed. Today there are conflicts of meetings. Two classes cannot meet at the same time in the building for a prayer meeting. The Advisory Board must precede a meeting of a class. There is no place for the mission classes. If the alumni would kindly share a portion of the money they devote to charity to the College Association work, a new piano could be purchased for the room upstairs, and on the whole the work here would progress finely. In the success of the new project of systematic giving depends the success of the work of this reorganized important factor of our College activity.

## ALUMNIANA

*(Send Alumni and Necrology notes to William H. Squires, '88.)*

---

—Rev. Carl H. Dudley, '92, has removed from Port Allegheny, Pa., to Tower City, Dakota.

—Rev. George W. Luther, '83, has accepted the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Frederick, O. T.

—Wilfred Earl Yonker, '03, has opened a law office in the Commercial Cable Building, 20 Broad Street, New York City.

—Rev. Fenton C. Jones, '92, has resigned his pastorate at Ulster, Pa., and has accepted another at Platte, South Dakota.

—Hon. N. P. Willis, '92, has been appointed referee in the proceedings to foreclose the bonds of the O. C. & R. S. Railway Company.

—Principal W. H. Benedict, '75, Elmira, N. Y., was re-elected Secretary and Treasurer of the New York State Principals' Association at their annual meeting in December, in Syracuse.

—The annual Thanksgiving sermon before the three congregations of the town of Wyoming, N. Y., was preached by the Rev. Frank G. Weeks, '79, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of that place.

—Rev. Walter Mitchell, '88, has again lost his health and has been obliged to give up preaching for a year. Mr. Mitchell is in southern California and is a neighbor of Rev. Warren D. More, '88, who has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Santa Barbara for the last six years.

—Prof. Arthur S. Hoyt, D. D., '72, has just published a book through the Macmillan Company on "The Work of Preaching". It is a present-day discussion of the subject, and its materials are drawn from modern sources and the best recent literature of homiletics. The references to the latter will be found an interesting and valuable feature of the work for students.

—Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Hudson, '51, lately gave before the Historical Society of Auburn, personal reminiscences of his life while chaplain of the Seventy-fifth New York volunteers during the Civil War. The speaker gave a graphic account of happenings that could be appreciated only by those who have seen war and its horrors, as well as the sunnier side of the strife of the North against the South.

—Rev. E. A. McMaster, '86, who since his graduation from Auburn Seminary in 1889, has held the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Baldwinsville, N. Y., has recently entered upon a new field of work

as pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Among Mr. McMaster's predecessors in the Saratoga pastorate were Rev. Professor W. R. Terrett, D.D., and Rev. James Eells, D.D., '87.

—The latest number of the *Educational Review* contains some interesting statistics in an article, "Distribution of Distinction," based on "Who's Who." In this Hall of Fame 54 Hamilton graduates are found. Hamilton's corrected index of distinction is exactly 5.00, Harvard's is 8.00, Yale's 7.21, Princeton's 4.99, Union's 4.42, Syracuse's 1.41. One in 41 of all college graduates reaches the "Who's Who" eminence. 39 per cent. of the whole number mentioned in "Who's Who" are college graduates and 39.3 per cent. of these graduates are Phi Beta Kappa men. 15.7 per cent. of college classes are elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

—The Hamilton College Alumni's thirty-eighth annual reunion of the New York Association was held at the Hotel Astor, Broadway and Forty-fourth street, on Thursday, January 18, 1906, at 6:30 p. m. Rev. M. W. Stryker, D.D., '72; Hon. Elihu Root, '64; Hon. Andrew Carnegie, Judge Alfred C. Coxe, '68; Prof. Albert L. Blair, '72; Col. Wm. M. Griffith, '80; and Prof. Frederick M. Davenport, of the College, were present and spoke. The officers for 1906 are: President, Prof. Francis Marion Burdick, '69; vice-presidents, Rev. George William Knox, D.D., '74, Rev. Anthony Harrison Evans, D.D., '82, Reuben Leslie Maynard, Esq., '84; corresponding secretary, A. Norton Brockway, M.D., '57; recording secretary, Charles Buckingham Cole, Esq., '87; treasurer, James Sanford Greves, Esq., '61; executive committee, Walter Barnard Winchell, M.D., '80, Warren Higley, Esq., '62, Hamilton Bullock Tompkins, Esq., '65, Norman James Marsh, Esq., '85, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Esq., '91, Chauncey Shaffer Truax, Esq., '75, John Newton Beach, Esq., '62, Robert Goodenow Kelsey, Esq., '98, Henry Harper Benedict, Esq., '69, Samuel Franklin Engs, '83, Edwin Estey Stowell, Esq., '01.

—Rev. John Bradshaw, Ph.D., '86, whose name has stood for some time in our College Directory without address, is pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, of Plymouth, Pa. In response to a letter of inquiry as to his whereabouts, he devolves the responsibility for his temporary eclipse upon other shoulders, saying: "No trouble to find me. I am here in Plymouth, a city of 15,000 inhabitants, just across from Wilkes-Barre. From one of the streets of my charge here, or, from most of them, I can see the other three charges that I have served since I saw you (i. e., since 1886). It is only three miles each to two of them, and the other but a little farther. I am known for a hundred miles around." Students of twenty years ago will remember Dr. Bradshaw as a man already past the average college age, who entered the

class of '86 during the Junior year. Although he was married and had the care of a parish, he set out to complete his college course and succeeded in his ambition. His work during the succeeding years has not been referred to in our College chronicles, but it has been done in one of the great centers of the mining industry, where good work counts, and it has been steady and constant. It is something for a pastor to be "known for a hundred miles around."

— "The Redemption of David Corson" by Dr. Charles F. Goss, '73, is now running at the Majestic Theater, New York, where it has been well received. The New York *Herald* speaks of the first presentation as follows: In "The Redemption of David Corson," a dramatization by Lottie Blair Parker of Rev. Charles Frederic Goss's novel, a cultivated audience which filled the Majestic Theater at its first performance was entertained with a stirring melodrama which contained all the elements generally regarded as necessary in such productions. The story, made familiar by the book, is really a strong sermon to persons as earnest as the Quakers, among whom Corson begins his life, and presents in clear, concise situations the wrecks of passion and the saving grace of an abiding faith. The general opinion expressed was that the play will be a success. Beginning in a country village in Ohio, with David Corson a religious enthusiast, the scene shifts rapidly to Cincinnati, the metropolis of the West, to a gambling house in New Orleans, and back to the simple rural district with which the play opens. From the Quaker meeting-house in which David preaches, firm in the word of God, to the gambling den in which he repulses the woman for whom he had cast off all decency, the drama abounds in strong contrasts. Miss Parker has adhered closely to the story as told in the novel, which contains material for an excellent play, of which she has availed herself unsparingly.

—During holiday week, this year, Syracuse was more than ever the centre for all educational interests of the State. For the first time the State Teachers' Association held its meetings in connection with the Association of Academic Principals. Hamilton College was well represented at Syracuse by her graduates and faculty. Dr. E. W. Lytle '78, of the State Department of Education, presided at the meeting of the History Section of the State Teachers' Association. Prof. Geo. P. Bristol, '76, of Cornell University, by whose efforts a Classical Teachers' Association has been formed in New York State, presided over the first meeting—and a very successful meeting—of that body on Thursday, Dec. 28th, and on Friday he addressed the meeting of Grammar School Principals on the "Mutual Interest of New York State Teachers." Prof. A. D. Morrill, before the State Science Teachers' Association summarized the progress made in biology during the last decade. On

Thursday evening, Hamilton men to the number of fifty-five dined together at the Vanderbilt Hotel. S. D. Arms, '83, of the Regents' office, Albany, presided, and President Stryker and Geo. E. Dunham, '79, were guests of honor and responded to a call for a speech. Other speakers were Rev. Dr. Arthur S. Hoyt, '72, of Auburn Theological Seminary, Associate Superintendent E. L. Stevens, '90, of the Greater New York school system, Supt. Jas. Winne, '77, of Canandaigua, W. F. Canough, Esq., '93, Rev. Alex. Wouters, '93, Chas. H. Warfield, '89, and Clement W. Blodgett, superintendent of the Syracuse schools, whose son is a Freshman at Hamilton. The Syracuse Association chose as its president for the coming year Principal E. R. Whitney, '89, of Binghamton, and combined in his office of Secretary and Treasurer Clarence L. Hewitt, '92, by whose good management these holiday reunions of Hamilton men have been rendered signally successful.

— Frank B. Gilbert, Esq., '89, has been appointed by Commissioner Draper to the position of Law Librarian in Albany. Mr. Gilbert was admitted to practice law in Stamford, Delaware county, in 1891, where he continued in practice for three years. In 1894 he formed a law partnership with Robert C. Cumming and opened offices at 51 State street, Albany, under the firm name of Cumming & Gilbert. The new firm was almost immediately engaged as assistants by the Statutory Revision Commission, and were continuously engaged in this work till 1901. During this time all of the statutes of the State were rewritten and incorporated into 50 chapters of general laws, and the Codes of Civil and Criminal Procedure and the Penal Code were revised. While employed on all of this work Mr. Gilbert's special field was the rewriting, under the supervision of Commissioner Lincoln, of the Code of Civil Procedure. In 1901 Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Cumming were appointed by the Speaker of the House and the President pro tem, of the Senate to act as attorneys to aid in the preparation of bills for introduction into the Legislature, and have so continued until the present time. It was their duty in this position to prepare de novo all bills suggested by the members of the Legislature; to examine and revise bills already prepared, and to pass upon the constitutionality of proposed bills. As an instance of the work in hand, 650 bills were so prepared by Messrs. Cumming & Gilbert during the session of 1905 alone. As a writer on law topics Mr. Gilbert has occupied a very high position in the legal fraternity. The firm of Cumming & Gilbert published the following works: 1894, "The Constitution of the State of New York"; 1895, "The Religious and Membership Corporation Laws of the State of New York," "Excise and Hotel Laws of the State of New York"; 1896, "The New York Annotated Tax Laws of the State of New York," "The Poor, Insanity and State Charities Laws of the

State of New York"; 1897, "The Village Laws of the State of New York," "The Lien Laws of the State of New York"; 1899, "The Insurance Laws of the State of New York"; 1900, "The Court Rules of the State of New York"; 1901, "The General Laws and Other General Statutes of New York." Mr. Gilbert, with the collaboration of the late James W. Eaton, has published the following works: 1902, "Bankruptcy"; 1903, "A Treatise on Commercial Paper," and "The Negotiable Instruments Law." Mr. Gilbert alone has published the following works: 1898, "Town and County Officers' Manual"; 1898, "Domestic Relations in New York"; 1903, 1904, "Street Railway Reports," Vols. 1 and 2; 1904, "American Electrical Cases," Vol. 8; 1904, "Divorce and Dower"; 1905, "Collier on the Law and Practice in Bankruptcy"; "Annotated Code of Civil Procedure." In the fall of 1905 Mr. Gilbert was appointed to a lectureship at the Albany Law School, a position which he now holds. He entered upon his duties as Law Librarian January 1, 1906.

— *The Literary Digest* of January 20 gives an extended notice of the new book by Prof. Arthur S. Hoyt, '72: Laymen as well as preachers have an intimate concern in what is regarded professionally as the ideal of preaching. Some interest therefore attaches to the definition of that form of public address made by Dr. Arthur S. Hoyt, of the Auburn Theological Seminary, in his recent book, "The Work of Preaching." The layman is perhaps already conscious of the truth of the statement made by the writer that "the sermon has sometimes lost its grip upon men by its aloofness of thought, its ignorance of what was really going on in the hearts of men, and its unreality of style, not using the best speech of daily life." Professor Hoyt believes that preaching to be best which is affected by its environment, "feeling the thought and style of the age and wisely adapting itself to the varying tastes of men." In the following passage he calls attention to two marked tendencies in the modern sermon:

"Our age has no definite form of the sermon, it has no definite conception of public speech. The age of the telephone is impatient of the sounding phrase. The scientific spirit is suspicious of the name of eloquence. There is more individuality in preaching and less imitation of definite and commanding masters, and the desire to see things as they are and to present them in a way to win the attention of an absorbed or indifferent generation has led to the two marked tendencies in present-day preaching, viz.: the realistic interpretation of scripture and the realistic portrayal of life."

Preaching is the highest art, says the writer, but the artistic conception of the sermon is fatal. Upon this point the writer enlarges:

"The sermon is not a work of art. Phillips Brooks says that Phidias among a savage people might still go on carving his Minervas, but not

so the preacher. He is bound to minister in lowliness of spirit, to make taste serve the needs of men. The sermon is not to be something but to do something. It is simply a tool, and when it becomes an idol, it is high time for the image breaker to come. The story is told of Da Vinci that when he had finished the painting of the Last Supper, he asked a friend to come and see it. As the painter withdrew the cloth, the friend exclaimed, 'How wonderful the cup in the hand of Christ!' Da Vinci impulsively drew his brush across the cup, passionately saying, 'Nothing shall hide the face of the Christ!' We should deal with the sermon in this spirit. The sermon is the best which does the best work. We get in the way of admiring the sermon for itself. We form certain laws, we have certain examples, and we try to make the sermon conform to them. And we are tempted to judge preaching by this ideal. But laws, ideals, are only for use. The must always be kept servants. And the man and the message and the souls of his hearers, these must be kept supreme. Some form unknown to the schools may reach men where the most approved model may fail."

In the method of his sermon the preacher has chiefly to remember, according to Professor Hoyt, that he is a man speaking to men. It cannot, therefore, be "rapt monologue, nor profound discussion, nor literary grace, nor literary grace, nor impassioned eloquence—it is simply a man speaking what he himself has found of spiritual truth to other men, in a way to interest and instruct and persuade." Further:

"Christ perfected the oral method and the sermon is bound to follow it. The method of teaching inheres in the method of revelation. It is not the book, or essay, or lecture, or oration. It is speaking simply or directly to men. The preacher has two things to do—listen and speak—make his nature open to God and vocal to men. Nothing should interfere with the expression of his whole truth and his whole personality, to use the strong figure of Mr. Beecher, 'to throw himself upon men.' Preaching is speaking and nothing else."

---

## Necrology

---

### CLASS OF 1848.

CHARLES B. CURTIS, who died December, 1905, was born in Penn Yan, N. Y., on Sept. 24, 1827, and was the son of Samuel Fosdick and Amelia (Boyd) Curtis. He was a member of the class of 1848 at Hamilton College, and subsequently received the degree of A.M., from there. He practiced law for a time in Chicago, and later went to the front as captain in the 57th New York Volunteers, during the Civil

War. After the war he settled in New York City and interested himself chiefly in art and genealogy. He published a catalogue Raisonné of the Works of Velasquez and Meurillo in 1883 which is the standard work on that subject. He married Miss Isabel Douglass in 1876.

#### CLASS OF 1851.

WILLIAM N. CLEVELAND was born at Windham, Conn., April 7, 1832. He received his education at Hamilton College, and then entered Union Theological Seminary in New York. His first pastorate was at Southampton, Long Island, where he served four years. Then he became principal and proprietor of a classical school in Brooklyn and acted as such several years. After that he went to Eaton, Madison county, and was pastor of the Congregational Church there for eight years. Then he became missionary pastor of the Presbyterian churches of Forestport, Alder Creek and White Lake, serving for ten years. December, 1889, he removed to Chaumont, N. Y., where he was pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and where his ministerial career was closed. Mr. Cleveland died January 15th, 1906. In politics Mr. Cleveland was a Democrat. January 2, 1860, he married Mrs. Annie M. Thomas, who died February, 1897, at Chaumont. He has one son, William N., and one adopted son, Charles M., both of Cleveland, O. He leaves a sister, Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, who resides at Holland Patent, and one brother, ex-President Grover Cleveland, Princeton, N. J. Since the death of his wife Mr. Cleveland had resided with his sons at Toledo and Columbus, O., and a glimpse of his later life is afforded by an extract from a letter written by him in 1900 at Toledo to the secretary of his class in Hamilton College. Referring to the death of his wife, he says: "Since that time my residence has been in this place, vacant from professional care and opportune to the pursuit of very much loved studies. Such, up to date, is the outline of your classmate's career, if so it may be called. If allowed to add a reflection in review of it, it would be one of mingled dissatisfaction and of gratitude—the first on account of conscious falling short of what might have been; the second in recollection of God's mercy and goodness, which I am sure has followed me all the days of my life. It would be a rank dereliction not to speak of progeny in this connection. I return therefore to say that I am father of two sons, young in middle-age, one of whom resides in Cleveland, O., the other in Columbus, O., both business men; also that I am grandfather to four girls in these families and one boy."

#### CLASS OF 1861.

JOSEPH H. DURKEE was born in Augusta, Oneida county, N. Y., on July 16, 1837, of sturdy parentage, of Scotch descent. He graduated from Hamilton College in 1861 with class honors. He practically mus—

tered into service a company that became a part of the One Hundred and Forty-sixth New York, which was so prominent in the war. He went into the war as first lieutenant and was promoted to captain. He was wounded at Chancellorville. Dr. Todd, a brother-in-law of Lincoln, amputated his arm. He served with distinction, bravery and honor during the entire war. He was an officer second in command at Lincoln's funeral, for which Congress voted him a medal. He moved to Florida in 1866 and was married in 1869 at Baltimore. He was for eight years United States Marshal for the Northern District of Florida; member State Senate for two terms from Duval county; Sheriff of Duval county for two terms; Master in Chancery for six years; was receiver of the J. T. & K. W. and other roads in Florida. For years he was president of the Seminole Club; president of the Cemetery Association Building and Insurance Company; was a director and vice-president of the National Bank of Jacksonville since its incorporation, was one of the most influential members of the Board of Trade; was high up in seniority in the National Legion of Honor. Major Durkee died Aug. 13, 1905. He leaves a widow and a son, Dr. Jay H. Durkee, '92, a sister and a brother. But few men have had a more eventful career than Major Durkee—a man possessed of magnetic force that governed men and a strength of character that held them. With a social nature that craved boon companionship, he was ever generous and charitable and tolerant, and his philosophies of life cheered many a sore and burdened heart that appealed to him. His charities were silent; the world about him never knew them, but the writer was in a position to know them. Many a struggling man and woman can bear testimony to his liberal great-heartedness; those striving for honest bread; those who had fallen into ill health, know how "Joe" Durkee loosened his purse strings. He was a factor in the evolutions of the reconstruction times. He was a Republican, it is true, but after the passions of those bitter days had passed away, it is enough to say that Major Durkee numbered among his most intimate and ardent friends the leading Southern men of the state.

## CLASS OF 1869.

Rev. Dr. LEWIS R. FOOTE was born in South New Berlin, Chenango county, N. Y., on March 29, 1844, and was, therefore, in his 61st year. When a little over 18 years old he enlisted for the Civil War, and served until September 18, 1862, when he was discharged on account of a gunshot wound received at the battle of Fair Oaks, in June, 1861. He was graduated from Hamilton College with the class of '69, and from Union Theological Seminary in 1872. He was ordained to the ministry by the Presbytery of New York on May 21, 1872, and became pastor of the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church in November of the following

year. In 1889 Hamilton College conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity. Dr. Foote and Mrs. Harriet Amanda Wilson were married on June 12, 1873. She survives him. There were no children. A nephew, Dr. Lewis N. Foote, '94, was for many years a member of the household. He is now a prominent young Brooklyn physician. Dr. Foote was much beloved by the people of the Throop Avenue Church, which remembered the occasion of his 30th anniversary in the pastorate with elaborate services nearly two years ago. The handsome new structure at the corner of Willoughby and Throop avenues was built some years ago, the frame structure used previous to its erection still standing alongside of it and used as the chapel and Sunday School rooms. Dr. Foote was a member of U. S. Grant Post, No. 327, Grand Army of the Republic. Dr. Foote died of typhoid fever Dec. 20, 1905.

---

## WILLIAMS & MORGAN,

— The Furniture Leaders —

HAVE THE GOODS YOU NEED  
IN YOUR ROOM. DON'T FAIL TO  
CALL ON US. WE CAN GIVE YOU  
WHAT YOU REQUIRE AT RIGHT  
PRICES.

31 Genesee St.,

Utica, N. Y.

NY 430 H

# Hamilton Literary Magazine



Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

February, 1906

# Suits and Overcoats

## FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN.

It's a great comfort to be correctly dressed. Some men think to dress well means a big outlay of cash, a custom tailor, etc. If you come to us we will fit you to clothes that harmonize with any surrounding—clothes that the average custom tailor can't duplicate. They are the Rogers, Peet & Co. and Hart, Schaffner & Marx makes—that's why. The Fall Fashions in Suits and Overcoats awaits your inspection. College men will find styles at this store designed expressly for them both in Clothing and Furnishings.

**The Guyer Hat  
is very popular  
with popular men**

## Wicks & Greenman, APPAREL SHOP.

56-57 Franklin Square,

Utica, N. Y.

## GET INTEREST

on your money by depositing it with the

## Citizens Trust Company,

Cor. Genesee and Bleecker Sts., Utica, N. Y.

A Dollar in the Pocket grows continually less. A Dollar in the  
"Citizens Trust" grows larger every day.

Jacob Hghe, President.

Elon G. Brown, First Vice-President.

William I. Taber, Second Vice-President.

Edward Bushinger, Secretary.

# ***The Hamilton Literary Magazine***

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1867

---

VOL. XL.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

No. 6.

---

## **A Broken Winter**

**W**HEN fast retreating Autumn makes a stand,  
And spurs again her hosts to deeds of heart,  
Allying to herself the Sun, whose dart,  
All glowing red by southern breezes fanned,  
Is sent against her foes from his bow hand —  
Then Winter from his stronghold must depart,  
Like ships blown out to sea without a chart;  
And Indian Summer fills anew the land.  
  
Alas, 'tis not the gaiety of Spring,  
Nor joy because our fields with grain are brave,  
The int'rest paid on heaven's loan, the rain,  
Nor pleasures which a new child's crowings bring.  
'Tis but a sweet, sad message from the grave;  
Then Winter, reenforced, comes back again.

— K. F. Adams, '08.

## Prohibition.

---

[Won first place at Syracuse State Conference, April last, and first place at Ocean Grove Interstate Conference, July 28th.]

**H**ISTORIC Sparta—an unwalled city and yet as impregnable as the eternal rocks. Athens taught the world art; Rome, law; Jerusalem, religion; but to Sparta it was given to teach the power of public sentiment, without which, art, law and religion would be but moments of atrophy.

It was the year 490 B. C. Spartan spirit touched its zenith. High national ideals begat lofty sentiment. Sparta was full of action. Her men were her wall of defense, for the air was pregnant with the spirit of Thermopylæ. Leonidas and his followers fought till they fell.

But roll forward a hundred brief years of her history. Philip of Macedon, with head flated with notions of world empire, moves upon Greece from the North. He meets no resistance. What ails the Greeks? Where now are your men of Thermopylæ? What is Sparta? Apathy personified. Not even the immortal Philipps of Demosthenes can break the lethargy that has settled upon Greece.

In this bit of history, the power of public sentiment thunders an awful argument. Few lessons of history are more potent; none certainly have a more immediate application to the temperance question. If prohibition is ever to be a settled issue, public sentiment must back it. It is as foolish to dilate on the evils of intemperance today as to dilate on the evils of small pox. Every sane man knows that intemperance is the greatest problem as it is the greatest curse of the nation. The simple question is, under the circumstances, since public sentiment and action are essential, is prohibition the right line of attack? and with impartial history we answer an emphatic "Yes."

Prohibition theory is unassailable. There cannot be presented a single tenable argument why society may not interfere with a traffic which in itself has no economic value, but which coins the misery of the people into dollars and cents.

But what of its methods? It is said these methods over-

look the growth of public sentiment; that they are crude, unscientific. Let us see. This is an age of the evolution theory; but by the popular mind the evolution theory perverted, the evolution theory run mad. We place a premium on enactment by the notion that all things must evolve slowly, must await their appointed time. 'Tis the creed of Islam. True, evolution is a great law of science, but variation is its greatest fact. So universal progress may widen gradually and continuously, but not so its contributory forces. They have seasons when they lash the confining banks to the bursting. Great problems have their ebb and flow, for their destinies center about the personalities of great men—the variations of history.

The all too current statement that we must sit by and wait for the gradual growth of sentiment, is a statement belied by every page of history. In the year 384 B. C. Marcius Manti-  
us, the champion of the Plebs, was by common consent hurled from the Tarquinian Rock. Scarcely fifteen years later saw the equalization of the two classes at Rome, a change surpassing the most optimistic dreams of Manti-  
us.

The devoted monk, Telemachus, cast himself into the arena between the struggling gladiators, and met a horrible death at the hands of an angered populace, but there fell the curtain over the last gladiatorial combat at Rome. Our own Lovejoy, hero of his convictions, refused to wink at the evils of slavery, and fell the victim of its criminal supporters. An eminent citizen of Boston, an advocate of gradual growth, said, "He died as the fool dieth;" but there stepped for the first time upon New England's platform Wendell Phillips, and thrilled the country with sentiments against slavery. These and countless others are the works of single men, to which evolution in its popular accepted sense, has no reply. We could not better answer such a statement than in the words of Patrick Henry, who himself warned the procrastinating policy of Virginia into immediate action against the mother country. Said he, "They tell us, sir, we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when

shall we be stronger? Shall we get strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we get means of resistance by laying supinely on our backs hugging the illusive phantom of hope while the enemy binds us hands and feet?" Yes, we do not need intellectual development. We need moral training. We do need gradual growth. They are essential. But public sentiment is often like a supersaturated solution, needing only something tangible to crystalize it into a mighty force. The Prohibition party magnifies personality. It strives to make the abstract, concrete; the idea, incarnate. Its motto is "unity and leadership." Men may fight for the constitution, but the battle cry is "On! on! with Sheridan."

The Prohibition party aims to create sentiment and mold it into action not only through the leadership of personality, but also through concrete law. There is a golden mean in efficiency of law. True virtue must come from within, but evil often comes from without. We passed a compulsory education law. Society interfered with individual rights. It provoked an outburst of the individual spirit, but it accomplished results which, if accomplished by the slow methods of intellectual and moral training, would have taken a century. The State after all is the physician of society, and the value of a policy of high moral tone incorporated into concrete form rests on psychological law. An Emerson may worship the oversoul in nature, but the people in all ages have clung to the tangible—idols, symbols, forms. The logician may follow the abstract; the people must have the concrete. Like God, like worshipper; like pastor, like people; like State, like citizen.

It is on this account that the Prohibition party opposes that opiate of the public conscience known as court license, and declares that while you can compromise with cotton and corn, you cannot compromise with moral principles. They are absolute and eternal. It says with Luther, "Rugged, but the only way." It teaches that although we must work in harmony with law, yet the hope of a nation, as of a man, rests in the motto "To-day." It iterates and reiterates in

the ear of chronic apathy and flabby scholarship, that the "life of a nation, as of an individual, is like a rolling ball—the weight always on the tangent point." This, the spirit of moral stamina and action, that has always given birth to the creative deeds of history. Its opposite made the sons of the heroes of Thermopylæ the servile subjects of Philip of Macedon.

All reforms have been unpopular until they got the prestige of power. Otis, who blew the first clear blast of the Revolution, was called a theorizer. Wendell Phillips, the simple friend of humanity, was called eccentric. Charles Sumner was hissed at upon the street as a dreamer and a fanatic, while in the Senate, with an undaunted hand, he held highest the flag of humanity and his country. The Constitution was called the work of visionaries. They are always called visionaries who hold that morality is stronger than a majority. To differ is grotesque and eccentric; to protest is preposterous; but just here common intelligence gathers the wisdom of the ages in a single sheaf and says, progress springs from the minority, and if it will hold fast will give it victory.

Victory comes in God's own time, but his armies never beat a retreat. Men are slow to adopt, quick to adapt. An emancipated posterity will marvel at our stupidity as they place early prohibitionists on the already lengthy honor roll of the pioneers of reform, and say with Lowell;

"Some loved truth and lavished life's best oil  
Among the dust of books to find her,  
Content at last for guerdon of their toil  
With the cast mantle she has left behind her.  
Some in sad faith sought for her,  
Some with crossed hands sighed for her,  
But these our heroes fought for her,  
So loved her that they died for her.  
Tasting the raptured fleetness of her divine completeness,  
Their higher instinct knew they loved her best  
Who to themselves are true,  
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do."

—*J. A. Melrose, '06.*

## The Precipice

### A Story of Bohemia

---

"PARDON, my good women," cried the Colonel, raising a protesting hand against the merry chatter with which he was beset, "before you go on, just what manner of person is this Nana, you're all talking about. I've been landed in the studio just one-half hour and I've heard nothing but Nana! Nana! Nana! Now—" But a chorus of exclamations interrupted him.

"Who is she? Our Nana? Oh, Colonel!"

"Positively, she's the most attractive—"

"The most fascinating—"

"The most original—"

The adjectives were pouring out with extravagant emphasis, when a man's voice chimed in laughingly, "She's Nana, Colonel, that's all. Just our little new lady from the tapestry—but wait till you've seen her."

"Yes, wait till you've seen her," said one damsel, dropping an armful of paper napkins. "There—I'll abandon the napery, and pour a little tale into your ear. Let's leave this foolish bunch to set the table, while I tell you about her." And she marshalled him away from the group.

"Well," murmured the colonel, expectantly, as they settled themselves in the window seat.

"Well," said Margaret, toying with her scarf, "Nana descended on us two weeks ago, when we were perishing from *ennui*, and took us all by storm with her unconventionalities and originalities. That's all, I think. She simply walked into everybody's heart and stayed there. They've fêted her and she's seeing life—our life—for the first time."

"But, the secret of her charm—what is it? We've had unconventionality before—it's no great mark here in Bohemia," said the Colonel, dryly. "Is she beautiful?"

"No, she's not, but she has a charm. Oh, Colonel, such a charm."

"Figure?—any figure?"

"Well, not what you'd call a divine one, you dear old *roué*. But the boys like her," she added quickly. "Oh, *my*, yes, they like her."

"And Bonny?"

She looked up, just a shade of perplexity in her eyes. "Yes, Colonel, Bonny, too. He's been with her a great deal lately and I'm afraid she's losing her head over him."

"Does she know he's married?"

"Know it? Of course she knows it. But then, don't we all know it, and don't we all make love to him—more or less?" This with a very wry face.

The Colonel slapped his knee with indignation. "Margaret," he said, "I hate to see it. This Bonny trips up every girl who wanders into the studios, simply because they can't resist him. Think of this young thing giving her heart to him. Oh, it's hopeless! It's wicked!"

"It is," assented Margaret grimly, with a hard look in her eyes, "but, Colonel," she said turning to him, "take this from a woman: Every girl has her eyes wide open—wide, understand, all the time—and she knows just where she's sailing. *They* know Bonny's married when they slip into these affairs with him. Oh, I don't pity *them*. My pity—my heart full of it—goes to his wife, poor little sick woman."

"Poor little sick woman," repeated the Colonel softly, and he stared gravely at the rug, tracing its rather eccentric design with the square black toe of his stolid boot.

And now from the street below came the sharp clip-clip of horses' hoofs, and peering out through the rain, the two saw a hansom standing at the curb, in the shifting, spluttering circle of the great arc light.

"It's Nana, I think, and Bonny," said Margaret, "see—they get here just in time, like the clients in the Sherlock Holmes stories." She stiffened up and drew an imaginary watch from an imaginary pocket, "If I'm not mistaken, my

dear Watson, there she is at the door now," and with a gay little laugh she slipped from the window seat and left the Colonel looking expectantly to the door.

There was the sound of footsteps on the last flight, and a woman's voice called out, "What, ho! dwellers in the castle!" It brought the Colonel to his feet, this voice, there was something so infinitely clear and sweet in its cadence—so full of instant appeal. The door was flung open and in they came—Bonny laughing joyously with a world of mischief dancing in his big blue eyes—the girl struggling vainly to rearrange her be-ruffled hair after the smothering embrace she had had in the hall.

They were greeted by a storm of salutations all over the studio, and the preparations for the supper were interrupted in a general uproar. But two of the girls bore Bonny off and forced him—stoutly resisting all the while—into a big painting apron and set him in front of the chafing-dish. One of his fair captors, a little black-haired Polish miniature painter, seized the olive bottle and stifled his protests by forcing the delicacies into his mouth, amid shrieks of shrill laughter.

Margaret led the girl over to the window seat. "Nana, this is my dear Colonel. He's a nice old person and you'll be great friends." And the Colonel, as he held her hand, was wondering whether she was beautiful or not. But, it didn't matter. Gad! what eyes, and what a voice! But here she broke in on his reveries. "I think you've held my hand long enough for the present," she said, sweetly. "I need it to take off my cloak," and as she loosened the fastenings at her neck, the great crimson robe slipped away, showing her girlish figure, gowned in a curious fashion of some by-gone day. Now he saw why some one had called her "our lady from the tapestry." It was as though a fair woman had stepped down from an old mediæval French lyric, and to the astonished Colonel she seemed a breaking echo of the troubador songs. He thought of balconies and moonlight trysts and his heart grew warm as he looked at her. "You like my gown, you dear old gentleman," said Nana, "don't you?"

"I do," said the Colonel, "I do, indeed. Come into the window seat and tell me about yourself," he commanded with considerable decision.

The girl complied with mock docility. "My parents were honest but poor —" she began meekly.

"They are living?" he asked quickly.

"My mother died a number of years ago," said the girl, her manner altering instantly. "Since then I haven't had a real good time of it. Don't you understand? Things were unpleasant."

"And your family?"

"Part of the unpleasantness, Colonel," she said, looking at him with a queer little appeal in her eyes. His evident sympathy reassured her. "I realize the trouble," she continued slowly. "I was queer and different from the rest. They all thought me a freak and treated me accordingly."

"But here?"

"Here, oh Colonel!" she cried rapturously. "In Bohemia they understand. They have taken me in and made me one of them." She was leaning toward him earnestly. "It has been meat and drink to me, this love and sympathy. I give you Bohemia," and she raised her hand in loyal salute.

"It's a great world — our Bohemia," he assented gently, "but if you will pardon me, for you it is still untried. It has its comedies —"

"Indeed it has," she interrupted. "There for instance," and she pointed to Margaret, who sat in the big high-back model's chair the picture of despair; around her buzzed the excitable little French artist, whose devotion took the form of frantic snatches for her hands. "Margo," he moaned, "I loaf you so much. Loaf me a little, Margo —." "Take him away, Bonny," she was wailing, pawing the air distractedly. "Take him away; he sounds like Modjeska in *Camille*. Take him away."

"It has its comedies," the Colonel persisted, "but believe me, it has its tragedies as well."

She shook her head.

"I have sailed to a very beautiful shore," she murmured dreamily, "and the land that I see is fair and good."

"But the shore of this land is rocky, little woman, and many's the wreck I have seen," said the Colonel slowly, "and some of the people are rocky, too," he added a thought bitterly.

The girl started to her feet. "Bohemia!" she cried, so clearly that it sounded above the clatter in the studio. "I give you Bohemia, the land flowing with the milk of human kindness."

"And with Benedictine," added the Colonel.

"And with Benedictine," she agreed. "Where is the decanter. I must have some, at once," and she ran to Bonny across the room.

After the supper music was demanded, and Nana was led to the grand piano at the far end of the studio. The light from the hanging lamp made her hair look like a halo of soft gold and brought out prominently the little silver net that nestled in it, such a one as a certain Margaret must have worn long centuries ago, when she first met Gerard in the forest. Nana played with power and artistry, her slender body in its silken robe swaying with the rythm and intensity of her feeling. The little groups in the big room were still and there was no talking, till it was time for the theatre party to be starting. They were all going but Nana, who retreated to the big Davenport and refused to be beguiled.

"Then I won't go, either," Bonny protested.

"You must, and shall; they need you to help pack the girls into the trolley," and she pushed him away.

"But I'll come back! I will! I will! As soon as they are all safely planted in the theatre, I'm coming back to you, and we'll see the old year out together—here in the studio—won't we?"

He leaned over her eagerly. "Just you and I," he pleaded.

"It will be joyous," she agreed, her eyes sparkling, "I'll be here when you get back and we'll keep the vigil together."

"Like two vestals," he suggested.

"I never heard of lady and gentleman vestals," she objected. "I'm afraid the great fire would have gone out."

"But a greater one would have burned on, perhaps. Good bye — I must be off —" for the last of the crowd was out on the stairway by this time. Leaning over quietly he pressed her lips in a lingering kiss.

He was gone. She lay back among the pillows, her eyes very bright, her whole soul dominated by his personality.

For some time she did not move, and when at last she did, it was to reach out for the Benedictine which stood temptingly near on the tabouret. She loved this cordial — it seemed a part of her new world, and was full of the sparkle and warmth of Bohemia. Her cheeks were slightly flushed, and a few mutinous curls had strayed out on her forehead. She looked altogether charming and irresponsible as she lay there, nestling languorously among the big, soft pillows, revelling in complete physical abandon. The only light in the studio fell in subdued colors on the piano at the far end of the room, seen but dimly through the shifting veil of her cigarette smoke. The only sounds were those that came now and then from the outside world, the grate and whirr of a passing trolley, the noise of horses' hoofs beating a sharp measure on the asphalt below, and the occasional flare of the rain as the veering wind swished it against the windows. It all gave an added comfort; a pervading sense of warmth and luxury that heightened the color in her cheeks and made her big eyes unnaturally large and bright.

"Bohemia," she was thinking, "a land that is good and fair; and the dear old Colonel with his gentle warnings," she laughed softly. "Why! It's the very dangers that allure," she said aloud, as she lit her cigarette, holding the burning match over the tray, and watching the flame lick up the stick till it almost touched her fingers. "Playing with fire," she whispered, a strange little ring of exultation in her voice. "Playing with fire —" There was a knock at the door.

She started, rather guiltily, calling out a muffled "Come in." The door opened a crack, then wider, and a very small

messenger boy sidled in, dripping from his passage in the rain. Upon assuring him who she was, he relinquished a package and a letter, and was gone before she could say anything, feeling his way down the four dark flights to the street.

She slipped to her feet and rustled across the rugs to the piano, peering at the letter in the soft light of the Persian lamp. It was merely a note.

"My Dear Niece (it ran) This little picture I send was intended for your Xmas, but surely it is not too late now, and may it help and strengthen you in your New Year's resolutions. I believe it will; I believe it must. It has been among my most treasured possessions, and I give it up only because I think you ought to have it. Good bye, and good luck, little girl. I am sailing for Europe today, but send to me and for me if you ever need a friend.

Your most affectionate uncle,

MORTON K. ENDERBY."

It was with fingers which trembled slightly that Nana slipped off the cord which bound the package and thrust back the carboards and tissue which enfolded it. She lifted the picture to the light.

It was her mother, as she knew her not many years before she died; it was a picture Nana had never seen. The face was wonderfully like the girl's, and yet finer and more mature, with the light of mother-love in her eyes and an expression of infinite tenderness and gentleness in the lines of the mouth. She clutched the frame passionately and fiercely brushed away the tears that clouded her eyes. The flush had died out of her cheek, leaving it very, very white; all the languor of a moment past had been swept away. The great grey eyes looked at her reproachfully, accusingly, and the girl cowered. She turned quickly and her glance fell on the tabouret with its litter of cigaretteashes, and in the mess her glass with the dregs of the Benedictine staining its sides. The sight sickened her. There was a tremendous revulsion of feeling in her soul; a shattering of the illusions of the past few weeks. The fair lights of Bohemia were calcium; the

gayeties tinsel; the beauties tawdry. It was all a matter of such a few seconds. There was no reason in her troubled mind, only a great revolt, a mighty instinctive turning from that which was not clean. She bent over the frame, her head drooping, the picture of forlorn desolation. Some moments she stood there, not reasoning, not thinking—simply taking in hungrily the light of the dear face.

Below there was the sound of a hansom drawing up at the door of the studio building. "It's Bonny," she thought, and her heart sank within her. There was only one brief moment of irresolution as she stood there, under the light, her hands tightly clasped before her. She could not reason, could not collect her thoughts. She only knew down in her heart that she must not stay: she must not, must not stay. Oh! for the cool night air; the clean, open air. She moved uncertainly toward the window, then turning, reached swiftly for the great crimson cloak—flung it around her, and was gone into the hall. In the darkness of the landing she pressed herself into the corner and waited and prayed. She could hear him tramping up the stairs and she caught the lilt of the song he was singing softly to himself,

"Cool Adonis;

Fool Adonis,

Wilt thou come unto my nest?"

He was on the last flight. Her heart beat wildly and she pressed the picture instinctively against it to still the tell-tale noise. He swung past her, and on up to the studio, unconscious, self-satisfied, humming the ribald song of King Robert's court:

"Love is better than the best,

Wilt thou come unto my nest?"

The door opened above, and for a moment she saw his figure outlined against the light: then the door closed again, and she was flying down the dark stairway, one hand nervously feeling the banister as she ran, the other pressing the picture to her bosom. The little, slippered feet sped along the streaming pavements, the crimson figure passed swiftly

out of the great swinging circle of the creaking arc light and was swallowed up in the darkness.

"Just in time, mother," she whispered, "Just in time."

—*A. H. Woolcott, '09.*

---

### From Sappho.

---

THE misty moon is set,  
The Pleiades are set;  
'Tis midnight: time is going by;  
And I am waiting yet,  
And I am dreaming yet,  
Beneath the star-embroidered sky.

Eastward wakes the morn,  
Goldenly the morn,  
And breathes upon the stars which flicker and are gone:  
The heaven all is pale,  
The deep blue night grows pale,  
And dreaming still, I sit alone.

My friend, my heart, my love!  
Dear friend, dear heart, dear love!  
The day has opened wide his eastern door:—  
In vain I sadly sit,  
I sorrowfully sit,  
For thou wilt come to me no more!

—*P. F. Baum, '09.*

## A Mexican Experience

---

**A** BLAZING Mexican sun shone upon two Americans who had just left a little store called Un Almacén and were winding their way down the mountain side. The older seemed at home and showed a strong, weather-beaten face; the younger evidently was from regions remote and his pale face spoke more of books than of sun.

"'Tis two hours past noon, mi amigo, and if we get into the huntin' region 'fore dark it's high time we hit the trail fer the Manzanel." "

Thus spoke the older man, the cow-puncher, as he swept his mighty arm toward a blue range of mountains which stretched along the horizon thirty miles to the west of the mining camp of Cananea.

The tenderfoot of three days' residence wanted to ask how far away the range was, but in matters of ignorance he was wise enough to keep still, and he determined to expose himself only when he was forced to it.

"You are right, Bill, but I guess the mustangs are good for it."

"Maybe, but the pack-mule is like to lag, me boy, and I'd be willin' to wager the greasers haven't got 'em ready."

They had reached the corral and found the hombres snoring on Mexican blankets. Old Bill had his own pony and the pack-mule equipped and was quietly lighting his pipe, apparently taking no concern of his younger comrade, who, keeping his nervous pony at arm's length, was vainly endeavoring to tie a Mexican cinch.

"Bit too tight on the rear cinch, me boy. Ye're makin' the animal restless."

The tenderfoot, with white face, readily yielded to old Bill, who with father-like solicitude set the animal to rights, forced the wheel-bit into the threatening jaws with no more concern than a girl playing with her pet pussy.

"A bluff's no go in the west," thought the tenderfoot, as he vaulted into the saddle. As he did so his spur grazed the pony's hide, causing the cow-puncher to laugh outright as the little beast took his quick revenge on the unpremeditated act.

Their course for the first few miles led through the plains. It was an invigorating sight. The ponies settled into the mile-killing singlefoot. Blankets were rolled at back of saddles, Winchesters hung in scabbards, and canteens hung from pommels. The riders were dressed in true western style, faces shaded by sombreros, red bandanas tied in hard knots at necks, leggins and spurs, six-shooters buckled to cartridge belts.

The dying sun covered with a peculiar orange glow the mountains, the plains, and the trappings of the horses.

"Surely," thought the tenderfoot, "this changes my mind about Remington over-exaggerating his drawings of the southwest."

They now were entering the foothills. The pace was slackened. Old Bill dropped the reins over the pommel, re-lighted his pipe, and turning so as to face his companion said, "It's great; ain't it?"

"It sure is," answered the tenderfoot, who had just picked up that vernacularism. "It's a free life and a great republic."

"Speakin' of republics," rejoined the cow-puncher, "yes, back in the States ye've got what might be called a republic. Well, sure thing, this region is called República Mexicana, but it strikes me as a queer sort of republic where the president appoints the committee who elect him."

"Do you know that is so?" inquired the tenderfoot.

"Well, that's what they say, and I sure would be afeared to mention me view within range of the policía. T'other day an American was sentenced for three months for a slight sland'ring of a public official, and Kosterlitsky, the captain of cavalry who rides along the border line to rid the cities of the bad men, and incidentally to silence the Yaquis, ain't no respecter of persons. I've learned when it don't make no

considerable difference to yerself ye better when in Rome o as the Romans do, and swaller yer notions of liberty and the rights of man. But, me boy, the trail narrows and ye better jog ahead."

The tenderfoot obeyed. They were fairly into the Manzanells. Most of the tenderfoot's attention was engaged in keeping on deck, but now and then he could realize the immense grandeur of the towering peaks, which filled him with awe. They were his first mountains. He saw the necessity of his leggins as they brushed by the Spanish daggers, the yucca and cactus plants.

"Down in the next canyon, me boy, we'll camp. The animals scent the agua, too."

The tenderfoot's heart gave a little leap of joy, for more than once he had given the pony his head on account of the fast descending night.

It was pitch dark when they reached the bottom of the canyon. Quickly the animals were unpacked.

"Now, mi amigo, you jest gather a little wood and hit up a blaze, and I'll hopple the ponies over there a bit where they's grass. Sabe?"

The tenderfoot was glad to welcome back old Bill with a blazing fire and sputtering bacon. The odor of coffee filled the canyon.

"I've seen worse, me boy. You'll larn. Just keep at it."

"Say, Bill, what's the use of that cow bell, if you hopped the horses securely?"

"Well, me boy, hopples can be cut and I wouldn't know it. But if I hear the bell I conclude the animals is near and if I don't they ain't." The logic of old Bill seemed so irrefutable that the tenderfoot wondered how the prize debaters in his class at college would have answered him.

Supper and the cow-puncher's last smoke being finished the two crawled into the tarpaulin. After a moment the cow-puncher asked, "Me boy, where's your Winchester?"

"It's there by the scrub oak," answered the tenderfoot.

"Well, me boy, ye just slide out and fetch it back and

sleep with it. When ye want it ye want it bad. Sure."

The cow-puncher was soon snoring, but the tenderfoot was wide awake, lying with face upturned to a sky of few stars. It was deathly still excepting the tinkling of the cow-bell down in the canyon. In the distance, far up the mountain, he thought he heard the footfall of an animal. He listened. It was coming nearer. A sound could be heard a mile. He thought it must be a deer coming down for water. Would he awake the cow-puncher? Yes.

"Bill," he urged as he poked him in the ribs.

"What's up?" answered Bill, fully awake.

"Listen to that sound. Isn't that a deer coming down to drink?"

A moment's pause. "Nay, me boy, that's a man on horseback."

"How in the name of goodness can you tell?" queried the youth.

"Well, me boy, it's like this. I kin hear the clinking of the horse's shoes on the rocks. A horse don't wander alone in the mountains at night. So it's a man on horseback."

Sure enough, in a few minutes a man yelled across the canyon.

"I've been lost for the last two hours on these cursed mountains, seniors, and if ye'd strike up yer —— fire maybe I wont break me —— neck."

"I'm a doin' that very thing, mi amigo, but there be more'n one way of breakin' yer neck."

While the visitor was cursing to this flat rejoinder and picking his way among the rocks, old Bill said, "My boy, he's what is called in Mexico a bad homore and he's dead drunk. He's an American, same's meself, but livin' among the greasers twenty years ain't conducive to the best of manners, specially if ye be addicted to the juice of the cactus. This feller's a miner livin' 'bout seven miles yonder in the Manzanells. He be all right and peaceable like when he's sober, but when he's drunk he's bad. But, me boy, if he gets to raisin' trouble somethin' drops. Sure."

The tenderfoot's face showed pale in the glow of the camp-fire as old Bill quickly examined his six-shooter.

The visitor could be heard picking his way along the rocks and presently appeared reeling on his mustang.

"Comma le va, caballeros?" (How goes it, gentlemen?)

Old Bill answered, "Muy bien y ousted?" (Very fine, and yourself?)

"Mucha mala," (very bad) said the visitor. "I've seen better. A thousand cursed pesos sunk in that blasted pit. I **didn't** strike, that's all, so I went inter camp to fergit meself. **Sabe?** But what do ye think of me cavallo (horse)? Sure-footed as a burro but he don'no' the trail nohow. The beast **ha**int been on the trail since dark and somehow or 'nother I **got** bewildered meself, though many's the time I's hit the **t**rail home when it's darker'n it be now. Well, what's yer '**p**inion, Bill? Only sixty pesos fer beast, bridle and saddle **j**ust as stands."

"Bueno amigo," answered Bill, "but I'd prefer the saddle **t**o the nag."

"Ye lie," roared the visitor, "and if ye weren't two to **o**ne ye'd eat yer words."

"Say, me friend," quietly answered Bill, "the hospitality **o**f this camp be of yer own seekin' and the short time it's like **t**o last ye'd better use it discreetly. Will ye have somethin' **t**o eat?"

"Eat," retorted the other, "not while I've got a bottle **h**andy. Here, Bill, fergit the past and — No? No quierre? **W**ell, I'll be damned!"

In open-faced astonishment he gazed at old Bill, whose **k**een eyes denied further persuasion.

"Here, pale-face, it's up to you then. Drink to the health **o**f the fairest senorita, eh?"

While speaking these words he had walked to the other **s**ide of the camp-fire where the tenderfoot stood and was holding the bottle in the air preparatory to pouring the liquid down the throat of the youth.

The tenderfoot knew if he refused there would be trouble

brewing. But drink the dirty muscal he couldn't. Quicker than a flash he grabbed the bottle and dashed it in pieces on the rock.

"Curse your white-livered ——"

Before he could finish his sentence the tenderfoot, pale as a ghost to be sure, struck him solidly on the chin. So quiet and unexpected was the blow that the visitor tipped over like a log. Rising quick as a flash he fumbled for his six-shooter. Like a panther the cow-puncher confronted him with drawn gun.

"Hold on, ye mucker," cried old Bill. "Ye're afeared of the kid and ye know it. Sure. And ye would unequally match the occasion with a gun. Not much. Say, friend, you jest like the trail." The round steel backed up by a piercing eye was a fine example of a categorical imperative.

"Ye've the drop on me and it makes all the difference in the world, but sure as there be a God in the sky we meet again. Sabe

"Jest hit the trail," said old Bill, with a tone that spoke in volumes.

Muttering all manner of oaths, the visitor mounted his pony and disappeared in the night.

"Do you suppose he will return?" asked the tenderfoot.

"I know he don't dare," quietly answered Bill.

In the hunt next day, the old cow puncher bagged ten cotton-tails. The tenderfoot never raised his gun, but in intense admiration watched the herd disappear over a neighboring ridge.

"Buck fever, me boy, that's all," sympathized old Bill.

As they turned their ponies homeward and reached the open plain, old Bill remarked:

"Well, me boy, we'll go agin', and next time ye'll get deer, sure."

"I hope so," answered the tenderfoot.

As they were about to depart, old Bill extended his hand saying:

"Ye be a tenderfoot, sure; but ye be a chip of the old block. Adios, me boy."

"Buenas noches, Bill."

—J. H. Edgerton, '06.

## Billie Wisp

---

“**A**N’ so,” concluded Pierre, “on night lak’ dis he come, dis—Billie Wisp what you call, an’ mak’ to Devil’s Deep, lak’ he did poor Cap’n Hall.”

He pulled softly at his pipe in meditative silence. “Dat **twent’** year ago,” he reflected, “an’ de Cap’n he nevere ben **since**. I seen him once myself, when Jacques Borot en’ me—”

“That’ll do, Pierre,” I broke in impatiently, unwilling to hear the sequel to a yarn of such dismal tenor, “you’ve **already** succeeded in spoiling the evening by your depressing **nonsense**. And please note,” I asserted angrily, “that I **don’t** believe in ghosts, nor spirits, nor giddy red lights **reeling** around in the fog. You make me tired,” I concluded, **irritably**. “Will-o-the-wisp, indeed!” I laughed scornfully.

“O ver’ well,” returned Pierre, not at all offended at being **thus** discredited. “Mebbe you see him yourself, mebbe you **will**, an’ den —” he executed a significant pantomime.

Whereat I impatiently left the shack. Truth to tell I was not entirely unaffected by Pierre’s lugubrious narrative. And although the imputation of superstition was the last I should wish to rest under, still the story of Hall’s mysterious fate just now possessed my mind with maddening tenacity. For I had been employed but a week and the rascally Pierre knew that my launch had been chartered for a run up Lake Spitfire that night—a trip to which, under ordinary circumstances, I would have looked forward with some anxiety, but which was attended tonight with many dismal possibilities. For the sky was grim and dull, a steady downpour of rain cupped the placid bosom of the lake, and a huge fog was spreading its voluminous folds over all, swallowing one object after another in its sullen progress.

Very reluctantly I prepared my boat for the trip and peered anxiously outward. Nothing was discernible at twenty feet, and with something like a small panic I anticipated my helplessness once I had run off.

However, there is a confidence born of despair; and to this I became heir as I carefully skirted the shore to the hotel boat-house, the Casino, where, having taken in my passenger, I boldly started for the channel which connects the Lower St. Regis and Spitfire Lakes. Heading from position as well as I could, I settled back in my chair with all the ease and confidence of a born navigator.

However, two circumstances greatly annoyed me. For one thing, the signal light having been hastily and nervously adjusted to its pole persisted in a clumsy gyration, so that at one moment its green pane flashed, and again its crimson stared at me until my fevered fancy conceived of it as a grotesque *ignis fatuus* sitting in judgment over a doomed crew. Then, too, my passenger, a stout middle-aged man, was gruffly officious, at one time insisting that we should bear more to the port side, and again reminding me that it was no pleasure party and that he would prefer an exploring tour some other evening.

All of which was very annoying. I was relieved, therefore, when the prow began to rustle among the lily-pads which fringe the entire shore line. With an I-told-you-so look of triumph I reversed and peered ahead, fully expecting to identify the spot as very adjacent to the channel. What was my dismay when, having run up close, I recognized a landmark which I knew to be but fifty yards distant from the Casino! We had been running in the proverbial circle.

My passenger's laugh seemed the acme of malice and contempt; and with some acrimony I suggested that perhaps he could do better. To which he coolly replied that he could, informing me, to my astonishment and humiliation, that he had spent the last fifteen summers in these waters. With mollified resignation I gave him the wheel, and my respect for his seamanship was very great when, after unerringly reaching and threading the sinuous coil of the mist-ridden channel, we rode out upon Spitfire. The remainder of the distance was traversed with but little deflection, and presently I had started back alone, my passenger having disembarked.

It was now about midnight and the weather as dull and nasty as ever, except that the fog was lifting. And as the boat's prow gently furrowed the leaden water a realization of my utter loneliness came over me like the insidious depression of an opiate. As a distraction I began to whistle, but ceased immediately. It seemed strangely unfitting in the dreary silence which now oppressed me.

And then with a start I realized that I was lost! With unacknowledged deference to Pierre's story I had, as I thought, carefully avoided the spot known as Devil's Deep, with the result very naturally consequent upon taking an unfamiliar route. Reversing, I strained eyes and ears: only the velvety patter of the rain beat monotonously on my senses. I shouted, and weirdly mingled with the echo there floated from afar the cery cry of a loon. Becoming more and more beside myself with an excitement which I strove in vain to curb, I alternately ran at full speed and reversed until I had lost all sense of place and direction. A feeling of dread which was entirely disproportionate to my danger now possessed me. I had an instinctive premonition of trouble, when, looking up after a sudden flurry of rain, I saw it—a little crimson spot dancing capriciously in the now scattering mist! In vain I strove to convince myself of its non-existence. It was no hallucination. But gazing toward it steadily for a few moments it seemed to be stationary. So putting on full speed I bore toward it shouting, "Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy!" This desperate hope having encouraged me to approach it, I continued the chase, only to realize after several minutes that I was no nearer than before. The finality of despair now seized me. Steer whither I would it was always ahead, luring me on, seeming to possess an infinite capacity for change of position. I felt myself clutched in the swirling eddies of Devil's Deep and saw my demise deeply deplored in the town papers. Doubtless they would print my picture. That was consolatory at least. The boat was speeding on, on — \* \*

Suddenly my glasses slipped. Coming to myself I stopped the boat, noticing as I did so that the light seemed now in-

visible! Eagerly, hopefully, I looked about. Not a sign of light. Now I noticed that the signal lamp was again out of position and its big crimson eye turned toward me in pitying reproach. With dawning conviction I picked up my glasses. The lenses were besprinkled with swollen rain drops. With the subdued curiosity of a physicist on the eve of an important scientific discovery, I adjusted them and looked out over the waters—and the phenomenon was explained. The rain drops had reflected and focused the rays from my red signal pane. That was all.

“What an idiot,” I muttered. And far out over the waters came the derisive laugh of the loon.

—W. T. Purdy, '06.

---

## Sonnet

---

I LOVE thee not alone because thou art,  
 Dear one, of rarest beauty's charm possessest,  
 And as a sovereign queen thou canst impart  
 In me the wish to do thy least behest.  
 For though I worship as a shrine thine eyes,  
 Where gleam deep wonders of bewitching power,  
 That hold me as some hart which panting lies  
 Before a piercing light hour after hour,  
 And can nor will not to the dark return,  
 The reason why I ardently adore  
 Is for the purest beauty of thy soul,  
 That clearly and distinct doth always burn  
 In thy dark eyes, which ever more and more  
 Reveal to me a spirit perfect, whole.

—L. P. Stryker, '06.

## CRITICUS

---

**J**UNIOR week is past. This is a sentence full of meaning to the initiated. There are two possible points of view, that of the man who has a girl, and that of the man who has not. Criticus belongs to the latter class, but his views are those of the former. Scoffers and vandals there may be who rail at the ephemeral pleasures of Junior week, but Criticus is none of these. To be sure, the presence of our fair visitors demands a somewhat more orderly course of life, but it is for the good of the sufferer. For instance, it is unadvisable to adorn the radiator in your study with articles of wearing apparel; better far to leave it in its innocent nakedness. Furthermore, it is difficult to appear at ease in company when but a moment before, in blissful ignorance, you have been remonstrating with a collar button in the next room. However, everyone will admit that the form of a radiator is not calculated to show off a pair of trousers to the best advantage, and profanity is immoral. Some may assert that Junior week interferes with studies, but Criticus holds the contrary view. One can learn more by merely strolling about with his ears open during the three days of Junior week than in as many months in the classroom. Criticus himself has gained no little knowledge in this way. This year he learned for the first time that the battle of Oriskany was fought just above the stone bridge, that under the monument at the top of Freshman Hill lies the body of General Herkimer, and that the stones scattered about the Campus are not, as he supposed, memorials of various classes, but are sacred stones which in the olden days the Indians worshipped. To Criticus, therefore, it seems that the plea of neglected studies is entirely false, and that in fact the opposite is true. He holds also that the petty inconveniences of Junior week are as nothing compared to the entrancing delight of gracefully colliding with one hundred or more other couples for the whole of three evenings.

## EDITORIAL

---

THE question may have suggested itself to many why the *Hamiltonian* is published. The College apparently doesn't want it; if the editors are to be believed they do not want it, and it is the candid opinion of the advertising editor that in his heart of hearts the advertiser doesn't want it. Yet every year the Junior class produces a *Hamiltonian*. It may be that out of pure malice the out-going board of editors appoint successors, but at any rate the College sanctions its action. It is by word and not by deed, however. It is difficult to find purchasers in the College for any very large number of books even when they are sold at about half their cost price. However, granting the pessimistic view that the book has an indifferent place in the College, it has its work outside. It is one of the things which prejudices the mind of the sub-Freshman for or against Hamilton. It is to some extent an index of the College to the outer world. If our annual is to do justice to the College, it must be better supported by the College than heretofore.

---

IN ABOUT three months a new LIT. board will be elected. According to custom, the men chosen will belong preferably to the two upper classes—a fact which should make contributions come more frequently from the present Junior and Sophomore classes than from the other two. Unfortunately, the reverse has been the case, and as the LIT. has never made a practice of taking honorary members on its board, but only those who have been zealous with their contributions, the spring elections may witness the appointment of several underclassmen over upperclassmen. Thus far the class of 1909 has shown decided literary talent, making it high time that members of the other two classes bestir themselves. And if these few words fail in their effect, it may not be extraneous again to mention the '91 Manuscript Prize, the thought of which may awake to ecstasy the dormant pen of some mute, inglorious Dickens or Macaulay.

---

AS A RULE the LIT. is averse to ridicule or fault finding. Is it not time, however, to bestow a friendly word of admonition upon our sister weekly, *Hamilton Life*, whose humorous antics are paralyzing to the uninitiated? Exuberance is not a serious fault and it is fatal to take ourselves too seriously, but a certain degree of decorum should accompany even a college news sheet. Less personalities and cheap slang would raise our contemporary's tone vastly, while not detracting from its readableness.

---

WHENEVER we get a chance, as we did on Washington's birthday, of hearing a speaker like Dr. Knox, it reminds us of the lecture course which we have always been wanting, but have never secured. Dr. Knox handled a living subject in a live way, and the interest manifested by the student body shows that such a course of lectures would probably be well supported. Any institution is in danger of running around in a circle. We all have to guard against this; against doing things merely for the sake of precedent, until precedent becomes form, and loses that moving vitality which makes it worth while. Especially is this true of a small college like Hamilton, unaffected by the influences of metropolitan life. And perhaps an indication of the circling tendency may be seen in the fact that our Faculty is composed largely of Hamilton men. Of course that is all right; we are glad of it, and would not have it otherwise. But still, there is the danger of trying to live "unto ourselves". What we need is to get more in touch with the minds and men from the outside world; and the most efficient way to secure this end is through a lecture course. It would have to be supported by the college, but it is worth while. After all, education is but knowing men, and the things that they have done; and it is foolish to be versed in ancient lore and be ignorant of present day events.

## COLLEGE VERSE

---

### THE ANSWER.

Far as the scan of the blood-shot eye  
Stretch level miles of yellow sand;  
The great red sun in the burnished sky  
Glares down on a dead, parched land.

Not a sound to be heard in the whole vast waste,  
Not a foot-print to show where the trail may lie,  
Not a milestone to mark the distance trod,  
Or the distance to tread,— to die.

Just the lifeless heaven and trackless plain:  
With none to fathom its breadth or length,—  
But the best push forward as best they may,  
For the going itself gives strength.

— *M. M. S. in Stanford Sequoia.*

---

### THE OCEAN SPIRIT.

The swallows are skimming across the sand,  
The sky lies close to the sea:  
The Ocean-Spirit holds his hand  
All graciously to me.  
He is calling me to the distant land  
Where the sea-edge meets the sky;  
And the grey ships sail,  
And never a gale  
Goes rushing and roaring by.  
He is calling me  
With the call of the sea,  
To wander off and away.  
The swallows are flying across the dune,  
Swift home to their nests again;  
High in the heavens a crescent moon  
Hangs for a lamp to men.  
And must I answer the call of the sea  
To wander off and away,  
Lonely and still,  
All at the will  
Of the ocean cold and gray?  
He is calling me  
With the call of the sea,  
To wander, and I would stray.

—*From the Wellesley Magazine.*

## HILL NOTES

---

—The Prom. Concert, Feb. 15th, was not entirely satisfactory, yet there is no fear for success in Utica, March 7th.

—The Juniors won the debate on the football question from the Seniors, Jan. 30th. The judges were Professors Wood, Davenport and Ibbotson.

—The Chess Club is now ready for a series of intercollegiate matches. The following are the officers: President, Driscoll, '06; vice-president, Barrows, '06; treasurer, Carroll, '06; secretary, Rood, '07.

—The debate with the team from the College of the City of New York was lost. Hamilton, with Purdy, Drummond and McLean, as regular team, and Melrose as alternate, took the negative of the insurance question.

—The Senior Winter Oration prize announcements were as follows: Forty-third Head Prize Oration, "The Opponents of Alexander Hamilton," Robert N. McLean; Thirty-fourth Kirkland Prize Oration, "From Malachi to Christ," Arthur B. Maynard; Forty-fourth Pruyn Medal Oration, "The Young Man and the Political Caucus," Allen R. Hallock.

—The Alumni will be pleased to learn that College Hill has lost its oil street lamps and that six brilliant electric lights overhang the street. The first is at the foot of Freshman Hill, the second at the Psi U curve, the third at the Arbor curve, the fourth in front of President Stryker's residence, the fifth near the path entrance to the Campus, and the sixth at the Y. M. C. A. They were in use the beginning of Prom. week.

—The Basket-ball team has been very successful thus far this year. The record is as follows:

U. F. A. 16, Hamilton, 90.	Waterville, 7, Hamilton, 77.
St. Lawrence, 3, Hamilton, 44.	Rochester, 22, Hamilton, 30.
Rochester, 19, Hamilton, 46.	Syracuse, 61, Hamilton, 10.
Colgate, 51, Hamilton, 30.	Syracuse, 29, Hamilton, 15.
College of City of New York 6, Hamilton 79.	

—Another Prom. week with its traditional coasting and general delights has passed. The Fraternity dances were on Wednesday and Friday nights. Friday was a holiday. The Prom. was attended by just the right number of couples. Every year sees the Gym. better decorated

and it can be truly said that 1907 far excelled former classes, owing perhaps to the blending of the maroon and grey with the different colors of the fraternity booths.

—The Musical Clubs' trip was a great success. The thirty-two fellows all enjoyed themselves immensely, and royally entertained large audiences in each of the three cities, Auburn, Elmira, and Binghamton. At Auburn a sumptuous banquet was given in the City Club by the Hamilton Alumni at six o'clock. After the concert in the Music Hall the fellows adjourned to the Majestic Hotel where a Dutch luncheon was given. At Elmira the members of the Clubs were entertained at the homes of the Elmira College girls. The spirit of the conversation about the Hill the week following testified to the brief but happy time spent thus. The concert was the best of the trip. The Phi Mu Sorority had the management of the entertainment in their hands and from reports it is learned that the society is elated over its success. At Binghamton, the Clubs repaired at four in the afternoon to the Lady Jane Grey Private School. Here a most enjoyable two hours were spent in dancing. The Clubs of the High School had the concert in their hands. The Musical Clubs were entirely informal in carrying out the concert on account of the lack of stage conveniences. A dance followed the well received concert, and at four the following morning the majority of the men set out for Clinton.

## ALUMNIANA

(Send Alumni and Necrology notes to William H. Squires, '88.)

—The Brooklyn Association of Hamilton Alumni will have a beef-ak dinner at the University Club, Brooklyn, on Friday evening, March 2nd.

—"The Square Deal for Children" is the name of a lengthy article attributed to the January number of the *American Illustrated Magazine* by H. K. Webster, '97.

—Charles R. Clark, '00, principal of the Stamford Union School, duly tendered his resignation to the Board of Education. He will engage in business in Lyons, N. Y.

—The trustees of Syracuse University recently granted to Edgar C. Morris, '89, leave of absence for the coming year. Professor Morris, who is head of the English department at Syracuse University, will, so the report runs, spend the year in England.

—Rev. Dr. George Hodges, '77, Dean of the Theological Seminary Cambridge, Mass., is under appointment as university preacher at Stanford University, Cal., for the first three months of the current year. He will also deliver to the students of the University a course of twenty-four lectures on The Acts of the Apostles.

—During the last week in January Prof. Irving F. Wood, Ph. D., '5, of Smith College, delivered a course of lectures before the Congregational College in Montreal. This institution is, to use our own terminology, a theological seminary, and is one of the institutions affiliated with McGill University. The lectures were entitled: The Jewish Element, The Teaching of Jesus, The Letters of Paul, Alexandrine Judaism and the Book of Hebrews, Apocalyptic Literature and the Revelation, The Synoptic Gospels, The Fourth Gospel, The New Testament and Comparative Religion.

—Hon. Elihu Root, '64, Secretary of State, at the dinner which the Brazilian ambassador gave in his honor and in honor of the countries which will send delegates to the Pan-American congress in Rio de Janeiro next summer, talked chiefly about the Monroe doctrine and said: "When President Monroe, coming to the aid of struggling Spanish Americans, made the audacious and gallant declaration that no part of the American continent must be deemed subject to colonization by any European power, he affirmed the proposition that all the American republics are competent to maintain throughout their territories governments answering to the demands of civilization, preserving order, enforcing law, doing justice and performing all international obliga-

tions. To that proposition all of us stand committed. Its truth we all maintain. Every evidence in its support is a source of satisfaction to us. Every forward step in the path of progress by any American republic is a cause of joy to all of us. Let me then, Mr. Ambassador, pass along the toast which you were good enough to propose to my unworthy self. I ask you to drink to the sisterhood of American republics. May every one of them grow in prosperity and strength. May the independence, the freedom, the rights of the least and weakest be ever represented equally with the rights of the strongest, and may we all do our share toward the building up of a sound and enlightened public opinion in the Americas which shall everywhere, upon both continents, mightily promote the reign of peace, of order and of justice in every American republic."

—Hamilton B. Thompson, '65, Chancellor of the Rhode Island Society of Colonial Wars, delivered an address at its last meeting on "The Pequot War." The paper alluded to the serious Indian outrages preceding the war, and described the Pequots as the fiercest and most formidable of the New England tribes, occupying the country between the Pawcatuck and Thames Rivers, but extending their sway much farther and striking terror to all the Indian tribes around them. The Chief Sassacus in his highest prosperity had no less than 26 sachems under him, and his power extended almost from Narragansett Bay to the Hudson River, the tribes on Long Island also owing fealty to him and the Narragansetts on the east escaping Pequot subjection with great difficulty. The paper entered exhaustively into a recital of the events from 1683 to the culmination of the trouble in 1637, when the tribe "which had lorded it for so long over the New England forests and neighboring Indian tribes was all at once wiped out of existence." The destruction of the fort occurred Friday, May 26, 1637, and within two days the news of the victory reached Roger Williams at Providence, and was by him promptly forwarded to Boston. "Of all concerned," as a recent historian of Rhode Island says, "in the war against the Pequots none performed a part at once so courageous, resourceful and disinterested as Roger Williams, and there is no exaggeration in Williams' statement concerning himself in his letter, when he says: 'I had my share of service to the whole land in that Pequot business, inferior to very few that acted.'"

—In the editorial department of *The Independent* Rev. E. P. Powell, '53, writes strongly in advocacy of a parcels post and postal savings banks. He says: "Postal banks would almost certainly become a powerful factor in solving the problem of farm help. When hired men can invest their money, in absolute safety, and in a bank as near as the post office, the temptation will be directly away from the saloon

and from wasteful habits. The class of people upon whom the farmer must rely for help is of a shifting sort, mostly without training in economics, and it needs encouragement in the way of thrift. A bank book would do these people more good than a course of lectures on domestic economy, or an annual term at an agricultural college. The man who carries a bank book becomes a safer man every way and a wiser one. He is interested in the welfare of society, and he is much more likely to get out of the mass and become a valuable citizen. "Savings banks of the sort advocated are no longer an experiment. They are working exceedingly well in every European state, as well as in Canada and our own Hawaii. In this country every effort to create a parcels post and postal savings banks has been met by our express companies with the most determined opposition. It is, however, unquestionably true that the establishment of a parcels post would greatly reduce the profits of express companies—to the advantage of the people. That we will continue much longer to pay exorbitant rates for public service, in the blind belief that private enterprise alone can safely conduct complex business affairs, is not to be believed. The just demands of the American people require a parcels post, not only greatly below express charges, but much below the relative cost of smaller packages now passing through the post office. A reduction of rates at least one-third could safely and wisely be effected."

—Rev. Willis Judson Beecher, D. D., Ph. D., '58, has published a book on "The Prophets and the Promise," in which he seeks to restate the facts as they appear in the Old Testament literature. Dr. Beecher brings forcibly to light the discrepancy between the contents of the Hebrew Scriptures and the generally reported or traditional facts, re-emphasizing the need of going to the sources, if any adequate knowledge of the Scripture is to be had. And further, Dr. Beecher makes a telling argument against the eisegesis that has been distorting the Hebrew thought for the last centuries. The pumping-in method of interpretation utterly rejects. All language is made up of forms, concepts, into which anything may read that the "interpreter" wills. The Bible has been distorted by the process. There is need in these times, when it is the fashion to attack the Scripture, both by those who are within the Church and those outside, to reconsider the whole matter with a fairer attitude of mind. Who after all really were the prophets—what their message or promise? Dr. Beecher answers these questions with great fairness, basing his doctrine, calmly and without compromise, upon the facts as they appear in the text before him. The mind of a great and ripe scholar reveals itself on every page. In every particular the book is so sane, so free from controversy and the spirit of the special pleader, that it is bound to exert a profound influence over the theological

thought of the times by giving new courage to the faltering and an honest rebuke to the petulant and peevish malcontents in theology. No treatise could better meet the demands of the hour. It is loyal to all the facts and formulates these facts in such a masterful manner that they inspire conviction. Dr. Beecher says for his own work: "The presentation is essentially a restatement of the Christian tradition that was supreme fifty years ago, but a restatement with differences so numerous and important that it will probably be regarded, by men who do not think things through, as an attack on that tradition. I have tried to make my search a search for the truth, without undue solicitude as to whether its results are orthodox; but it seems to me that my conclusions are simply the old orthodoxy, to some extent transposed into the forms of modern thought, and with some new elements introduced by widening the field of the induction."

—The current number of the *Classical Journal*, the organ of the newly organized Classical Association of the Middle West and South, contains an appreciative notice of Old Greek: A Memoir of Edward North. The following extract is representative: "The volume, which is dedicated to the alumni of Hamilton College, not only contains a charming picture of Professor North, but also shows, more clearly and effectively than any systematic discussion could do, the possibilities of the 'small college' as contrasted with the large university. Indirectly the memoir is an appeal for the expansion of the classical courses in our college and university curricula. \* \* As a teacher Dr. North was a power. His was the old-fashioned training. His methods of study and of teaching were formed before narrowing specialization had tied men down to one or other of the two classical languages, or to a single department of one of them. His contributions to our knowledge of antiquity are negligible. He never tampered with the 'business of *ὄρε'*. But he knew both Greek and Latin literature, and he knew them well. His general interests were not, as is often the case, a mere cloak for concealing a lack of detailed information; they were, on the contrary, built upon a substructure of scholarship as sound and true as any that distinguishes the specialists of our own time. In his day 'productivity' had not been canonized, and general culture was not yet profane." The same issue of the *Journal* gives a review of a book by one who, while not an alumnus of Hamilton, is yet in a true sense one of our number; a man whose scholarship and independence of thought, as they were evinced during the two years of his membership in our Faculty, are still warmly remembered and honored. Concerning Professor James J. Robinson's "Selections from the Public and Private Law of the Romans," the *Journal* says: "In view of the great importance of the study of Roman law not only in relation to general juris-

prudence but in its bearing upon Roman history, its comparative neglect in this country is surprising. For this, however, there has perhaps been some excuse in the lack of texts suited to the needs of students wishing a general introduction to the subject. A successful attempt to remedy this defect has been made by Dr. Robinson in his volume of selections. There is an excellent introduction of thirty-three pages, giving in a concise form much valuable historical and bibliographical matter. The first Latin text is Pomponius, *De origine iuris*, preserved to us in *Digest* I. 2. 2, where it is appropriately placed, serving as an introduction to the further study of the law. In the rest of the book the general plan of the *Institutes* is followed, those selections being included which devote especial attention to the law of the family, contracts and inheritance. The extracts from the *Institutes* of Justinian are supplemented by quotations, not only from Gaius' *Institutes*, but also from the *Code* and the *Digest*, the latter often giving most valuable concrete illustrations—a species of 'case law.' It is hoped that Dr. Robinson's book will do much in gaining in our college courses further recognition of that science in which the Roman showed his genius, and especially which represents his most important contribution to modern civilization."

—S. W. Stocking was the first valedictorian of the present series (class of 1885). His life, while without public plaudit was one of undoubted leadership in a field demanding the highest quality of intellect and character. The following resolutions seem worthy of note; "Resolutions Adopted by the Patent Law Association of Washington, D. C. The members of the Washington Patent Law Association have for many years, some of them during his entire official life, had close acquaintance with Solon W. Stocking, senior member of the Board of Examiners-in-Chief, recently deceased. Prior to his services in the Patent Office he was Chief of a Division of the Census Bureau under Gen. Francis A. Walker, and was considered so valuable an officer that he was retained to be the very last man in service when the office was closed by operation of law. He entered the examining corps of the Patent Office through competitive examination, and was in that corps for one third of a century. He rose by merit alone from the lowest to the highest place in that corps. He joined to natural aptitude of high order, habits of study and reflection, tireless energy and thorough business methods. Some of our members were in close official relation with him within the Patent Office, and from such intimate and personal relation can testify as to his mental and moral characteristics. And every member of the Association has had frequent occasions to appear before him in his official capacity. As a Principal Examiner he trained those under him to thorough, systematic and accurate work. He was

intolerant of idleness or carelessness, but quick and impartial to recognize and encourage merit. In all of his official life his earnest endeavor was to find the truth and do justice. To his mental acuteness and spirit of fairness and a good business capacity, self knowledge and judicial poise, he added perfect courage to what he thought to be right. No timidity ever caused him to waiver or shift his ground or trim his sails. He could be relied upon to do the right thing without fear or favor. With the same courage he had served his country in command of a battery during the Civil War, and left an honorable record, never exploited by himself. He was in many severe engagements, and was twice brevetted for gallant conduct on the field. With the same courage he faced death, which at last found him. He suffered from an incurable disease, and died from the effects of an operation known to be dangerous. He asked the surgeons how long he might live without such operation and was told "six months." He said "That is little to a man of my age,—go ahead." His ability and energy would have won eminence and success in business anywhere, and it was fortunate for the Patent Office that he was without ambition to get rich, but was content with a moderate income and the performance of his duty. The Patent Office has lost a tireless worker, an official of ripe experience, full knowledge, wise and just. This Association keenly feels the loss and desires to make public recognition of that feeling. Those who knew him personally and had discovered beneath his blunt and straightforward manner his kind and generous heart, mourn as for the loss of a friend. Therefore, moved by personal regard and by the respect due to an eminent official with whom we have had long and most satisfactory association, be it resolved that we spread upon our records this expression of our feelings and sentiments, and that a copy of the same be sent to his family. Ellis Spear, W. A. Bartlett, George P. Whitlesey, committee."

—Prof. M. M. Curtis, Ph. D., '80, professor in Adelbert College, Cleveland, Ohio, has lately written an extensive article on "Kantian Elements in Jonathan Edwards" for the *Heinze-Festschrift*, published in Berlin. Prof. Curtis is a pupil of Dr. Max Heinze of Leipzig University, and writes this article as a contribution to a volume published by Dr. Heinze's pupils in honor of his 70th birthday. It is interesting to recall that President Dwight, 1829-30, gave to the world the best of Jonathan Edwards' Works, and the best Biography. Prof. Whedon, '48, was Edwards' most noted opponent, and has left one of the best answers to Edwards' Voluntarism. It is of interest to Hamilton men to know that Prof. Curtis has recognized the historic value of Edwards' philosophy and has made such a careful statement of that part of his thought that anticipated the Sage of Koenigsburg. A few

paragraphs from Dr. Curtis intimates the positive position he has assumed on this question: "Edwards is logically superior to both Kant and Spinoza in holding the fundamental importance of the category of relations. While Kant abstracts subjects and objects in his ideas of reason and falls into dualism, Edwards synthesizes these two forms of consciousness in the consciousness of God. The dualism of Kant, like the monism of Spinoza, empties God of all meaning. The synthesis of Edwards differs from that of Spinoza, for, while the latter gives a negation of relations, the former maintains that where there is no plurality there is no being. Thus Edwards leaves the ultimate unity in the form of the Trinity with the difficulties which such an absolute implies. This may be regarded as an illustration of the fact that the results of anthropological analysis are always implicit in a metaphysical unity. Edwards holds that we start with the exercise of the senses, which is controlled as a matter of fact by the rules of the understanding which are mathematical. But, at the same time that the understanding is unifying sense experience, there is a demand for the unification of the results of the exercise of the understanding. This is accomplished by another faculty, the reason of the will, or, what Kant calls the ideas of reason. Here universal principles are reached, and these affirm the unconditioned. Thus the exercise of the understanding while it is the ostensible or condition of the exercise of the higher faculty, is limited to the data of sense, while the rational faculty or the will establishes another order of knowledge or metaphysics. It is a striking fact that, at a time when rationalism, on the one hand, was bringing the phenomenal world to the support of Deism with its "Natural law," and, on the other hand, was claiming it as a justification of orthodoxy by formulating cosmological and teleological arguments for the existence of a personal God, that Edwards, the lover of nature, turned his back upon his whole movement of rationalism, of Bridgewater Treatises and Boyle Lectures, and roundly asserted the incompetence of the understanding in the realm of religion, and in the place of the reason of the understanding, declared the competence of the reason of the will. He does not put forth any demonstration of God's existence, but asserts that the understanding is incapable of giving any proof. The existence of God is a necessary supposition; there is no other way. In regard to reason the view of Edwards is very similar to that of Kant; he not only distinguishes between the pure and practical reason, but he holds that while in the pure reason, or the understanding, both form and matter are present giving us knowledge of the positive or mathematical order, the practical reason, or will, furnishes us only with forms to which nothing phenomenal corresponds. Thus, in respect to morality, religion, and theology, the reason must resort to metaphysics and get another kind

of content for its forms than that furnished directly by sensibility. This content, right idea or axiom, must be furnished by revelation from God."

—On Washington's Birthday in the College Chapel the students and Faculty of Hamilton College were privileged to hear Rev. George William Knox, D.D., '74, of Union Theological Seminary, deliver a masterly address on the rather unique subject: "'The East is East and the West is West': but Are They?" Dr. Knox explained that his subject had been suggested by President Stryker, from Kipling's lines, beginning, "The East is east and the West is west, and ne'er the twain shall meet." This, he said, expressed the common opinion, namely, that as far as the east is from the west, geographically, so far is the mind of the Oriental from that of the Occidental. He mentioned at some length the sense of contrast which a traveler feels in Japan or any of the Eastern countries, and went on to say that the permanent resident of Japan found that the longer he lived there the less he knew about the people. The views expressed in Kipling's lines are those of the traveler and are sometimes confirmed by the student. In the matter of the language of Japan, their nouns have no number, or gender; their verbs have no tense, or person; and their language has no pronouns. Their point of view is so different that one wonders how human beings can communicate with each other. Morally, how wide a gulf separates us! We often hear it said that Orientals are without morality, but their morality is as rigid and controlling as ours. Let us approach the religious side. It is significant of the widespread difference in the cosmology of the people that for seventy-five years the missionaries in China have debated as to what word translated the word God. We think of the universe as a creation, and but slowly is that idea giving way to the notion of the evolution of the universe. The Oriental never thinks of the universe as a creation; for him the universe is an organism, from everlasting to everlasting. Each period begins in chaos, then proceeds to cosmos, and finally returns to chaos, literally world without end. The East has never entertained the dream that the soul of an individual can outweigh in value the great visible universe. It is place which constitutes man. Apart from organism and place he has neither value nor power. A man who fails to do his duty and occupy his rightful place, has no place with man, brute or devil. He is not fit for the universe. This view has had its direct effect on the ethics of the East.

There surely was a time when the difference did not exist between the East and West, when Alexander made himself an Oriental monarch; or Paul, an Asiatic, became a Greek. Are these races distinct? What do we know about races? When I was in college there was said to be but five races; now ethnologists realize that they know nothing about races, none can classify them.

en we come to the language: After all, does this make any  
nce between the East and West? I studied Japanese with  
ity and I found that the American could fluently in that most  
c of Asiatic languages express every emotion as in his native  
e. The language means no insurmountable difficulty psychologi-

To find the organism conception of the universe only go back  
to. This makes no chasm that education cannot overcome.

has separated the East from the West? Principally insulation  
nvironment. The East has been East and the West has been  
only because they are separated by trackless seas and impassable  
tains. The world is coming together in our time. Cannot the  
ese understand us? Have not they understood us? Doesn't  
understand? Hasn't it a capacity for organization? Hasn't  
been tried in that great examination where no quarter is given  
be asked; hasn't she shown that she knows? If Japan doesn't  
now, God have pity on us when she begins to know!

oling's words, "The East is East and the West is West, and ne'er  
vain shall meet," are not true. There is a common humanity, a  
ss of mankind. Nine-tenths of life goes on the same in East and  
; the same process of growth and decay, the same necessity for  
and sleep, the same endeavor after truth; the great drama of life  
same. There is a unity infinitely deeper than any superficial  
sity. The old isolation will be done away with. The East must  
what we have in so far as we have proof. The same chemistry,  
ame physics, the same biology, are lords over the East as of the  
. In the future the difference between the East and West will be  
ifference between the enlightened and unenlightened. If we shall  
ehind, then the future hangs with them. It doesn't seem to me  
we shall have common forms of social organism; individuals will  
ass away. But, China, Japan, India, shall be one with Europe  
America; one in unity and truth, but each giving its own expres-  
to that which they have in common. This is the dream for the  
re.

---

## Necrology

---

CLASS OF 1848.

EDWARD FOWLER FISH was born in Monticello, N. Y., Sept. 23,  
8. In 1848 he was elected an instructor in this College. Deciding  
tudy for the ministry, Mr. Fish entered Lane Seminary and completed  
course there. In 1856 he was married to Anna Johnson Hinsdale.  
r preaching for several years he accepted a chair in Marietta College,

Ohio, as Professor of Latin and Greek. After a few years he gave up teaching and returned to the ministry, filling several pulpits in Presbyterian churches. Mr. Fish was for many years stated clerk of the Southern Illinois synod. He died Jan. 27th, 1905, in Evanston, Ill. Mr. Fish was a scholar and a thinker, a man of recognized ability. As a preacher he was logical, earnest, effective. Kind and gentle, he looked for the best in others and gave to others the best he had. His life was an inspiration, his memory a benediction.

CLASS OF 1855.

COL. SOLON W. STOCKING, for the past seventeen years examiner-in-chief of the United States Patent Office and a resident of Washington, D. C., for the past forty years, died Feb. 15th, at the Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital in that city, as the result of an operation. He had been away from his office only about ten days. Col. Stocking was about 70 years of age and was a native of Syracuse, N. Y. The deceased was a graduate of Hamilton College and a member of the Sigma Phi Fraternity. He was a lawyer by profession, but put this aside and enlisted in May, 1861, as a private in the Union army, and was discharged by reason of the close of the war as brevet lieutenant colonel. After his discharge he held civil positions, including that of law clerk of the Freedmen's Bureau, clerk of the New York State Senate committee on cities, pardon clerk to Gov. Fenton of New York, and chief of the division of results, United States census of 1870. Col. Stocking in 1869 entered the United States Patent Office, and had secured, by faithful, conscientious performance of his duties, the respect and confidence of the officials of the office, and of the patent bar, and the reputation of a large and efficient knowledge of the law governing the performance of his duties. The deceased was the only brother of E. B. Stocking, a patent attorney of Washington, who accompanied the remains to Syracuse, N. Y., for interment in the family lot in Oakwood Cemetery there.

CLASS OF 1868.

HON. M. RUMSEY MILLER was born in Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y., April 24th, 1848, the son of the late Rev. Linus Merrill Miller, D. D. and Lydia Rumsey of Ogdensburg, N. Y. He died July 2, 1905, at his home in Tarrytown, N. Y., leaving his wife, one son and three daughters.

CLASS OF 1881.

REV. ROBERT JAMES THOMPSON, D. D., was born of Scotch parentage in Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1853. He learned the bricklayer's trade and followed it for a few years, but in early manhood decided to prepare for the ministry. He spent the Freshman year at Syracuse University and was admitted to the Sophomore class in Hamilton College

September, 1878. His classmates remember him as an unselfish, intensely earnest student, deeply religious without a trace of cant. After graduation he preached in Oneida Valley a short time, entering Union Theological Seminary in the fall of 1881. While pursuing his theological studies he worked at Mizpah Mission in New York City. He was graduated in May, 1884, and spent the following summer in Europe. In September, 1884, he removed to Winona, Minn., to become pastor of the First Presbyterian church in that place. In 1885 he was chosen clerk of the Presbytery of Winona and in 1889 was a commissioner to the Presbyterian General Assembly. In 1890 he was called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Lima, Ohio, where he spent the remainder of his remarkably devoted, laborious and successful life. He served for several years as chairman of the Home Mission Committee of the Lima Presbytery, and in 1902 was elected moderator of the Synod of Ohio. In 1897 he received the degree of D. D. from Wooster University. He was chaplain of the Second Regiment, Ohio National Guard, and endeared himself greatly to the men by genuine friendship and unostentatious sympathy. Dr. Thompson was a typical American, lean, wiry, nervous, diligent in business as well as fervent in spirit. He literally burned his life out with unceasing toil for God and man. An associate in the ministry says of him: "He shone most of all as a preacher of Jesus Christ. He had a passion, especially in his later years, for souls. His preaching was timely, direct, and personal, incisive and often epigrammatic. His was the moving eloquence of genuine thinking on high themes expressed with freshness, intensity, and fervor." His illness was due to a breakdown from overwork and finally resulted in nervous prostration. In February, 1905, he resigned his pastorate and went to Porto Rico, where he had made investments during a previous visit. On his return to Lima in the spring he was prevailed upon by the unanimous vote of the church to resume his pastorate with the understanding that he should have an additional vacation before beginning active work. The hope of restoration to health was not to be fulfilled. In search of medical relief he went to the sanitarium at Marion, Ohio, afterwards to Dansville, N. Y., and finally to Clifton Springs, where he died Nov. 24, 1905. He was sustained to the end by Christian faith. As his final testimony he requested that these glorious words of St. Paul should be read at his funeral: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Dr. Thompson was married July 21, 1885, to Miss Alice Thompson Walton, of

New York. She survives him with six children, of whom the oldest, Douglas Walton Thomson, was born July 20, 1887.

CLASS OF 1900.

HENRY COOK MILLER was born in Bath, N. Y., Aug. 23, 1877, the son of Louisa M. Cook and the late Hon. M. Rumsey Miller, '68, of Tarrytown, N. Y. He died Aug. 17th, 1905, at Lake Placid, N. Y. Besides his mother and three sisters, he left his wife, Rose Foster, daughter of U. S. Senator Foster of Louisiana.

## WILLIAMS & MORGAN,

### — The Furniture Leaders —

HAVE THE GOODS YOU NEED  
IN YOUR ROOM. DON'T FAIL TO  
CALL ON US. WE CAN GIVE YOU  
WHAT YOU REQUIRE AT RIGHT  
PRICES.

31 Genesee St.,

Utica, N. Y.

## Cornell University Medical College New York City

The course covering four years begins during the first week in September and continues until June.

A preliminary training in natural science is of great advantage.

All the classes are divided into small sections for recitations, laboratory and clinical bedside instruction.

Students are admitted to advanced standing after passing the requisite examinations.

The successful completion of the first year in any College or University recognized by the Regents of the State of New York as maintaining a satisfactory standard is sufficient to satisfy the requirements for admission which have been raised.

The annual announcement giving full particulars will be mailed on application.

WM. M. POLK, M.D., LL.D., DEAN,  
CORNELL UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE,  
27TH AND 28TH STREETS AND FIRST AVENUE,  
NEW YORK CITY.

# Hamilton Literary Magazine



Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

March, 1906

# Suits and Overcoat

## FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

It's a great comfort to be correctly dressed. Some men think to do well means a big outlay of cash, a custom tailor, etc. If you come to us we will fit you to clothes that harmonize with any surrounding—clothes that the average custom tailor can't duplicate. They are the Rogers, P & Co. and Hart, Schaffner & Marx makes—that's why. The Fall Fashions in Suits and Overcoats awaits your inspection. College men will find styles at this store designed expressly for them both in Clothing and Furnishings.

**The Guyer Hat  
is very popular  
with popular men**

## Wicks & Greenman, APPAREL SHOP.

56-57 Franklin Square, - - - Utica, N. Y.

## GET INTEREST

on your money by depositing it with the

## Citizens Trust Company

Cor. Genesee and Bleeker Sts., Utica, N. Y.

A Dollar in the Pocket grows continually less. A Dollar in the  
"Citizens Trust" grows larger every day.

**Jacob Agne, President.**

**Elon G. Brown, First Vice-President.**

**William I. Taber, Second Vice-President**

**Edward Bushinger, Secretary.**

# **The Hamilton Literary Magazine**

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1867

---

VOL. XL.

MARCH, 1906.

No. 7.

---

## **The World of Thomas Hardy**

---

**T**HE seasons change; the northing sun gives spring;  
The years revolve; but over land and sea  
Rules universal inconsistency,  
The one immutable and constant thing.  
Prometheus-like, the peasant and the king,  
Who fail to move in mediocrity,  
Must mutely pay the terrifying fee  
The drunken Parcae ask, of suffering.  
The old-world immobility of life,  
The fatal curse which runs in families,  
The vast results of vague, unthinking deeds,  
Infinitesimal, poor human strife  
Are wove into these Wessex tragedies,  
On which a Fate malignant gloats and feeds.

—S. T. Kinney, '06.

## Oration — The Ocean

---

**W**ITH an expanse broader than Sahara; with depths equal to the heights of loftiest mountains, the Ocean seems invested with a mighty, awe-inspiring personality. It manifests, through changes of weather, all the multiple moods of man. From a state of calm and peace it is quickly roused to one of wrath and fury. It laughs in delight or moans in sorrow. At times it lies in a mood of sober meditation, and again it broods in sullen restlessness. Now it is one vast being, and again its nature is manifold.

Stand on the shore and study this gigantic personality. When the sun is warm and the wind is light the little waves giggle and dance over the pebbles, run and laugh upon the sand, or gurgle in glee around the rocks. All the joyousness and exuberance of youth is there, all the innocent happiness of the care-free child.

But when the wind is strong and the sky is gray, how sudden is the transformation! The little waves have become full-grown. Those that rippled over the sand in laughter, tumble and roll up the beach in surging froth, each striving to surpass the other in spluttering display. The reckless swimmer is lured and fascinated. He watches one wave flow over his ankles, another swirl past his knees, and a third break about his waist and rush shoreward. Unconsciously he follows its course with his eyes till all three, merged in one, leave their mark far up the beach ere they begin to recede. Then suddenly the sand is sucked from beneath his feet. Horror-stricken he plunges toward the shore; he feels the deadly clutch of undertow, and struggling, shrieks for help; but only the waves, the murderous waves, give answer in hollow derision.

Now look off beyond yonder rugged point rising sheer like some grim fortress. Ocean has martialled her forces to besiege the rock-bound coast. The whitecaps are flying plumes of

soldiers steadily advancing. Rank upon rank rolls in, wheels, and with even battle front hurls itself against the impregnable crags. The wind grows wild: the sky turns black. The waves are thrown into confusion. Ocean loses her military aspect and becomes a raving maniac which writhes and moans, fumes and tears its briny locks. All through the night it tosses to and fro until at last, above the shriek of the storm, comes the voice at whose command the tempest ceaseth, the voice saying, "Peace, be still." The wind abates, the skies clear, and though the Ocean's heaving bosom still gives evidence of the tremendous struggle, yet gradually it recovers its former tranquil countenance.

So we might go on studying this complex personality of the sea, finding therein emotions and activities similar to man's. Let the psychologist observe, as it were, the irritability of the crowd in its actions. Let the historian or linguist study the works of this author and recorder of earth's history. Perhaps the scientist can best admire its wonderful economies and limitless power; but certainly the orator may ever strive to emulate this πολύφλοισβην θάλασσαν of Homer. Ye who love music, where will ye hear a grander anthem than that of the waves striking in their rocky caverns; and ye who love art, where will ye find more massive and majestic figures than those carved by this untiring sculptor; or where will the poet find more perfect rhythm than that played by the bard, Ocean?

From the dawn of creation the Deep has sported upon the sands of many climes; warred against the continents; reaped its death harvests from flitting generations. It has terrified man in its rage; it has charmed him with smiles. With its rhythm it has beat time to the march of the ages; and with its surge it has ever chanted a grand Te Deum.

—*E. C. Day, '07.*

## Thellenarda

"THEY say that criminals and fools never dream," mused Manly, yawning drowsily. "In that case I'm safe from both the penitentiary and the asylum. But what a wonderful song I wrote in that dream. Yet I can't remember—"

"Beg pardon, sir. The morning mail," said his man-servant, entering quietly.

"Thank you, Jenner. By the way, did you hear anything in the night?"

"Nothing, sir, except you playing the piano early this morning. It was very fine, sir."

"H'm, bring in the coffee."

Manly threw back the covers, and got out of bed slowly.

"Sleepwalking, eh?" he said to his drawn reflection in the mirror. "Yet if it was a dream—Ah! but it was a beautiful song. I wonder—"

Quickly slipping on a bathrobe, he descended the stairs to the music room. At sight of the piano he started nervously. On the rack was the manuscript sheet he vaguely remembered from his dream. "Thellenarda" was irregularly printed across the top.

"So that was what I named it in my dream," he mused. "I couldn't remember."

Seating himself he played over the composition, the sonorous chords ringing out rich and mellow under his skillful fingers. At length he whirled on the stool, almost exhausted by his intense joy. His man-servant stood in the doorway, his eyes glistening, and his stolid face flushed crimson.

"That was very beautiful," he said simply. "Beg pardon, sir, but what is it called?"

"Why, ah—," A flash of perplexity passed over the composer's face, and he hesitated. "It is called the—" He snapped his fingers in vexation, and turned to the music.

'Thellenarda,' Jenner, 'Thellenarda.' Arrange my clothes. I am going out."

The spring sunshine was flooding the boulevard as Manly strolled slowly with the throng.

"Ah! I will be famous tomorrow," he thought. "When — when — when that song (queer I can't remember the name) is published. I will rank with Beethoven and Liszt, and — what *was* the name of that song?"

He pursed his lips to whistle the air, but try as he might it would not come. In vain he racked the octaves for the refrain. Like a will-o'-wisp, the strains seemed always beyond his reach. Angered at last, he startled an old lady by glaring vindictively at her, almost ran over a newsboy, and gave up the attempt.

"Ah! M'sieu Manly, I am delight' to see you," said a voice at his elbow. "Your compositions, how are they?"

"Fine, thank you, Monsieur Louget. I should like to have you hear my latest effort. Are you engaged for the hour? My house is but a step."

"A great pleasure, dear M'sieu Manly, believe me."

They linked arms and returned to the house. Manly seated the Frenchman with all the deference due the world's premier violinist and opened the piano. Louget took off his glasses and interlaced his fingers meditatively.

The magnificent introduction vibrating through the room enthralled the virtuoso, mind and body. Balanced on the edge of his chair, every nerve tingling with suppressed delight, he drank in the composition to its final quavering strain.

"Encore, m'sieu, encore!" he whispered, hoarsely.

Again the marvelous strains filled the room, enveloping the little Frenchman like a cloak. Beads of perspiration stood on his flushed forehead. When it was finished, unable to contain himself longer, he rushed to the piano and threw his arms around the composer.

"Magnifique! Exquisite! Mon Dieu, c'est grand!" he said, incoherently. "I must play eet next week."

Manly smiled.

"Certainly, Monsieur. I will orchestrate it at once."

"Ah! You have called eet 'Thellenarda,'" said Monsieur Louget, studying the sheet. "I will call for my copy this afternoon."

As the days passed, Manly grew paler and paler. Troubled lines appeared in his face. He ate little, and irregularly. Slight noises startled him, and trifles worried him unusually. His calm eyes took on an apprehensive, haunted look, and he became restless. At night he courted sleep for hours at a time, and when it came at last it was but fitful and unresting. In his troubled dreams he chased elusive notes over illimitable bars, and never captured them. He grew moody and irritable.

Finally, it struck him like a blow that he was going insane. He could not remember the title, the refrain, or any of the notes in his masterpiece unless it was before him in manuscript. This mental aberration at first filled him with wonder, then curiosity, and finally with apprehension as to his sanity. In spite of the hours spent in practicing the composition, Louget also experienced this strange phenomena, and he, too, was worried.

"Ah! m'sieu," he said, the evening before his recital, "I am distract'. I read ze composition, one, two, a dozaine times. I turn my head, and — Sapristi! eet is forgotten!"

"Just so," said Manly, wearily, "I have tried it on various people. The result is invariably the same. They are unable to remember even the name ten seconds after they have read it."

"In ze orchaistra at rehearsal it was also so. Not one thing could they remembaire."

This strange peculiarity of the music caused Manly another bad night, and he resolved to take the matter before an eminent psychologist. The learned man heard his story incredulously, but was forced to admit its verity after testing the thing himself. Several bulky volumes with polysyllabic names failed to enlighten him on the matter, and he, too, gave it up as incomprehensible.

"This mnemonic peculiarity is perhaps due to the fact that you wrote the piece in a dream or trance," he said, as Manly rose. "Further than that I cannot say. There is certainly food for thought in the matter."

"Precious little satisfaction there," thought the composer, as he descended the stairs. "I wonder what new marvels the recital will bring forth."

Thoughts of the initial presentation clung to him the entire day, filling him with a curious apprehension. The minutes dragged into hours—hours that seemed interminable. At last, worn out, and almost sick from brooding on the matter, he presented himself at the great opera house.

The immense auditorium was filled with hundreds of Monsieur Louget's admirers. In his nervous state the chatter and bustle annoyed him, and he spitefully wished them elsewhere, specifying the place with emphasis. The orchestra finished several selections, and was half-heartedly encored. At length the time for Louget's appearance arrived. As the little Frenchman stepped out on the stage he was greeted with a storm of applause, and he bent double several times in acknowledgment.

"Look, Grace!" said the man at Manly's right. "Louget carries music."

The woman, evidently his wife, looked through her opera glasses with interest.

"Isn't that queer?" she whispered. "He usually plays from memory."

"This Manly is a rather new composer," continued the man, studying his program. "Wonder if his 'Thellenarda' will be good. Odd name, isn't it?"

The chords of the introduction silenced his neighbors, and Manly leaned back to enjoy the music. Each musician followed the notes before him with noticeable attention. Louget studied his opening bar, and fingered his bow nervously. He looked pale and sick.

Like a mountain torrent the introduction crashed through a series of chords, the drums and brasses accentuating the

movement, and ended with an abrupt retard. Then, like the exquisite thrust of a knife, the low vibrant notes from the Stradivarius pierced the air. Louget was king, and the audience his loyal but breathless subjects.

Encore upon encore greeted the master, who finally declined to play any more, and fairly staggered from the stage. The dull beating of gloved hands subsided to a low humming, which increased in its whispered volume as the minutes passed.

"Humph!" muttered Manly, almost a sneer on his lips. "They, too, are unable to remember the name, and it amazes them as it did me."

Suddenly he felt an uncontrollable desire to laugh, and he did so. His neighbors started and looked at him curiously, for the laugh had no tinge of mirth. He composed himself angrily, and joined the slow-moving line toward the exit.

At his elbow were two critics from the morning press. Manly recognized them but made no effort to attract their attention.

"You're working too hard, old man," said one, soothingly. "Better knock off for awhile and rest."

"It's not that," returned his companion. "And yet I don't know—Say! can you repeat the name of that piece without looking at the program?"

"Why, certainly." A program rustled. "It's called—it is called—" The program rustled again. "It is called—Gad! That's queer. It—"

"Guess you're overworked too," interrupted the first critic, chuckling. "Let's liquidate."

Manly fell back a pace, and heard other conversations in the same strain, and it gave him satisfaction to know that he was not alone in his perplexity. The cool air outside braced him, and calling a cab he went home. At the door he startled his man-servant with a wild, unnatural laugh. The Englishman helped him to bed, and retired shaking his head.

As usual, he was utterly unable to sleep, and resigned himself to a Morris chair, his pipe and a decanter. His lamp

went out, and the fire blinked and blinked, as the hours dragged away. Gray dawn crept in at the window, clothing the room in its ghostly half-light. The deep wrinkles in the man's face remained set, as in a marble statue. His face was colorless. Black Care, perched on the back of his chair, breathed its ominous breath on his cheek, and coveted his reason.

At last, with an impatient, unresigned sigh he threw open the window wide, and dressed himself. An early milk-wagon rattled by on the cobblestones. The shrill cry of a newsboy came from below. In the distance hundreds of factory whistles called the workers to their daily labor. Manly snatched up his hat, swore roundly at nothing in particular, and went out.

An early newsboy sold him a paper. The glaring headlines did not surprise him.

"UNCANNY ASPECT OF MANLY'S MASTERPIECE."

He did not read the account, but threw the paper in the gutter and stamped on it. Passersby looked over their shoulders and wondered.

"Bats in his belfry," muttered the boy, and scurried across the street to another customer.

The succeeding days were like a nightmare. The principal topic everywhere was of the singular power of "*Thellenarda*." The music was published, and the entire edition sold in less than a day. The newspapers printed long interviews with eminent psychologists, but no explanation was offered. At various times Manly met friends who could not remember even his name, because they had read it on the title of the published copies. For the most part, the composer kept to his house. His morbid broodings began to tell on his physique, and nervous prostration threatened.

On the fifth day after the recital he decided to go away. Throwing a few things into a suit-case, he bought a ticket to the end of the line and took the first fast train that left the Grand Central station. As he lay in the swaying berth he decided to get off at the fifth stop the train made the next

morning, a whimsical idea, but one entirely in keeping with his mental condition. The motion of the car soothed him at last, and he slept.

A shrill blast from the whistle awakened him with a start. His curiosity refused to be aroused as to his destination, and a dull apathy enveloped him. He dressed without interest, and mechanically counted the stops.

"This express seems to have degenerated into a local," he mused. "The next will be the fifth."

The train drew into a little station and stopped. Manly tipped the porter, and stepped out on the platform. A sign bearing the word "Wallingford," hung under the eaves of the little station. A mail bag was thrown off, and the train disappeared around the curve.

Still without interest Manly picked up his suit-case, declined the offer of the 'bus-man to take him to the "Mansion House for a quarter," and strode up the main street of the town. A drug store on the corner, as a side line, displayed some music. Manly glanced in as he passed. A familiar sheet attracted his eye, and he read:

"Thellenarda, by H. W. Manly, New York City."

"I can't get away from it," he growled, savagely, "and I solemnly believe it will drive me mad."

The ramshackle hotel came in sight and Manly entered. A clerk with plastered hair and an abnormally long nail on his forefinger smiled, and pushed the register across the desk. The composer poised the pen, dipped it in the ink thoughtfully, hesitated, then wrote "G. W. Smith."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, studying the name. "Had luncheon?"

"Yes," said Manly, shortly, "Show me the room."

"Ice-water?" asked the clerk, as he unlocked the door.

"No."

The clerk raised his eyebrows, and retreated. Manly dropped into a chair, and cried like a baby.

"That accursed piece has lost me my name," he sobbed, nervously. "I read it in the window, and now it's left me."

Tearing open his suit-case he rummaged for some hint. The monogram, "H. W. M." on various articles gave no clew. Not a letter or a card could he find in his pockets. Again he laughed wildly, and jamming on his hat he started on a run for the drug store. Wild-eyed and out of breath, he reached the corner and peered into the window. The copy was gone! A small crowd had followed his flight from the hotel, and they gathered around him curiously.

Blindly he ripped open the door and staggered into the store. The elderly proprietor started, and asked his business.

"You sold some music a moment ago?" asked Manley, steadying himself on the show case.

"Yes," answered the druggist.

"What was it's name?"

"Why, I sold a copy of 'Lucinda Lee'."

"Not that!" snarled Manly with an oath, "What else?"

"And another piece, I can't remember the name, to—"

"To whom?" prayed Manly.

"To a stranger, I think he took the 12:18 south."

Manly looked straight ahead for a moment, then began to clap his hands, crying, "Encore! encore!" The elderly proprietor scratched his head dubiously, then came from behind the counter.

The composer fell on his neck and babbled, "Who am I? Who am I?" in his surprised ear.

A burly man outside the window slipped a star from his overcoat and came in, followed by the curious crowd. A moment of indecision, then he took Manly by the arm. The composer continued to babble incoherently.

"Come on, young man," said the burly man, soothingly, "let's go home."

"Too bad," said the druggist, as they went out. "Wonder what ails him."

The door slammed, and he went back behind the counter.

—*W. B. Simmons, '08.*

## Beyond the Barrier

---

THE class in philosophy had been struggling with the empiricism of Kant, the monad of Leibnitz, and now were endeavoring to penetrate into the mysticism of Edwards and the theory concerning the freedom of the human will. I sat in the class-room while the professor called upon several near me to recite. And now the line of attack passing to the other side of the room, I gave a sigh of relief, for I was satisfied that I need not become a martyr that day. I settled back in my seat comfortably and fell into a deep reverie.

I found myself wandering in a forest. How long I had walked I know not. It seemed for days. I was filled with a restlessness, the cause of which I did not know. I was in search of something, and try my best I could not conceive what it might be. Motion seemed my only relief. So I brushed my way through bushes, picked my way among rocks, straining every nerve to gain an unknown end. With physical and mental struggle I became feverish and excited. Life seemed to depend on finding my counterpart. This lack of correspondence I knew meant in the end misery, dejection and death. But I seemed no nearer my goal.

Suddenly on turning about a bend of rocks, I saw an aged man sitting on a log. He was clothed in a long purple robe, girdled at the waist by a golden cord. One hand was lost in his long grey beard, while the other rested upon his staff. As I approached he turned his head. There was about him a holy serenity of manner. An utmost sympathy and benevolence rested in his eyes, while wisdom and keenness of penetration were stamped upon his countenance. I knew at once that he could help me.

A sad smile played about his features as he said, "Weary traveler, thou art in search of something. That, verily, thou shalt find if thou seekest diligently. I know what thou desireth. Thou art a philosopher and thou doth wish to pene-

trate beyond the realm of phenomena into the mysteries of the subjective world."

I was mute and astonished that he so readily perceived me. Arising quickly and pointing with his staff he continued in a less lofty language: "But come this way, traveler, and as we proceed to the cave which I inhabit I will explain to you the method by which you may attain your end. For forty years I have lived apart from men, taking more pleasure and drinking deeper of real life in the solitude of the forest than is possible in the society of man. I myself am a philosopher, and many times I have passed beyond the barrier of this life into the realm of pure spirit, by other means than the crude way of death."

I seemed to assent to all that this hermit of the wood said. I knew that he spoke the words of truth. I knew that he was the means by which I might gain the one great object of my life.

"You see," he remarked, "because we live in the present we have the advantage of all that has gone before. The deepest thoughts from the Ionic school up to the present time are ours. By virtue of position we can escape the pitfalls into which went many of the theories of the Stoics and the Epicureans. Likewise we can use that which we still deem to be true."

We had now reached the cave. By some mysterious means it was well lighted within. The walls were covered with moss, while trailing vines with blossoming flowers added enticing enchantment to the scene.

"Pray seat yourself on that dais of stone, traveler, and we will at once to the work at hand. Here the hermit-philosopher seated himself on a throne-like device of intertwining grape vine upon which the purple fruit was hanging. "The Epicureans have been basely slandered in all ages," he said, sadly. "To think that the convictions of the great Epicurus should have been termed the 'pig-sty philosophy.' Certain sensuous followers were the cause of this and not the originator. He emphasized harmony between the body and mind,

The satiety of physical hunger was the condition for deepest thought. This idea is necessary for your entering the subjective world. This theory of Epicurus I have magnified and turned to other uses."

Hereupon he drew a little wand from the folds of his robe and circled it thrice in the air while he muttered a few phrases in a strange language. Immediately there was a table before me spread with the choicest viands and tempting fruit. "You see," he added, "we will put our philosophy into practice at once. You recreate yourself while I pass into another chamber and prepare the conditions under which you may enter the transcendental world."

When he returned I felt wonderfully refreshed, yet the longing within me became intensified. Resuming his seat he proceeded. "The ancients thought they could bring mind into prominence by occasioning the suffering of the body, thus rendering it nil. I, on the other hand, render the body nil by granting the correlatives which the desires demand. When this correspondence is realized their craving is reduced to the minimum. So I have music for the ear as well as food and drink for the stomach. I have pleasing objects for the eye. You see, the satiety of the senses must be realized. Thus is produced the harmony that Epicurus taught. So much for that philosophy.

"Now, listen carefully to my method. I cannot agree with Herbert Spencer that we can know only phenomena. Because we can not see a mental picture of a thing is no reason why we can not have a conception of it. If his theory were true our conception of God and the immortality of the soul would be groundless. We would be minus a religion, minus a sense of an overruling power which makes life a blessing and a joy. For surely these things we have not gained through experience. Empirical psychology is well enough as far as it goes, but it sets its own latitude. Now, Spencer or any other empiricist would agree that we have conceptions of time and space and causality, though obviously these are not gained through experience; for where is the

channel of their transmission? These are *a priori*. So much for knowledge beyond the realm of experience, beyond the realm of phenomena." Eagerly I drank in his words, for they seemed the words of wisdom and truth. He spoke as one who knew the way.

"Now," he continued with animation, "we have arrived at the philosophy of Edwards. This is the most essential of all. Without this the rest is useless. Here we have two wills, the universal and the particular. These are of the same essence. The latter is particularized in the will of man. All these are possible if these two wills are in harmony; and then there is a deep sense of peace, purity and contentment. If these two wills are opposed there is confusion and chaos in the lesser will and despair and sin reign in a man's life. It is well for you if heretofore you have lived in harmony with the universal will. The one condition of your great desire is that your will to enter the subjective world harmonizes with the universal will. We will now enter the adjoining room. Concentrate your mind on your great wish."

As we entered the chamber I detected the odor of violets. There was a profusion of flowers and the deep tremulous tones of a harp became audible. He motioned me to recline upon a couch of moss. Looking me squarely in the eye he passed his wand over my head. The sad powerful note of a clarinet mingled now with those of the harp. My senses seemed satisfied — all but my one great desire to enter the subjective world, and upon that thought I concentrated my mind.

Suddenly I began to feel myself leaving my body. It did not surprise me. It seemed consequential. Consciousness was predominant, but I had lost all sensation. There was neither pain nor cold nor heat nor bodily feeling of any kind. And now I was clear of my body, and I knew it. I looked back upon my body, not with eyes, to be sure, but with consciousness, and knew that it was devoid of its "Ego." I seemed to think of myself as having form, as previously, but without the flesh. I was all spirit, and I knew I had entered the subjective world. Though I seemed loath to depart from

mortality, an irresistible force drove me on and above. And now I was far above the earth, driven on faster and faster. The earth was growing smaller. Now it appeared like a ball far below me, and in a moment it was a mere speck in the atmosphere. I was entirely conscious of myself, but neither event nor phenomena of any kind took place. I had a complete conception of the infinite of space and time, and was aware that a great thing was about to happen. My pace was slackened. There was a terrible brightness which continually increased in magnitude and splendor. A fear such as a mortal can never know filled my soul. I was approaching the universal will, the essence of pure being, and a shudder convulsed me. The thought flashed through my consciousness that it was not right for me to be here, to penetrate beyond the barrier through another way than that of natural death. To seek the universal will and not the universal will to seek me was an incalculable offense. I felt as a thief and a robber and I wished myself back in the cave with the hermit.

Immediately there was a reversal. My spirit with astounding swiftness retraced its course. The thought came to me that my last wish was also in harmony with the universal will, or else return would be impossible. The earth grew in size and presently I again viewed my own body. I floated into it, but the sense of returning from the state of immensity and infinity into the mortal and the finite state seemed to cause me an agony of pain.

I awoke from the reverie. My body was cold and numb. I looked at my watch. I had been lost to the world but three minutes, and just then the professor called upon me to tell about the two wills in Edwards' philosophy.

—*J. H. Edgerton, '06.*

## **The Humorist and the Automobile**

---

**I**T'S NO USE, old man, you'll never start it that way; build a fire under it."

The speaker, a pleasant-faced young man, sprawled over the empty seat of an automobile, apparently absorbed in the endeavor to brand a fly with the lighted end of his cigarette.

From below came in muffled and constrained accents, "I suppose you think that's witty, don't you! You fellows who don't know anything about these machines always consider it extremely funny to refer to it as a horse."

"Now be calm, be calm, Alfred," urged the man in the seat; "look at me; do I fume and fret? Not at all. I am calm, as calm as—as—well, as calm as anything you choose to name."

"I tell you if I had three inches of wire you couldn't see this car for dust; I can't get a knife blade in here and a toothpick isn't quite long enough."

"I should judge that in your present situation it would be impossible to see the car on account of the dust, even without a voice."

A red and wrathful face appeared from below.

"Now, see here, Frank Allen, we've had just about enough of this. Of course I know you don't care whether you get to Eastbrook today or not; I presume, indeed, you'd rather not, as in that case you wouldn't meet Miss Morgan. But I'm running this show, and just as quick as I can get over to that house and back this machine starts."

"I say, Freddy, you aren't going to leave me here alone with it, are you? Hadn't you better hitch the beast?"

But Freddy disdained to answer and strode off toward the house.

Frank Allen was undeniably lazy. He had inherited a fortune, and when it did not call for too much exertion he spent

his time in making way with it. His attitude toward the world was of good-natured scoffing. He was now on his way to visit his sister, Mrs. Tompkins, at her summer home in Eastbrook, and he had a shrewd suspicion that she had a matrimonial alliance in view for him, a certain Miss Morgan. However, he was not greatly concerned, as this was by no means the first attempt of the kind. Of course he intended to marry in due time, but he preferred to choose his wife himself.

He was roused from his occupation of fly catching by a cough. He looked up. A girl stood before him holding her riding habit out of the dust with one hand while from the other dangled a bunch of golden rod.

She certainly was not beautiful, thought Allen. No one with a nose tilted at that angle could be. Yet there was something piquant and attractive about her, too. A smile broke over her face as her eyes met his, and Allen revised his judgment as to her beauty.

"Could you tell me where this road goes?" she asked.

Allen felt embarrassed. It was rather a peculiar situation. It did not seem proper to remain seated as on a throne while he addressed this vision, and it seemed more than absurd to stand up. However, he compromised and climbed out.

"It goes to Eastbrook, to the best of my knowledge," he said. "Have you had an accident?"

"Pedro got impatient and went home while I was picking golden rod," she explained; "do you think I could get a horse at that farm house?"

Allen thought rapidly. Freddy Belden was at that moment in the house to which she pointed. This adventure was his own and he did not intend to share it with anyone.

"No," he said; "I don't think you could. You see, they have diphtheria at that house. I was just over there," he added, "but if you have a spare hairpin I think I can take you on to the next house, or to Eastbrook, for I am going there also."

"A hairpin?"

"Yes. You see, the—the incubator is—well, it's out of order, and I think if I had a piece of wire I could fix it."

"The what?"

"Why—why, the calculator, of course. The calculator is—is miscalculated, and, you see, if I had a hairpin—"

"Oh, yes, I see," she said; "certainly. You are very kind."

With some difficulty and no little trepidation the immaculate Allen squirmed under the vehicle and gazed about him.

"A hole too small for a knife blade and less than three inches deep," he thought, and beginning at the rear axles he carefully poked the hairpin into every crack and crevice.

"There," he said, as he shook the dust from himself some minutes later, "I guess that'll work," and he aided the young woman into the machine. "Now, just wait a minute and I'll turn the handle." A cheerful rattle and cough responded to his efforts and he climbed into the car well pleased with himself. The numerous levers somewhat daunted him, but at the first touch the machine moved off gently, and every doubt was lost in exultation.

"Do you live in Eastbrook?" his companion asked.

"No," he said, "I'm visiting there." His conversation was somewhat jerky, as he found it very trying to the nerves to steer and talk at the same time.

"Is the incubator working all right now?" she asked, after an interval of silence.

He glanced at her sharply. No, there was no guile in that face.

"Yes, pretty well," he answered, and then, resolved to impress at any cost, he went on rashly, "I had to hang the piston rod on the safety valve, though, for fear the fly-wheel would break." He gave the steering wheel a quick turn which just saved them from a fence in which his eloquence had nearly lodged them.

Here was a pretty dilemma. He was seated beside the one woman in the world whom he felt to be his soul-mate, and a senseless piece of mechanism held him dumb. Let Fate do

its worst, he would talk. At least if they ran into the ditch they would go together. He felt wildly and recklessly hilarious. If he could not think and steer at the same time, at any rate he could talk.

"Have you been long in Eastbrook?" he heard her say.

"Yes—no—that is," he dodged a yelping dog, "I haven't been there yet. Sister lives there, (thought that kid was a goner) she's going to marry me (confound hens) to some old maid named Morgan,—lectures on women's rights and temperance and things, (crookedest ruts in this road I ever saw). Not if I know it."

"I like brown hair," he added inconsequently.

"What color is Miss Morgan's?"

"Black and shiny," he assured her, while the car described a graceful curve.

A large estate with a stone gateway loomed before them.

"This is the place," she said.

Could he do it? He clinched his teeth grimly and shut his eyes. When he opened them the gateway was behind, but how was he to stop? There was the house and a crowd of people on the veranda; at his hand was a multitude of levers, but which stopped the machine and which sent it ahead? Hopelessly he touched one. They darted ahead, straight for the porch. He clung to the wheel convulsively.

"If you'll push back, that one on the outside we'll stop all right, Mr. Allen," said a voice at his side.

"Mr. Allen!" so she knew his name, he thought, as he dully pushed back the handle.

The voice of his sister brought him to himself. "How lovely of you to bring Miss Morgan home, Frank," she said, "and how perfectly disreputable you look."

—*R. B. Peck, '07.*

## In the Rapids

---

**T**HE drive had progressed exceptionally well that spring. The water had been good and no accidents had occurred. Everything looked favorable. The Stillwater was reached; the rapids were but a half a mile away, and from there the Moose flowed serenely on to the Black river.

But at the very beginning of the rapids the unexpected happened. Almost on the first rift the logs began to pile up. The boss was at the rear with most of the boatmen and no one there knew what to do. In a few minutes the whole advance drive was jammed and the rest of the logs up the river were loose. Nothing could stop them. The whole drive in an hour had jammed.

The men had already worked a day on the jam, but it was of no use. The boss knew before that it would do no good. There was but one way to break the jam and he dared not do that himself. He was too old, his limbs had been stiffened by thirty years of river work. It would have been suicide for him to go out on that jam and try to break loose the key-log. He felt it, but he never sent a man where he would not go himself. This was why he delayed.

Finally volunteers were called for to break the jam. At first no one responded, but after a while the camp's best driver suddenly determined to try. Unconsciously some men delight in displaying their bravery before their fellows. Others when occasion arises will literally throw away their lives to prove to themselves that they are no cowards. It must have been the latter spirit that imbued this young man to take such a chance with death.

In stature he was a young giant. He was as strong as two ordinary men. For this very reason he was put on the boat, when two springs before he had come on the drive. In those two years he had shown his ability and was considered the best boatman on the river. He was good-natured, seldom expressed an opinion, but when he did it was recognized. All

the men liked him and respected him. The bullies would fight anyone who said anything against him, and although he never fought, they acted as if it were tacitly understood that he was their superior in that line.

Perhaps when he determined to try to break the jam, he appreciated the old foreman's position. Anyway, he meant to break that jam or die in doing it, and his friends' objections influenced him in no way.

Ordinarily it is not such a life or death job to break a jam, but this was an exception. If the jam is in still water, as is likely, it may be broken from the boat, and as soon as it is started the boat can be easily rowed out of danger. But here there was so much water, and it was so swift, that before the boat could be got away the jam would be upon it; or if it did get away, it could not go across the stream, but would have to shoot the rapids, which would be also highly dangerous.

Scarcely a hundred yards below the jam the first rapid began; and below that the water was rough and swift, in fact, in low water there were rapids, but the river was now too high for them to be noticeable. A falls ended this stretch of bad water.

At noon the boat was ready. With a companion he rowed to the center of the stream, grim resolve written in every feature. Almost as if with instinct he located the key-log. It was in such a position that it could be loosened only by working at it from the boat. As soon as it was free the whole river field of logs would burst madly forth, and a gambler would shudder to think of the boatman's chances for life. He had but one hope.

When the jam was started, his companion jumped upon it, with wonderful agility, climbed over the logs and ran for his life toward the shore. The current had taken the boat before he could follow his companion, but he jumped, for in that jump lay his chance for life; and he missed by scarce a foot. In an instant he was standing erect on the log, cuffing it desperately, almost against hope, down the stream. His log

was free, but the loosened jam above was bearing down on him with frightful momentum. It might overtake him even before he reached the falls. He could ride the rapids and might go over the falls without being hurt, but before he could be picked up from the bay below he would be mangled and crushed by the booming mass of logs, even then almost upon him. He tried to cuff his log toward the right shore, but he lost ground. That almost human mass behind him gained faster. All hope had gone. So meekly and proudly he rode his plunging log at a dizzy speed toward the falls.

For a second he seemed to pause on the brink. He raised his hand, but if he spoke the roar of the stream drowned his voice. The seething whirlpool awaited him.

A moment later the bay below the falls was filled with logs; the booming of the river was deafening, but the men on shore were silent.

*H. J. MacGarry, '09.*

---

## **Memoria Amoris**

---

A golden strain, a love-song rare,  
Warbled soft from feathered breast,  
Begets calm slumber, lulls mad care  
To peaceful rest.

Thus, sweetheart, when I think of thee,  
And tender memories dim mine eyes,  
Fond dreams, made vocal, sing to me  
Of paradise.

—*W. T. Purdy, '06.*

## CRITICUS

---

FOR the past month or two Criticus has noticed an emblem upon the watch fobs of a few members of the Senior Class which strongly resembles in design the keys worn by the members of Phi Beta Kappa. Being of a speculative turn of mind, Criticus has been trying to solve the problem as to why such badges are worn; why the so-called society of Kappa Beta Phi ever originated, and most of all, why it ever came to Hamilton. Now here is the dilemma: the burlesque is either serious or it is funny. If it is serious the wearers are perfectly willing to be taken for scholars, or what they are not; and the contrast between what they are and what they would like to have people believe they are, is ludicrous. Therefore, it is funny. Now let us reason from the other hypothesis: that it is funny. Then we are confronted with the pathetic spectacle of something being branded whose nature is perfectly evident without the sign. Therefore, it is serious. Just how shall Criticus extricate himself from this philosophical tangle? Must he conclude that it is both serious and funny?

After all, he is reminded of the father who said to his half-witted son, "Bill, if you would only keep your mouth shut people would not know that you are a fool." So the next time there was company the boy never spoke a word, not even answering the questions addressed to him. Finally one of the visitors said to another, "That fellow must be a fool." Bursting into tears, the son cried out, "Dad, they guessed, anyhow!"

## EDITORIAL

---

**A**S SPRING approaches we hear discussed the pros and cons of the Interscholastic question. It should be the aim of every loyal undergraduate to prove effective in securing the matriculation of at least one student every succeeding year. Can we enlarge the roll of our students by means of Interscholastic Day? If we can, and very perceptively, then we should be willing cheerfully to encounter the sacrifice, expense, and labor, which this occasion renders inevitable. But if not, if our only success consists in providing good and costly entertainment for several hundred boys who, though appreciative, never expect to walk our campus again, then by all means let us discontinue the custom.

And speaking of new students, we humbly submit that we are behind the times in our loose, lazy methods of securing them. If we want more men we must make an effort to get them, and most of our sister colleges seem to realize the need and efficiency of organized effort. Why haven't we a student association whose aim is to procure good men for the College? Of course individuals can and do accomplish something in this direction, but organization would surely accomplish more.

---

**T**HE evangelization of the world in this generation" is a phrase that can not fail to appeal to the imagination, even of those who are not particularly interested in foreign missions. Such is the motto of the Student Volunteer Movement, the twentieth anniversary of which was recently celebrated at Nashville. The convention was attended by two Hamilton undergraduates. The movement is an interesting phase of modern college endeavor. During the last four years it has sent a thousand volunteers to the foreign-mission field, which shows that it is not wanting in actual accomplishment.

A DISGRUNTLED Senior is no *rara avis*, but is quite a common phenomenon. At this dismal time of year he is inclined to review his four years' course with anything but satisfaction and to survey his future with anything but confidence. Looking back upon the brief space of time which lies back of him forever, he realizes that many college honors easily within his reach were appropriated by others. Nor is it conducive to a feeling of comfort to discover that he is one of the "ineligibles" to the highest prize his Alma Mater offers. To be debarred from writing a Clark Prize Oration merely shows that in the eyes of the Department of Oratory your chapel appearances were not equal to those whom you see posted as eligible. Theoretically the present method is reasonable; but in reality some of the best writers and speakers in the Senior classes are often shut out from the Clark Prize writing competition. Worst of all, the system now in use admits the old familiar cry of favoritism. Time was when all were eligible to write, and there was no annual murmur of discontent.

## AMONG THE LIT'S

stories in most of the Lits of the past month attempt what is beyond their power. There is a strain of the serious in all which in some becomes absolute melodrama, and as some one said, "More melodramatic drama." Yet they are not bad. Each has many good points, and in some the good points far outnumber the bad ones. "One Who Died," in the *Amherst Lit.*, and "The Man Who Was Blind," in the *in Quill*, are the best.

The essays are, taken as a whole, better than the fiction, though usually they lack the brilliance and vigor which characterizes some of the stories. "Some Aspects of Mr. Swinburne's Poetry," in the *in*, and "The Celt's Message to the American," in the *Bowdoin* are very good. The oration, "Robert Gould Shaw," in the *rst Lit.*, also deserves attention. There are several good poems. "The Nagalon," in the *Williams Lit.*, is too long to quote. The following by Albert Rand in the *Amherst Literary Monthly*:

### NOCTURNE.

Silver-veiled the distant valley,  
Shadow-lost the glancing stream,  
Voices of the woodland calling  
Sound but echoes of a dream.

Like some misty temple tapers,  
Incense-clouded through the night  
Sweep the moonbeams, shadowy, radiant,  
Shrouding all with solemn light.

Wistful, weird, and now beguiling,  
Moans the night wind's cadence thrill,  
Floating dimly through the forest,  
Fainting listless o'er the hill.

Wild the calling of the night birds  
'Mid the stillness fraught with dread,  
Falls along the listening woodlands  
As of visions that are fled.

## COLLEGE VERSE

---

### THE FOREST PATH.

There's a shaded path in the wood,  
And it winds like a wandering child,  
Lost in the forest briars,  
Lost in the tangled wild.

Beneath the somber trees  
It led me till the night,  
Then paused by a quiet pool  
Where the heron wings his flight.

I gazed in the waters still,  
And saw the twilight pall  
Among the mirrored trees  
Crimson and darken and fall.

Like the last low murmured verse  
Of a mother's lullaby,  
The day and the path by the tarn  
Had fled at the night wind's sigh.

Between the marsh-grown grass  
I could not find the way.  
I was lost with the winding path  
At the end of the wandering day.

—Willard Ansley Gibson in *Williams Lit.*

---

### PEACE.

Out in the dusk of the quiet night  
A little breeze wanders at will;  
And it wafts back the breath of the sleeping flowers  
Up to my window sill.

Against the dark of the massed pine trees  
The lanterned firefly flashes,  
Tracing a delicate, trackless path  
With its dancing ghost-light dashes.

I know that down in the garden bed  
The patient glow-worm creeps,  
Trailing his glimmering moonshine  
Where the deep scent heavily sleeps.

In the grass dew-drenched to heaviness  
Sounds the cricket's voice alone,  
Subdued no more by the sounds of day  
In its sweet shrill monotone.

Oh, my heart is out in the quiet night  
With the flowers and the cricket shrill,  
With the slow glow-worm, and the firefly dance,  
And the soft breeze wand'ring at will.

—Edna Clare Bryner in *Vassar Miscellany*.

## HILL NOTES

---

—The basket-ball season ended with Hamilton scoring a total of 517 points against our opponents' 342.

—The members of the Junior Whist Club enjoyed a banquet March 10th at the Butterfield House, Utica, after which they attended "Fantana" in the Majestic Theatre.

—Melrose, '06, and Allen, '07, as delegates from Hamilton attended the International Convention of Student Volunteers held in Nashville, Tenn., February 28th to March 4th. On their return trip they visited Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. There was a total of 4,200 delegates in attendance from the colleges and universities of the United States and Canada.

—At the various elections during the past month we note the following men elected: Captain of basket-ball for the season of 1906-7, Oscar Kuolt, '07; Leader of the Mandolin Club for the season of 1906-7, C. M. Trippe, '07; Leader of the Glee Club for the same season, W. B. Simmons, '08; President of the Senior Class, Barrows; Vice-president, Thompson; Permanent Secretary, Brokaw; Treasurer, Nellis.

—At the annual election of the officers of the Y. M. C. A. held March 15th, after the reports of the committees, all of which were unusually good, the following officers were elected: President, R. M. Scoon, '07; Vice-president, C. M. Trippe, '08; Treasurer, E. J. Weeks, '08; Secretary, H. G. Aron, '09.

—The Gym. Show in the Majestic, Utica, was a pronounced success. Every man was at his best, both in the gymnastic and the musical parts. Comparing it with what Hamilton has produced before it is far ahead of all of them as far as the program was concerned. The proceeds though good, were not up to what was expected. The total receipts were \$454.55; the expenditures, \$236.75; the balance, \$217.80. Mr. Crossley received one-fourth of the net proceeds, leaving \$163.60 to be handed over to the Athletic Association.

## ALUMNIANA

(Send Alumni and Necrology notes to William H. Squires, '88.)

—Rev. Aaron C. Stuart, '94, has been called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Oneida Castle, N. Y.

—Prof. Henry White, '98, has been supplying for the winter the Presbyterian Church in Vernon, which Edward J. Humeston, '99, vacated to accept the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in Skaneateles. Prof. White is much in demand and has a splendid reputation as a public speaker.

—Concerning Rev. Frank S. Child, D. D., '75, of Fairfield, Ct., the Boston *Congregationalist* of January 27 contained the following brief but appreciative notice: "Dr. F. S. Child, well-known and beloved in county and state, is, with Mrs. Child, about to accept from a parishioner the gift of a Mediterranean tour."

—Allan P. Ames, '98, has been appointed Manager of the Albany Bureau of the Publishers' Press Association, a news-gathering and distributing agency which has branches in various parts of this country and Europe. Mr. Ames has been connected since leaving college with the Albany *Journal*, and his promotion to a larger responsibility is well-earned.

—Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* during the past year have observed a series of articles characterizing briefly the most important new books in each department of thought. Along with the significant books of science, music, biography, each group being reviewed by an expert, the notable religious books have been twice discussed by Rev. George Hodges, D. D., '77; first in the issue of May, 1905, under the title, "Religion of the Spirit," and then in the current issue as "Significant Books of Religion."

—John D. Cary, '84, who made a name for himself in College as a speaker, is delivering a series of lectures on church history in St. John's Church, Richfield Springs, N. Y., on the Thursday evenings during Lent. Although a layman, Mr. Cary has interested himself in the history and development of present-day religious institutions, reading the works of such authorities as Harnack, Cornill, Canon Gore, and McGiffert. The subjects for the several lectures will be: "Judaism—The Religion of Moses, the Prophets and the Pharisees"; "The Founding of Christianity and the Organization of the Church"; "The Development of a Centralizing Church"; "The Reformation"; "The Episcopal Church"; "The Varied Work and Opportunities of the Church of Today."

—Hon. Seth G. Heacock, '80, is expected to be the next State Senator from the Herkimer-Otsego District of New York. Mr. Heacock has been spending some time in Pasadena, Cal., and has announced his willingness to make the fight for the State Senatorship.

—Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D., '56, editor of the *Missionary Review*, and author of "The Miracles of Missions" in two volumes, says in his preface to this work: "The history of missions not only reveals miracles—it is itself a miracle. The chapters, as given in these two volumes, simply present examples of the unmistakable work of God on the various parts of the mission field. They are selected almost at random, from all quarters of the earth and from all classes or communities. They are the modern wonders of the world, and they show that missionary history is the burning bush, every leaf aflame with the Divine presence. As we study these developments of supernatural power, we are constrained to remove the sandals from our feet, as those who stand on holy ground."

—Rev. Charles F. Goss, D. D., '73, expects to sail for Europe in May with the hope of recovering his health. "Dr. Goss has been a very busy man all his life, and especially during the last years. He has carried the heavy duties connected with the pastorate of a large and influential church, and during the same time he has been occupied with literary work that has brought him immediate success and placed his name among the first of the catalogue of literary men of the present. Though his church offered Dr. Goss every inducement to retain his official relation to the church, he decided to relinquish its duties and seek rest and new scenes beyond the Atlantic. Dr. Goss has returned from sojournings in Europe with an intenser message for the struggling classes, and he is sure to have something valuable for literature or sermon when he gets home again."

—Prof. Philip M. Hull, A. M., '76, Conductor of Teachers' Institutes in the State of New York, has been appointed lately to take charge for another year of the institute to be held at Chautauqua during July and August of this year. Prof. Hull has had charge of this School of Pedagogy for seventeen successive summers and has given such satisfaction that he has become a permanent fixture there for these sessions of the Summer Schools. During the winter Prof. Hull went through a siege of pneumonia, but has fully recovered, and is busy with instruction at the State Teachers' Institutes held up to the last of May. Prof. Hull conducts some of the largest institutes in the State and is known as one of our ablest educators. This spring he is introducing into his institutes the plan of individual instruction, seeking to grade the institute according to the most approved plans employed in the grades and grammar schools. His experiment will be closely scrutinized and success in this line will be a precedent for the other institutes held in the State.

—Charles T. Ives, '92, has lately been interested in a legal contest that has caused much comment and anxiety in legal circles in the form of a suit for negligence which his firm has handled for Prof. John B. Wheeler, A. M., Principal of the Clinton Preparatory School for boys. William R. Fuller, a freshman in Hamilton College, was employed by Prof. Wheeler as Prefect in his school. Scarlet fever broke out in the Preparatory School and Mr. Fuller was among the number of those ill with the disease. Mr. Fuller employed a physician to treat him, and his physician employed at his request a trained nurse. Prof. Wheeler had secured a man of the village, who had been often called as attendant of the sick, to look after the sick-room, keep fires up, disinfect the clothing and be general helper in looking after the wants of the boys, but had no authority from Prof. Wheeler to administer medicine. It happened that the trained nurse became sick and the physician ordered her to rest and directed the attendant to administer necessary medicine during this interval of rest. The attendant by mistake administered some poison to the Prefect, Fuller, and he died a few days afterward. Suit was brought by the young man's father for \$10,000 damages against Prof. Wheeler, and Mr. Ives' law firm defended Prof. Wheeler. The accident happened May, 1904, and was tried March, 1906, with a verdict for Prof. Wheeler. It was proved that the relation of master and servant did not exist between Prof. Wheeler and the attendant who administered the poison, and therefore Prof. Wheeler could not be charged with the negligence claimed. The case was carried through successfully against the opposition of such a shrewd and competent lawyer as Senator Mills of Little Falls, N. Y. Mr. Ives and his firm have received many congratulations for their well-earned success in the matter, for the case involved consequences far-reaching to the interests of everybody who employed servants for the sick in their homes no matter under what terms such happen to be there.

—The following report appeared recently among the daily press dispatches: Cornell University last night won the annual triangular debate with the University of Pennsylvania and Columbia University. Teams representing the three institutions met simultaneously last night in New York, Philadelphia and Ithaca. Cornell won from Pennsylvania at Philadelphia and from Columbia University at Ithaca. Pennsylvania took second honors by defeating Columbia University in New York. The subject of the debates in the three places was: "Resolved, That American cities should seek the solution of the street railway problem through private ownership and operation." Cornell won on the affirmative of the proposition in Ithaca, and in Philadelphia the Cornell debaters defeated Pennsylvania by upholding the negative. In the debate in New York, Pennsylvania won from Columbia on the

negative. The *Utica Herald Dispatch* remarked editorially: Those Cornell debators seem to have a versatile set of logicians. One team won against Columbia yesterday by taking the affirmative of the question of private ownership for street railways, while another team won against Pennsylvania by taking the negative. The last word upon the subject remains to be said in these columns. The double victory reflects credit not only upon the institution and the debators, but upon Prof. J. A. Winans, '97, who is in charge of the department of rhetoric and public speaking at the Cornell University. And this is not the first time that Cornell has won such honor through the efforts of Prof. Winans. Last year Cornell won the championship in the Triangular Debating League by defeating Pennsylvania in Ithaca, and Columbia in New York.

—Rev. Gilbert Reid, D. D., '79, is a most active and influential man to-day among the Chinese and what he says is worthy of most careful consideration. He is an author, translator, and educator, and is sensitive to the slightest change of thought or sentiment among the upper-class Chinese. Dr. Reid is now at the head of an influential journal and is seeking to fuse American ideals and Chinese traditions into a higher doctrine for the orientals. Dr. Reid has lately undertaken an important work and Hamilton men are interested in this sort of its noted alumnus. The first number of the second volume of the *Journal of the American Association of China*, published in Shanghai, appeared last January. The previous volume had 15 numbers, semi-annual. The first number of the new volume appeared under a new president, Rev. Gilbert Reid, D. D., who was elected at the last annual meeting of the American Association of China. One object of the association is to promote good feeling between Americans and the natives of China. The association also tries to further legitimate American interests and occupies a prominent place in China. The paper issued semi-annually gives the important news of the past six months, contains editorials, etc. The January number publishes the thanksgiving address of T. J. Jernigan, a report of the Lienchow massacre, of the memorial service for Secretary Hay at Shanghai, and other news items and contributed articles. Dr. Reid has an editorial entitled "The Boycott Movement," the last paragraph of which reads: "At present it looks very much as if the boycott would be ordered to go on, if American legislation or a new treaty is not satisfactory to the Chinese agitators. And is there any reason for supposing that they will be satisfied? The Chinese government may consent, but we fear the agitators will not consent. What has already been granted by President Roosevelt in modification of existing regulations have been ignored or made light of by the Chinese. There are some who

demand that Chinese laborers shall also be allowed to enter America the same as workmen from other countries. Others demand a change without knowing what they want. The result is that the agitation has been allowed to go so far that nothing just or reasonable done by the American government will give satisfaction or be appreciated. The agitation, unchecked and unprohibited, has become anti-American, and has fed the flames of a greater anti-foreign agitation, liable at any time to break forth into riots and uprisings. It is for this reason that we look at the boycott movement as more than child's play or a young student effervescence."

—The noted "Josh Billings," or Henry W. Shaw, of the class of 1837, of Hamilton College, would find the Americans in larger sympathy with his idea of spelling the English language were he to return to New York to-day and consult some miraculous authorities, *et al.*, in regard to English orthography. All great men live ahead of their times, of course. Great ideas move slowly, and it takes an age or two before they move into position for accurate inspection and appreciation. Now, "Josh" has been a huge joke all these years—never taken seriously and considered much of a buffoon. He was never known to live up to any rules—these were too irksome for a man of his disposition and unsteady habit of industry. The broad-gauged rules of Hamilton College in his day were too strict for him, so he was graduated forcibly from the College ahead of his class and sent out into the world to reform its existing ways and thus make it a more comfortable place to live in. Certainly "Josh" was a philanthropist, a real genuine fellow who yearned to exert his "personal influence" for the uplifting of humanity from its sordid ideas of spelling and its stubborn passion for "hard work." With those small brains who insist on accuracy, "Josh" had no sympathy. Small men may worship minute accuracy, but great men can afford to ignore it. Then, too, it is a characteristic symptom of greatness to attack the flimsy traditions of an effete belief or custom that were better buried in oblivion. Why hang on to old ideas and exploded theories? Why persist in imitating the past that has been demonstrated to be all wrong? Reform! Reform! my friends, this is the standard of great minds. Tinker, tinker, tinker—all the while keep tinkering, so the world will learn to call you great and believe at last that you have rescued it from error. The world has never seen so many really great men crowded into a single era as the present. Greatness? why, there is superfluous greatness everywhere—men who are tinkering with spelling, with religion, with education, with finance, with insurance, with politics, with everything, in a word, and they come forth with their diluted nostrums that are warranted to cure the latest malady and render immune against all further attacks. Now, "Josh" spelled the

English language till many laughed, some cried, while others looked on with stolid indifference. But he spelled the language as people talk it. What other rule could a sane man ask for? Why talk a language one way and then go and write it another? If u belev hwat u sa, du az u prech and luz littl tim on Inglish orthograpy. This is economy. It saves time, the language is shorter; it saves paper and effort; because one letter will answer for several at times. It does not tax the brain, so the mental effort given to accurate spelling may be turned to better account on the thought presented. It seems that this is an unanswerable argument, especially when the reformers of the present are under consideration. It is painfully evident that these need freedom from the exactions of English orthography so as to have more thought for their pretentious programs. But then after all it doesn't take much thought to puncture the flimsy fallacies of the present—those left-overs that have somehow survived the great critics of the past. The world is going through the picker-to-day and the product will be pressed into shoddy to-morrow. The self-constituted reformers, in fact, are meddlers of a popular type who bid for temporary notoriety and, if secured, call it greatness. To keep within the range of the popular eye is the chief thing. To have the reputation of doing things is excessively enjoyed and withal prized. It takes, of course, admirable courage, ready wit, and approved ability to question fixed custom and time-honored belief. So there is something quite heroic in the spirit of the performer, and everybody admires a hero and some worship him. Poor old "Josh," who has been so long unappreciated and positively ignored, is bound at last to be canonized in the precious calendar of the orthographical saints and to become at last a veritable hero. "Back to Josh" is the watchword of the present-day spelling-reformers. The Billingsites have the center of the stage and all the world is listening for the message of emancipation that will strike the fetters from enslaved brains. These are tragic moments, moments of suspense. What if this mighty movement should fail? Suppose it should suffer the fate of the "two years course for an A. B."? We would mourn—bitterly mourn, because "Josh," the patron saint of all orthographic reformers, fell miserably to earth half pedestalled, only half memorialized! "Josh" can wait for future ages for complete vindication.

—Rev. Frederick A. Gates, '99, is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Ridgebury, N. Y. This church was founded in 1792 and adopted the Westminster Confession of Faith in 1817. During its existence only 759 members have united with this church, and of these 24 have been received under the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Gates. At a time when the accessions to country churches are falling off, Mr. Gates is solving the problems of the situation and building up a strong congregation in

a little hamlet, and he has been there only one year. In this hamlet solitude, away from the rush of business and the customs that unsettle steady habits, Mr. Gates has been preaching two sermons on Sunday, organizing societies for all the interests of the community, besides devoting much time to the study of theology and the problems of philosophy. This suggests a vigorous intent. Our pastors are generally too busy to devote much time to the sobering study of ultimate problems of thought and God. The sermon is the objective; that completed and the week's real work is ended. Young ministers like lawyers are inclined to give up the profound study of their profession as soon as they have passed the examinations necessary to admit them to full standing in their calling. The church is suffering from the influence of the non-student minister, who seeks to explain an ill-conceived system of religion, consistent with the ideas of his congregation and acceptable, but in content at variance with both Bible and Standards of the church. Some ministers are at war with the Westminster Standards because they do not understand them. It takes no ordinary intelligence and patience to grasp this system of doctrine that lies at the basis of the Presbyterian creed. No wonder that many of the preachers, of popular intent, are averse to this exacting standard of belief. The theological seminaries are not without blame for the attacks which Presbyterian ministers are making on the standards of the church. It is to be wondered at that generations of graduates untutored in the exacting, sobering study of philosophy should turn away from a doctrine so profound as that which lies at the foundation of the Westminster Confession. If the theological seminaries of the church neglect their full duty in matters of preliminary instruction, then the consequences so patent to-day should furnish suggestions for the future. Seminaries have delegated to the colleges the duty of teaching their students philosophy, and at a time when most young men are too immature to care for the doctrines taught, or too indifferent to comprehend them rightly when presented. Then again many young men go through college and on to the theological schools who have never read a single page of philosophy. These are the men who can discourse loudly, often boisterously, on creeds, false philosophy and the fallacies of the Westminster Confession of Faith. The general disloyalty, tacit if not open and public, of many ministers of to-day to the doctrine of the historic church, is traceable to an inadequate preparation for the teaching they are called upon to furnish the people. There is much intellectual anarchy in the church. There appears to be no central authority. There is preaching by students, laymen, and preaching by the authorized, but untrained. Universal distrust of Standards follows: revolt from authority even Revelation itself is not uncommon. It is an evidence of much superiority of intellect and certificate of large scholarship to be able to speak

with great finality on matters touching the Higher Criticism; so this polysyllabic nonsense is bandied about with a flippancy that is "captivating." To be ignorant of "Higher Criticism" is to be in the deserted fields of backwoods preacherdom. Now, this will never do. There must be up-to-date preaching as there is up-to-date everything else. To be abreast with the best thought of the times is the *sine qua non* of "success" in this exacting profession. The argument is irresistible, the practice must respond concisely to it. The malcontents are much in the underbrush of theological truth. They have need to make much noise to be found. If there is any one of them who can "re-construct" a creed more consistent with ultimate authority both in Bible and thought than the Westminster Confession, without opening wide the door to agnosticism or Universalism, it is full time that the substitute made its appearance. If the Presbyterian Church likes agnosticism, it has plenty on its hands already: if it likes Universalism, it will not have to go outside of its ranks to find it in large and undiluted quantities. There is a strong tendency setting in toward a purely rational construction of religion and this means a return to Phariseism, or the religion of self-righteousness. When the Bible text has been slashed into shreds, when the Standards of the Church have been boldly discredited, when Christianity has been dragged down to the level of pagan religions and Christ exhibited as reformer and not divine Savior; then empty pews, abandoned churches, a desecrated Sabbath and a rational religion may be expected. If the Church has nothing to offer but what can be found in pagan philosophy and modern uninspired thought, what serious claim can it make to the enthusiastic adherence of busy men and pre-occupied women? With the Westminster Confession as a guide and a doctrine the Church will never abandon the divine Christ, an authoritative and exclusive Revelation and sacred Sabbath with all these facts involve and signify. Philosophy reveals the human elements in the great doctrines of the churches and warns solemnly against them; it clears up the confusion in "modern" creeds, but has never approached the truths of Revelation unaided. Philosophy finds its "God," so far as it has any, in the declaration of Scripture; it has never found one of its own, probably never will. The supreme function of philosophy has always been to show man his intellectual limitations and to guard him against presumption. As such it will continue to exert its benign influence over the seeker after truth and guide him at last safely to Revelation as the ultimate source of knowledge as to divine things.

—A former director of the graded schools of Milwaukee who has been engaged in the teaching of young children for many years lately made the statement that the poems of Clinton Scollard, L. H. D., '81, had been more used in the schools of that city than any other author. Scollard's

influence is growing with tremendous force and speed, and notwithstanding the crude criticism of backwoods farmerdom and English hepatic dullness, young Americans and Americans generally are enjoying Scollard whether in poem or story. Two pieces of poetic fancy and fact were lately recited by an admirer of Scollard before a teachers' institute in this state with comment, and it was recommended that Scollard be employed by all the teachers of English in our schools. The following were the poems that received prolonged applause, and they deserved it; these afford unending delight to children, and teachers of the lower grades are encouraged to keep Scollard's "A Boy's Book of Rhyme" before their pupils:

THE PUSSY-CAT BIRD.

To-day when the sun shone just after the shower,  
 A song bubbled up from the lilac-tree bower  
 That changed of a sudden to quavers so queer,  
 For a moment I thought something wrong in my ear,  
 Then I called little Dempster, and asked if he heard,  
 "Oh, yes!" he replied; "it's the pussy-cat bird."  
 The pussy-cat bird has the blackest of bills,  
 With which she makes all of her trebles and trills;  
 She can mimic a robin, or sing like a wren,  
 And I truly believe she can cluck like a hen;  
 And sometimes you dream that her song is a word,  
 Then quickly again — she's a pussy-cat bird!  
 The pussy-cat bird wears a gown like a nun,  
 But she's chirk as a squirrel, and chock full of fun,  
 She lives in a house upon Evergreen lane, —  
 A snug little house, although modest and plain;  
 And never a puss that was happier purred  
 Than the feathered and winged little pussy-cat bird.

BOBOLINK.

Bobolink —

He is here!

*Spink-a-chink!*

Hark! how clear

Drops the note

From his throat,

Where he sways

On the sprays

Of the wheat

In the heat!

Bobolink,

*Spink-a-chink!*

Bobolink  
Is a beau.  
See him prink!  
Watch him go  
Through the air  
To his fair!  
Hear him sing  
On the wing—  
O'er her nest!  
"Bobolink,  
*Spink-a-chink!*"

Bobolink,  
Linger long!  
There's a kink  
In your song  
Like the joy  
Of a boy  
Left to run  
In the sun—  
Left to play  
All the day.  
Bobolink,  
*Spink-a-chink!*

The New York State Legislature has officially expressed its appreciation of the character and services of one of Hamilton's graduates who long was a commanding figure in state affairs and wielded such a profound influence over the legislation that was placed on our statute books for the last dozen years, the late Hon. S. Fred Nixon, of the class of 1881. The Rev. George L. McClelland, '86, Mr. Nixon's pastor several years at Westfield, N. Y., was present and offered the prayer and pronounced the benediction. The oration and eulogy by Carr is in part recorded as a factor in our alumni annals:

His leadership on the floor and his administration of the speaker's duties were so masterful and complete they present him to our minds in our thoughts in his most attractive and imposing form. In each respect he had few equals and no superiors. His long experience had given him clear conceptions of how the party he was to lead should be managed, guided and controlled. His knowledge of what was required now it might be accomplished was great; his power over men to enforce their acts and secure their loyal support supreme. Just how this power, or in what it rested, we may not quite know or understand, but it existed, and that power was in no degree lessened in all the long years of his official life. He was not brilliant as that term is

used in common speech. He had no witchery of tongue to steal away men's judgments, no vivid imagination through and by which men's thoughts may be beguiled, no polished rhetoric that so dazzles with its finish the eye fails to discover the weakness of the reasoning it covers. He did not by such means secure and hold his followers. His speech was plain but forceful. The thing he sought was clear to himself, and he had the ability to set it before others as clearly as it seemed to himself. He was equal to the emergencies arising and by his readiness to meet them inspired undoubting confidence in those he led. Partisan though he was, he was never unmindful of the rights of the minority. He fought them sturdily, for he came from fighting stock, but it was in open, not secret way. Treachery and deceit were foreign to his nature and he never attempted to lull his adversaries to sleep by guileful promise or assurance and then sought to rob them of what would have been to their advantage had they been watchful of the fray. What is here said of him as leader on the floor was no less true of his action in the speaker's place. During his long service there the minority was ever fairly treated, and whatever may have been said in the heat of contest it never survived the session, nor did any, whether friend or foe, carry to his home a rankling sense of injustice at his hands. He was at all times resourceful. Timidity never stayed his hand or chilled his efforts. His strong will, his resolute purpose, his confidence in himself, carried him and his followers forward to the accomplishment of what he sought. Such men inspire like confidence in their associates and with it their leadership becomes supreme.

"He was a man of strength and power. Nature gave him an athletic form and impressive presence and endowed him with mental faculties equal to the mold in which they were cast. His physical and mental strength went hand in hand, the former at all times equal to the tireless activity of the latter. The two combined gave the power needed to inspire the confidence of those who supported and followed. Even timid men unhesitatingly follow where a strong limbed, resolute leader cleaves the way, unmindful of the perils of the place. His strength carried with him those who followed without thought of the narrow road, of the obstacles in the way or of the dangers from overhanging bank or unguarded cliff where straying from the path meant disaster to effort and wreck of hope. Nor was he largely burdened with consciousness of himself. The struggle ended, the battle won, he made no parade of himself as the originator or author of success.

"He was a kindly man in his intercourse with his fellows. His nature was sunny and he walked in the sunshine, not the shadow of life. His door, whatever place he held, was at all times open. He listened with patience to whoever came, he noted with care the things requested by whoever presented, he at all times spoke in generous way

to whoever graced his presence. In the kindness of his disposition and the grace of his presence we may surely find the source of much of his power and ability to incline men to his views and follow the dictates of his resolute will. His ability to reconcile seeming hostile elements and quiet an angry sea of strife was recognized and made use of in a wider field than the chamber in which he held the highest place. He was naturally combative and had all the elements of the fighter, imposing physical power, resolute mental qualities, unyielding will and tireless activity, but with them he had that clearness of vision which taught him when the armor of battle should be put on and when it should be laid aside for the wand of peace. He was wise in knowledge of the ways of legislation and tactful in the use of means for the accomplishment of a needed end, for his years of service had brought to him an abundant store of information, not alone of the ways of doing, but as well of the things to which attention should be directed.

“He was a masterful man, a real and acknowledged leader of men. His control over his body was supreme, yet it could not have been so had he lacked the qualities of true leadership. His supremacy was not of a day but for years. Men trusted him because he had demonstrated by his acts he knew whither he led and how the thing sought might be accomplished. They might not clearly see the road or the end it reached, but their confidence in the safety of his guidance was supreme, for they at no time had occasion to regret. Men honored him because he had earned the right to honor, not by specious pretense, not by doubtful practice, but by efficient, intelligent and persistent work that had been productive of large result. Men loved him for his kindly intercourse with them, his genial disposition and the largeness of his heart manifested in the hundred little ways of daily contact that together make up the whole-souled and lovable one of our kind. Knowing him as we did, appreciating him as we do, conscious of what he was and accomplished, we can well understand how it was he for years remained the unchallenged master here.

“When the last session closed and the falling gavel, wielded by his hand, proclaimed its ending, we thought we were parting with him for but a brief space of time and, with the opening of another year, we would greet him again in this honored place. We did not know the citadel of health had been stormed and weakened so that a feeble attack might find lodgment there, and so had no thought of his possible absence from our scheme for future years. Of what we were ignorant he knew and, when sudden illness came, his lips, without a quiver, announced his readiness for the end he feared was near at hand. He wished to live, yet when the Master called, with a firmness ever a feature of his life and an abiding faith in the wisdom of divine command, he made ready to enter the eternal session we are pleased to

think immortals hold beyond the stars. Mourning, widespread, filled the state and went beyond its borders. as those of high and low degree who knew the value of his aid learned that a true and loyal friend, a wise and trusted counsellor, a strong and masterful leader, had passed beyond the scope of their vision and the touch of their minds and hands."

---

## Necrology

---

CLASS OF 1894.

Rev. George H. Post was born August 3rd, 1871. At the age of nine years he passed through a revival held by his father, was converted, and soon after was accepted into the Presbyterian Church upon confession of faith. As a boy, Post was deeply religious, and his devout, emotional nature made him enthusiastic in all matters touching the duties and work of the church. In College Mr. Post devoted his talents to the study of the classics, and his fine sensitive disposition gave him ready access to aesthetical and philosophical studies. After three years in Hartford Seminary, Rev. Mr. Post took up the work of the active pastor, seeking his field of usefulness under the American Missionary Association. He entered the Southern field, going into the mountain region to carry the Gospel to the needy whites, who, ignorant and seemingly abandoned both of men and God, appealed to his sympathies and stimulated the most untiring efforts and zeal in their behalf. After filling six different pastorates, Mr. Post settled at Bon Air, Tenn., where he was pastor of a growing church and congregation eighteen months previous to his death. He left a wife and two children, a boy and girl. Mr. Post died Nov. 4, 1905.

---

## WILLIAMS & MORGAN,

### — The Furniture Leaders —

HAVE THE GOODS YOU NEED  
IN YOUR ROOM. DON'T FAIL TO  
CALL ON US. WE CAN GIVE YOU  
WHAT YOU REQUIRE AT RIGHT  
PRICES.

31 Genesee St.,

Utica, N. Y.

# Hamilton Literary Magazine



Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

April, 1906

# Suits and Overcoat

## FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

It's a great comfort to be correctly dressed. Some men think to do well means a big outlay of cash, a custom tailor, etc. If you come to us we will fit you to clothes that harmonize with any surrounding—clothes that the average custom tailor can't duplicate. They are the Rogers, I & Co. and Hart, Schaffner & Marx makes—that's why. The Fall Fashions in Suits and Overcoats awaits your inspection. College men will find styles at this store designed expressly for them both in Clothing and Furnishings.

**The Guyer Hat  
is very popular  
with popular men**

## Wicks & Greenman, APPAREL SHOP.

56-57 Franklin Square, - - - Utica, N. Y.

## GET INTEREST

on your money by depositing it with the

## Citizens Trust Company

Cor. Genesee and Bleeker Sts., Utica, N. Y.

A Dollar in the Pocket grows continually less. A Dollar in  
"Citizens Trust" grows larger every day.

**Jacob Hgne, President.**

**Elon G. Brown, First Vice-President.**

**William I. Taber, Second Vice-President**

**Edward Bushinger, Secretary.**

# ***The Hamilton Literary Magazine***

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1867

---

---

VOL. XL.

APRIL, 1906.

NO. 8.

---

---

## **Unrest**

---

**A** MONG the slumbering hills how peacefully  
The mountain lake gleams with its sparkling sheen,  
A pure gem shining from the soft dark green  
Of Earth's fair breast, where Eden lies for me.  
There let me pass the summer days care-free,  
There sail and climb the slopes wild and serene,  
Or from some mountain view the far-off scene,  
While cool high winds blow murmurs from the sea.  
That ceaseless summons from the boundless blue  
Brings longing even in that Eden land  
To ride the deep and cleave the billows through,  
Where strong men stem the brine in struggle grand.  
So to the Youth we love and long to keep  
Call Life's prevailing voices from her deep.

— *C. E. Leavenworth*, '09.

## Oration---What Does the Indian Think?

---

**N**OT too emphatically can the fact of our unrestrained injustice toward the red man be constantly repeated to the men of this and coming generations. A record stained with blood, a record of most shameless cruelty and deceit, marks the history of the white man in New York State through the last two centuries.

Until then the home-seeking immigrant peacefully settled on land grants along the Hudson and Mohawk rivers. Then, thirsty for possessions, the greedy settler left his cleared farm land, pierced the unknown forests west of him, found the Iroquois silently smoking the peacepipe and enjoying the quiet home life of the wigwam on the waving cornfield. Blinded by this enviable sight the whites at first emptied their muskets into the wigwams and then heartlessly drove the silent Indians into the forest depths beyond — exiles.

Westward crept the crazed white. Before them fled the Mohawks to the north. The Oneidas, taking advantage of the season of the year, sought shelter in the middle west and in Canada. The Onondagas, together with the Cayugas, withstood the bloody onslaught until the former were sadly diminished and the latter almost exterminated.

Still westward pushed the despicable “land grabber.” Early in the nineteenth century Buffalo Creek was the home of the Senecas. Here the white missionary administered to their wants. Here peace and prosperity reigned. At length signs of disturbance crept in and there followed seven long years of trickery and basest action on the part of the city of Buffalo. This Queen City of the Lakes having longingly gazed for years upon the fertile tracts along the winding Buffalo Creek, committed a crime which shall never be forgotten. Calling the chiefs of the Seneca nation together she drugged the helpless men with fire-water, and bribing them with two thousand dollars per man, obtained the right to purchase the

reservation at the contemptible price of two cents per acre, and in the dead of winter she forced the broken-hearted families out of their comfortable homes into cold, inhospitable Kansas. Here, from exposure and hardship, men and women, the old and young alike, were suddenly stricken with a deadly disease. The agonies of the winter of 1620 were once more experienced. Hundreds perished. Like the Pilgrim Fathers the remaining few longed for homes that were warm and free from death. The forests of New York called. At last, casting a farewell glance toward their sleeping loved ones, they painfully cut their way back again to the land of their childhood. Here only a few stretches of waste land in the southwest corner of the Empire State greeted them. Yet here was momentary rest.

Has the greed of the white man diminished? Is he at last contented with his contumelious actions? No! As long as there are those who cannot resist his despotic power that shameless greed will haunt the white mind, and the Indian will continue to cower beneath his awful sceptered hand.

From Pittsburg up the Alleghany once travelled a lonely white man. Overtaken by night between two settlements he hesitatingly approached a humble hut on the river bank. An old man, an Indian of typical features, wearing an immense silver medal on his breast, welcomed him. A warm meal was promptly prepared and the weary stranger was shown a bank of furs for a bed. Early the following morning the white man awoke and found the Indian awaiting him. He learned that the medal was a gift from George Washington to the bearer, Chief Cornplanter of the Cornplanter band of Seneca Indians. It was this famous chief who had, without a murmur, welcomed and harbored a total stranger. After breakfast Cornplanter called the visitor outside, to a log where they seated themselves and engaged in conversation. Intermittently the chief politely requested his guest to move along a little. This was repeated till at length the white man grasped the arm of Cornplanter and made it known that if he moved farther he would fall off the end to the ground.

"Ah," spoke the chief, "that is just it. You whites came trespassing on our land and told us to move on. This we did. Further west were we driven, and further, till at last we were compelled to exist on the actual bare edge. For us are the swamps and the waste lands, of no value to you. Back of us we have left our harvests and homes. For what? Partly to satisfy that dastardly greed typical of the American paleface!"

— *C. M. Trippe, '07,*

---

## Farewell

---

**I**N ye olden days of lace and brocade  
 There lyved a very pretty mayde,  
     A pretty mayden, O yes indeede —  
     A very pretty mayde.

And near to her there lyved a youth,  
 And he was an handsomme lad, in sooth,  
     An handsomme youth, O yes indeede —  
     A very handsomme youth.

These twain they loved, but sadde to tell,  
 Ye tyme hadde come to say Farewell,  
     To say Farewell, O yes indeede —  
     Ye tyme to say Farewell.

He pressed her close, and in anxious tone  
 Sayd he, "Fare ye well, my love, my own?"  
     "O I fare well, O yes indeede,"  
     Sayd she, "Yes, very well."

— *P. F. Baum, '09.*

## The Swan Song

---

**A**LL day long the "standing room only" sign had adorned the lobby of the "Lyceum." From time to time people had hustled in out of the rain, only to be confronted with this gloomy placard, and when a woman would peer pleadingly into the face of the man at the box office there was always the same placid reply, "All sold out," grown automatic from frequent repetition. From the theatre steps you could see but dimly, through the mist of rain, the great blue and black posters across the way; but as the shadows lengthened and the bleared lights from the shop windows began to throw their straggling reflections across the streaming pavements, the great electric sign made its proclamation the full length of the street, "Miss Constance Dean in LaTantalene."

From far up Broadway, Barnet had watched it grow from a little streak of light to the big, imposing letters above his head, as he swung into the side street and made for the stage entrance. It was somewhat earlier than he usually reached the theatre, but the comparatively deserted streets and the berubbered and begossamered people held few attractions that evening, so that he actually welcomed the stuffy warmth of the dingy entrance.

It made him a trifle depressed, these days and days of dreary rain coming to mar the precious weeks of their New York engagement, and as he picked his way across the stage, already set for the first act, he suppressed an overweening desire to knock something over.

It was Monday night of the fourth week. It had been a season gratifying to all concerned. Miss Dean's familiar repertoire had drawn tremendous crowds and her hold on the hearts of the public seemed stronger than ever. He, too, had not been without his laurels. New York had liked his "Armond," and his "Anthony" to her "Cleopatra" had

been hailed as a powerful impersonation. Tonight it was "La Tantalene," new to him and new to her. Of course the critics would be there in full force, and as he turned on the light in his dressing-room he found his mind filled with vague misgivings as to the outcome of the evening. Was she, after all, capable of "La Tantalene?" She never did show her strength at rehearsals, so that he confessed himself at a loss to predict to what heights she might ascend, for here was the most difficult rôle of all, calling for the utmost artistry and emotional power—a rôle, moreover, hallowed by the impress of such women as Madame Rachel and Sarah Siddons.

It was with such thoughts as these that he began to strip off his coat and vest preparatory to a leisurely make-up for the evening, when his eyes fell on a little strip of paper stuck through the teeth of his comb.

Staring at it with a lazy curiosity, he opened it slowly, to find this scrawled across its surface: "I have something to say to you. Come to my room as soon as you are dressed. This is imperative. C. D."

This was all, but his brow darkened as he gazed at the paper long and very earnestly. Then slowly, half mechanically, he tore it into tiny pieces, and stalking to the open window, held out his hand and watched the fragments catch in the wind and swirl away into the darkness. A moment later he was back under the light, staring intently at a photograph he had taken from a drawer. It was the face of a young girl, delicate and fair, with a quantity of soft light hair curling on her forehead. Thus he stood, deep in his thoughts, till the cheerful whistling of a stagehand coming in for the evening's work brought him to his senses, and shaking his hair off his forehead with an odd little toss of his head, he laid the picture back in the drawer.

Half an hour later, when dressed, in his knight's costume, Barnet left his room, the machinery of the mimic world was already in motion. Different functionaries were hustling about their duties, a number of supernumeraries were strutting in full

view of an old mirror, and seated in the big sedan chair the grimy electrician was tinkering away at some apparatus. He paused in front of the star's dressing-room; through the half-open door he could see Constance pacing nervously up and down. When she saw him she started forward with a glad little sigh of relief, her hands outstretched instinctively. "I was beginning to think you weren't coming," she said softly. "Sit here," and she motioned to the seat at her dressing table. "Please," she repeated insistently, and he sat down. Leaning with both hands on the table she looked down at him very intently, and he noticed with a dim sense of foreboding at his heart that her eyes were unusually large and bright.

"I have something to tell you," she began, with evident difficulty, "and try to realize how hard it is for me to say it. If things were not as they are I never should — I never could talk to you as I have to talk tonight. Paul, help me by staying where you are and promise not to stop me — not to speak till I have finished. You promise?" she said, and he nodded wonderingly.

Straightening up with relief, she drew away slightly, her arms behind her, her hands clasping the doorknob as though for support. He thought she had never seemed so rarely beautiful. The critics seldom wrote of her without referring to that potent factor of her success, but tonight her beauty possessed a wonderful radiance that made him catch his breath sharply as he looked at her. Her hair fell down over her shoulders in two great coils, almost perfectly black, except here and there, where the light caught, for the bewildering little glints of wine color. She was gowned in the robes of chivalry and the delicate sheen of the white drapery offset the lithe splendor of her figure.

"Paul," she began very quietly, "it's the old trouble here at my heart. Bellamy says it's only a matter of a few hours. Oh, I know I must sound cold and mechanical to you, but think, man, only a few more hours to live, and so much to be done. I am saving my strength — my self,"

Her voice was low, even, almost colorless, but it was that of tremendous repression, not of apathy. Her whole being was in tense restraint, and his hands gripped the table as he sensed the mighty conflict going on within her.

"Listen to me! If I were going to live you should never know this, but I am a dying woman and know you shall. It is this: I love you. Do you understand? I love you. I have loved you all this time we have been together, and—God help me—have known all the time how utterly futile it was. But I love you. I have thought of nothing else, have sacrificed everything, everybody, just to be near you. Oh, I shan't dwell in hysterics on what I've felt, but surely you can see what I've been through."

The restraint was weakening. All the pent-up emotion was stirring dangerously near the surface, her self-control was ebbing fast.

"It's been simply all in all to me. I've hugged it in silence, smothered it, kept it down—but, great God, what a life it has been!" Her voice broke and over her face there played the faintest suggestion of a smile, half weary, half wistful. "Oh, Paul, how I have hungered for your love. Can't you see, don't you see how I have starved?" and she held out her hands in tragic appeal, her body swaying, swaying, almost tottering. He started to his feet. In an instant she was at his side, forcing him back into his seat. From without came the quavering tremulo of the violins, the first faint notes of the overture, rising higher, higher, gathering force, and breaking at last into a great volume of sound.

"No," she said evenly, quite collected now. "I have just this one thing more to tell you. It is why I sent for you." She took his chin in her hands and stared down at him intently, a wonderful love-light in her eyes. "It is this. Tonight is my last night. It is for you. Do you understand? Tonight I play for you. Every line I speak, every word, every look is for you. That is all." And turning quickly, she was gone from the room,

The auditorium had been filling slowly. At first a few couples scattered here and there in the pit only slightly relieved the stretch of empty seats, but soon the musicians crawled in from under the stage, and amid the fussy tuning of instruments, the crowd began to stream in. There was a general activity throughout the house, the swishing of silks, the clank of lowering seats, the sight of the ushers, deft and obsequious, darting here and there, and the rustle of programs, all creating that festive atmosphere wherein lies much of the theatre's charm. From the gallery a big crowd peered down into the pit with a deal of interest. The doors had opened a half-hour before and the "gods" had swarmed up to seize the choice positions, where they had plenty of time to read and reread the program, to gabble over stage favorites, and to take notes on the costumes below, all of which they did with no little unction.

It was a characteristic New York first-night. The pit was filled with familiar figures, and in the left box Mrs. Patton Briscole was entertaining, as was her custom. It was Estabrook of "La Vie" who leaned forward to speak to the elderly man in front of him.

"Good evening, Mr. Kirk. I think we're booked for a treat tonight."

"Ah, Estabrook; a treat? We'll see, we'll see," and the Dean coughed dubiously. "Mr. Estabrook, my niece, Miss Kay, from California."

The pretty girl at his right smiled ingenuously. "Why, you're the —," and paused, embarrassed.

"Yes," he laughed, "I'm the banished critic. But I'm still on deck, as you see. Have you seen Miss Dean before?"

"Never," she gushed. "I've been simply crazy to see her all my life and never had a chance. She must be perfectly great. Uncle says she is."

The Dean looked pained. "Hardly great," he murmured, laboriously. "Hardly great. A capable actress, very — but hardly great." The young enthusiast sank back, altogether dampened.

"At all events," laughed Estabrook, genially, "she's the best we have in America. I'm curious to see her in 'La Tantalene'."

"Great mistake, Estabrook, great mistake. She never should have attempted it, never. Let her keep to her line. She does fairly well in moderate emotion, but she lacks the divine fire for this. It's quite beyond her—quite."

"Well, we're soon to see," said Estabrook, cheerfully, and he leaned back in his seat.

With the finale of the overture the lights went out, and there fell on the house that strange, sudden hush of muffled excitement, as the curtain rose. The setting was the court of a mediæval castle, flanked by a massive stone gallery, to which led a flight of broad steps. At Barnet's entrance there was a round of generous applause, for he was well liked in New York. But those who were near the front were quick to detect that something was not exactly right to-night; his movements lacked decision, there was a strange uncertainty in his speech, and his whole bearing gave witness to a very evident nervousness.

Estabrook was speculating on this with his usual lack of absorption in the progress of the story, when he recognized the cue for Constance's appearance and he watched the stone steps with considerable interest. The coming scene, he knew, was unique in its demands on the player's abilities, for instead of the usual quiet entrance, Constance must enter in a whirlwind of passion, pursued on to the stage in a frenzy of terror that would test her powers to the utmost. There should and probably would be no civilities of applause, for the illusion would be instantaneous. There was the clanging of a door above and out of the silence there rang the scream of a woman in terrible fear—a scream which sent every nerve in his body tingling. In a flash she was on the stage—flying down the stairway and struggling madly for escape. Balked, terrified, she turned on her pursuers, and in the scene which followed every heart in the house was beating furiously. The splendid voice seemed to vibrate through the theatre and

every mind was tensely responsive to the wonderful heights of her emotion. She had ripped the New York audience out of its apathy and clenched their hearts in a mighty grip. The Dean sat forward in his seat, his eyes were glistening strangely. Little Miss Kay had clutched his arm. Her cheeks were hotly flushed and she could feel the blood pulsing in her temples.

It was all very wonderful. The woman on the stage seemed to hold them all in her sway. There was no resisting; it was tremendously compelling. Estabrook found himself utterly unable to dissect her technique—he was simply carried away by the eloquence of her emotion—moved, awed, thunderstruck.

The curtain fell on the first act, leaving the audience stupefied, breathless. There was no applause; there could be none. Little Signor Talmedo, who was to have given the cornet solo between the first and second acts, sat crouched by the kettle drums with his head bowed in his hands, sobbing softly. He did not play that night.

"Great God, Kirk," whispered Estabrook, "Is it acting?"

"Is it acting!" cried the Dean, turning around, showing the tears shining in his eyes, "Is it acting! Man, I don't know. It's that or hypnotism," and he stared ahead of him, fascinated.

"But, think, she's never done anything like this before."

"Estabrook, she's acting as she never acted before. She's acting as no one ever acted before. Why, God, man, it's the most wonderful thing I have ever seen. All our ideas—all our ideals of great playing grow puny beside her. Its supernatural—its terrible."

Little Miss Kay said nothing; her fluttering mind was silenced by what she had seen. All the regulation chit-chat of the interact was dropped. People spoke in whispers here and there, still under the dominance of the wonderful scene that had gone before.

It was to the portentous measure of the Moskowski "Serenade" that the curtain rose for the second act. There

was a marked restlessness throughout the house until the curtains at the door in the back parted and she entered slowly. Instantly the audience was quickened as from some potent magnetism. The spell was on again—strengthening, tightening. The effect was more climactic than before; her entrance had been placid enough but there was an evident progression of force. People were clutching the arms of their seats, holding their breaths. The gathering power reached a wonderful pitch and then broke in a stupendous cumulation, as she fought her way across the stage to fall shaking and panting on his breast.

The curtain dropped; in the dead silence throughout the house you could hear the thud of the canvas as it struck the floor. The quiet of the theatre was oppressive; the audience sat as though palsied. Then, far up in the gallery, the sound of a woman's sob broke on the stillness. Something in the nature of a shudder ran across the house. It came like a reaction. The audience started to their feet, the stifled applause broke out in tremendous abandon. People were laughing, sobbing, cursing, cheering, echoing the woman's name in wild enthusiasm. The noise was deafening. Then, quick as a flash, a chill fell on their hearts. That strange sense of foreboding which precedes a panic, passed over the crowd. To the left of the stage, just before the curtain, a little man was trying to make himself heard.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" He raised his hand depreciatingly and his thin, quavering voice fell on the absolute silence of the standing people. "The management requests me to state that the play will not continue. Miss Dean died a moment ago."

— *A. H. Woolcott, '09.*

## The Poetry of Poe

---

**T**HAT the world is harsh and narrow, unresponsive in sympathy and pitiless toward misfortunes, was forcibly evidenced recently when the name of Edgar Allen Poe was debarred from the Hall of Fame in New York. It is a strange fact that the world does not forgive human weaknesses nor consider the sorrows which may drive men to excesses. It is deplorable that a body of learned men could view Poe only as a renegade from society and let their eyes be blinded to the brilliancy of his powers. The benevolent Longfellow and the kindly Whittier they extol to the heavens, but for the man whose soul was redolent of the fairest flowers of genius there were only frowns and misgivings. Yet Poe has done more for poetry than has any other American. He can be said to have had no predecessor and no follower. He was the first distinctively original poet since the time of Coleridge. In the "Raven" Poe struck chords hitherto unsounded on the harp of poetry, chords which for their serene beauty and lingering sadness have yet to be surpassed by the bards of the world. There is something in Poe's poetry, something undefinable and yet which everyone feels, that inspires awe, a spirit mystic and unfathomable, which saddens and yet rests the heart. There is a craving for sympathy, a yearning for "surcease of sorrow," and a quiet prayer for rest. It is these emotional qualities that have given Poe's poetry such tragic beauty.

It has been maintained, and very ably, by prominent critics, that Poe's poetry is not the spontaneous outburst of genius, but rather a mechanical creation executed by a master mechanic. We think that Poe's lyric "To Helen," written at the age of fourteen, utterly disposes of this theory. What beauty there is in these lines:

"Helen, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicean barks of yore,  
That gently o'er a perfumed sea  
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore,"

Edwin Markham says of this song: "Poe never surpassed the serene exaltation and divine poise of this poem. It shows his passion for a crystalline perfection. In its wandering music and flower-like freshness of form it stands with the deathless lyrics, 'Tears, Idle Tears,' 'Rose Aylmer' and the rest. And the fact that Poe wrote this in his tender years, before he had studied the intricate rules of versification, of which he was a master in later life, seems sufficient ridicule for the theory of his lack of inborn genius."

It is in his songs that a poet most clearly exhibits his gifts. A lyric is but the expression of an emotion, and hence lyric poetry is spontaneous. Burns wrote only when his heart was athrob, when his soul was aglow with divine fire—and nearly all his works are lyrics of the most exquisite quality. Goethe never soared to more divine heights than in the "Wanderer's Night Song." Shakespeare was never more gladsome and exalted than in "Hark, Hark the Lark," and Burns never surpassed the serene beauty of "To Mary in Heaven".

Poe's lyrics are few, but they are, we think, of the finest quality. The impassioned flow of "To One in Paradise" and the quiet anguish of "Annabel Lee," are among the most beautiful in our language. "The Bells" is a striking example of the poetic figure known as onomatopoeia, or the echo of the sound to the sense. In the wild fantastic rhythm of this lyric we can almost hear the bells as they peal forth their silvery tones. The rhythm sways like a flower before a breeze.

But it is in "The Raven" that the splendor of Poe's genius is most radiant. It is in this gloomy rhapsody that he rose to the height of his powers and gave to the world a poem, which for its originality and delicate conception has never been surpassed by the poets of the world. "The Raven" is the expression of the poet's wretchedness, the wild outpouring of all his pent-up misery and grief. In its weird melody he vents the hopelessness of his life. The star of his years is gone out; there is no light athwart the shadows. The "lost Lenore" is his youth gone forever with its joys, its

opportunities and its ambitions; the ominous bird above his chamber door, throwing its shadow over his soul, is the curse that has blighted his life. In vain has he tried to free himself from its grasp, but the fetters have sunk too deep, and in his heart he knows the hopelessness of the struggle when he cries: "And my soul from out the shadow that lies floating on the floor shall be lifted, Nevermore!"

Is it strange then, that this poem appeals to men? In its wild melody we seem to hear the wail of a soul stung with remorse, bemoaning sins beyond atonement. It is his last prayer for deliverance, the last cry of a lost soul begging for the mercy it knows it cannot receive. But the grandest paintings of art and the noblest themes in music are inspired by despair. There is nothing more divinely beautiful than the sad, sweet music of a Chopin minor. Sorrow is the keynote of sublimity. Milton felt its force in "Lycidas," Burns knew the depth of its powers when he wrote "To Mary in Heaven," and Tennyson showed the world how a heart could bleed when he gave it "In Memoriam." But Poe rose above them all when he poured forth the grief, the bitterness and the anguish of his wretched existence, in the passionate, burning words of "the Raven." He never surpassed the loftiness and divine exaltation of this poem. "The Bells" and "Annabel Lee" are fine, but it is as the author of "The Raven" that Poe will be known.

For the future of Poe's poetry there is no question. It will go down through the ages bearing the impress of genius, glowing with the majesty of truth. His genius was not that of the Bard of Avon, that mighty prodigy who knew every dark recess of the human heart, nor did he soar to those epic heights from which Milton saw "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," nor was his genius that of Dante, who, like Aeneas of old, roamed through the Elysian fields visiting the shades of his departed friends. He had not the epic grandeur of Homer or the classic beauty of Vergil, nor even the sweet notes of Robert Burns. But yet he was a great poet. He could never have written an "English Bards and Scotch

Reviewers." His spirit was too gentle, his mind too pure, to hurl such fierce invectives at his fellows. His nature was too sweet to feel the scorn and hate of the embittered Byron. He was a man of the tenderest sympathy. His being quivered at the sight of pain and suffering and he shrank from it as from a serpent. He was weak, we must confess, but it was the weakness that came from despair, not from blackness of heart. He was never corrupt. There is not a line nor even a word or a suggestion in all his works that would offend the purest maiden. His spirit was as pure as blue bells drenched in summer dews. A mind more noble, a heart more true, was never in man. And the clouds that now throw their shadow over the name of America's greatest bard, will some day roll away, and the world will behold it, gleaming like a fiery star, with its lustre glorious and resplendent, undimmed by years and time.

—*A. V. Coupe, ex-'08.*

---

## The Thrush

---

A thrush once warbled in the morning air;  
Oh, bright and blithe and happy was the song!  
And on he sang as though he could not bear  
To cease th' ecstatic runs the whole day long.  
Inspired near, a Poet in rapture sat,  
And, listening, wrote what now men wonder at.

—*L. P. Stryker, '06.*

## Cui Bono

---

**M**EN are apt from their pinnacle of success and ease on seeing a person down in the world, thoughtlessly to condemn his life as being better if he had never lived. In their hasty judgment they are loath to grant to these unfortunate specimens of humanity any possibility or credit for deeds of bravery or acts of nobility. As in the olden days when the Jews said, "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" so those more fortunate think of the unlucky class of men whose lives are evident failures. Yet their judgments, which are ordinarily of great value, strangely fall short in this case, for however low down in the world a person may be, however deadened his instincts are, though he has looked through the prison bars and committed the most brutal crimes, yet sometime in his life, if we review it carefully enough, we can usually find some redeeming feature or some noble act which shows that he did not live in vain. Cases are few and far between in which we cannot.

Illustrative of this there occurred a short time ago in the little harbor of Barcelona, Lake Erie, the death of Sherman Oaks, fisherman. The country weekly which chronicled his death simply said: "Died, at his home, December 10, Sherman Oaks, aged 45. An aged mother is left to mourn his loss." From boyhood he had dared the treacherous lake, running the gamut of calm and sunshine to the flashes of lightning, the rumbling thunder of the heavens above and the frightful waves of the sea below. It had been his music. Not on the water in performance of duty like all fishermen in song and story did he die. The editor was too kind-hearted to print the truth about him. He was a drunkard and died of delirium tremens.

His death recalled to many of his acquaintances an interesting incident of his early life. About twenty years ago the fall was unusually violent. Storms were sweeping over the lakes with uncommon frequency, leaving wrecks and deaths in their wake. One storm in particular had been raging sev-

eral days and all vessels that were able had sought shelter. One night when it was at its height news came along the coast that a vessel was foundering on the rocks off Dunkirk with three men on board. Up and down the lake, to Erie and Buffalo, messages were sent summoning tugs to come to the rescue. They would not leave their safe harbors. They were not ready as yet for certain death, they said. Hope was abandoned. No one thought of rescue as coming from the little harbor of Barcelona, yet it did. Oaks and two companions, inspired by some daredevil spirit, after everyone else had refused to go, started out. They had a little open boat. Between them and the foundering vessel was fifteen miles of raging and roaring water. The wind screeched and screamed as it raced down the lake beating against the schooner. The inky waters assaulted the cliffs, showering the stony bulwark of the land with spray. Towards morning, they hardly knew how, they neared the wreck. Dead ahead of them was the ill-fated boat, threatening to go to pieces at any moment, with its clinging forms of humanity. On land the shore was blackened with people waiting for the seemingly inevitable death. The frail little boat was almost unobserved as it drew near, appearing and disappearing on the mountains and in the valleys of water. A man stood up in the bow of the boat for barely an instant with a coil of rope in his hand. It was Oaks. Out shot the rope. It fell short. He threw another and then another, and won. They saved the wrecked. Through some miracle they reached land half dead with exhaustion. Heroes all.

How little like one did Oaks look when he told me of it one short year ago—long, unkempt hair and stubby beard, old shirt, old hat, old trousers and peeping toes. “And do you know,” said Oaks to me, as he came up closer, “after that I had the best time of my life; for two weeks I wasn’t sober a day. You haven’t got a dime about you have you?”

—*F. C. Brown, '07.*

## The Heroism of Tan

---

**H**E WAS just a plain little dog, skinny as could be, and in some places even the skin was missing. Part of his silky left ear was gone. He could not even walk without limping. But what mattered all these ills to him? His master liked him and treated him as well as a plebeian dog might expect—that is when old Jack was not drunk.

But this morning Jack was drunk. When he at last bestirred himself from his chair in Codfish Inn it was very late for an oysterman. He could hear the banging of the shutters as the business people threw them open to the sweet May brightness without; and through the greasy window pane he could see, way off on the horizon, the sun already rising from her watery bed. Jack had occupied that chair without intermission except to step to the bar for a little more rum now and then, since sunset of the day before. And when now the innkeeper, shaking him roughly, awakened him and told him to “twenty-three it out,” as it was time to sweep up, he did not feel like any two-year-old. He tottered over the sawdust-covered floor and out the door, not knowing whither he was bound. A shrill little bark attracted his attention, and a homely little dog, the owner of it, made pitiful attempts to romp around and be giddy—perhaps to cheer up the disconsolate master.

“Hello, Tan,” Jack stammered almost guiltily, “you here?”

If Tan had been an ordinary dog he would have told how he had patiently waited out there on the tavern stoop the whole night long; but Tan had the true heroic instinct and was modest. He made no reply but turned around and started for the wharf, looking around now and then to see if Jack was following; and Jack did follow. Drunk though he was, and utterly unfit for business, still in some inexplicable

way he was forced to obey the meek command of the little brute and to stagger along behind his patient guide. Perhaps his conscience played some part in this; perhaps it was because he saw that to be drunk again that night it was necessary to rake a few oysters. Anyway, he filled the gasoline tank, oiled the little motor and, after much cranking, got the skiff under way.

It was a fine morning but a sleepy one out on Portland Bay; and for the sleep-bringing characteristics that the morn possessed there could be no easier victim than Jack. In fifteen minutes Tan heard new sounds mixed with the thumping of the engine. Even then, uneducated as he was, he knew it was snoring.

About half an hour's run from Portland lie the "Barren Rocks." Tan had heard of them and had often seen them. He saw them now straight in the path of the boat. Tan limped over to his master, pawed his face and then barked—barked for all he was about to be worth. But Jack moved no muscle. And all the time over the bow Tan could see the rocks growing larger and larger.

The only moving thing in the boat was the fly-wheel on the gasoline motor. Tan had made observations. He knew when it was not going the boat stood still, and vice versa. He went back to the cause of the trouble and eyed it with a puzzled frown. His intelligent brown eyes scanned the enemy, not knowing how to attack it, yet knowing what was to be done had to be done quickly, for they were already in the shade of the rocks. He raised his sound front leg and started to carry out his plans. But he economically changed his mind and coolly stuck his lame one in the flying wheel. For a few moments you would have thought that there were a hundred dogs on the wheel. At last, however, everything stopped—dog, machinery, boat and all; and Tan was victor. The tide went down, the rain fell, and Jack awoke. He found himself drifting out on the open sea with a poor little maimed dog as a companion.

You can see Jack now if you want to. Don't go to

Codfish Inn, though; you will be most likely to find him at "Old Doc Spark's," the veterinary surgeon, paying an installment on the bill he owes him. If not there, walk down the cool street, lined with the pretty whitewashed cottages, to the town. There, under the old pine tree, you may find him telling the villagers about Tan, whose deliberate heroism the old oyster man has never guessed.

—*A. F. Osborn, '09.*

## CRITICUS

---

THE spring sunshine comes in at the window and the spring breeze blows the papers upon Criticus' desk. The symphony of his college course has assumed a *maestoso* tone. The conventional seniorial emotions fill his breast and the time-honored seniorial thoughts occupy his mind. But the usual imps of uncertainty and perplexity are beginning to arrive. What is to come after graduation? At what job would his intellect scintillate most brilliantly? Should he have taken an "old-fashioned course?"

A recent letter from Smith, a former prep. school friend, lies upon the desk. Smith has been taking a civil engineering course at the Booshwa Institute of Technology and is shortly to graduate. He says that a tremendously fat job is awaiting him in Mexico. Smith speaks also of Jones, (well-remembered by Criticus), who, it seems, is about to rake in wealth as a mining engineer. "You made a big mistake, old man, in not taking a science course," says Smith.

Alas, then, for classic shade and intellectual reverie; for dead languages and philosophical speculation; for four happy, character-building years. This is a practical age and time is wasted in acquiring ideals. However, Smith may exploit the "practical" *ad nauseam usque*. A few of us will still be found taking the same old A. B. course, even though its close may be accompanied by some temporary trepidation.

## EDITORIAL

---

**D**URING the sunny days of this term the cameras of the photography class are aimed with deadly effect on the New South Dormitory. The interest of that class is an index of the interest of the whole College in the new "Dorm." The gaze of all is turned with unfailing interest toward its rising walls.

Will the roof be on by June? Will the rubbish be cleared away by Commencement? Will the building be completed by September? These are the questions which are on every lip, and added to them is the query, 'Will it be filled?'

If the last question is to be answered in the affirmative then the completion of New South marks the beginning of a new era in the history of Hamilton College. For the past seventy-five years the College has been practically stationary in numbers, but if the new dormitory is filled it means a growth which, if not wonderful, is at least comparatively great.

It seems to be the prevailing sentiment that Hamilton could be larger without detriment to her ideals; not large of course, but merely the "right size," say two hundred and fifty to three hundred men. With the completion of the new "Dorm" accommodations for that number of men will be complete, and the rest is "up to the College."

---

**A** GAIN the privilege and labor of entertainment are ours. The College has voted another Interscholastic Day, whose events are already in the hands of an executive committee. As heretofore, the morning will be mostly occupied with a declamatory contest, which will include representatives from a dozen preparatory schools selected and invited by the professor of oratory in Hamilton. In the afternoon will come the field and track competition.

It is never too early to begin to make ready for an im-



portant event of this sort. We must remember that every man in College is expected to do something toward making the affair a success. Fellows who are thoughtful and have the interests of the College at heart will insinuate, if need be, the advantages of life in Hamilton to any wavering or undetermined sub-Freshman; for after all it's a business proposition with us, and we hold the entertainment with candidly selfish aims. We want men to enter Hamilton, and the cost and effort of the day will have failed of its purpose if some of the boys who are with us for the occasion do not go home with the determination to come back next fall. It is an opportunity.

---

ALL manuscripts which are to compete this year for the '91 Manuscript Prize must be in by the 10th of May, as that is the date fixed upon by the several boards. The terms of the competition are by this time too well known for repetition, and anyone who is still unfamiliar with the details of the competition will find full information in the October number of the LIT. The manner in which the judges are to be chosen will be announced in the May LIT.

---

THE opening of the track season has again confronted the management with a duplicate of last year's Faculty opposition. An excellent schedule of four meets, including the college meet, had been arranged, but the Faculty committee ordered the cancellation of one of these meets and at first even dictated the dates. However, the excitement has abated, and as matters now stand we will meet St. Lawrence on Steuben Field on May 19, and participate at the Intercollegiate on Decoration Day. The prospects for a good team are very fair, and in some events there are an exceptional number of good men. Rochester has a strong team this year and the Intercollegiate will be very close, if we may predict thus early.

To consider the action of the Faculty, the avowed aim

of their adverse legislation is to promote more interest in the College meet. To attempt this by trying to eliminate Inter-collegiate meets is, in the present status of athletics, short-sighted and futile. Then, too, the men spend no more time in preparing for one meet on the 30th of May than they would on half a dozen coming before that date. No time or effort is saved the student by cutting out one or two intermediate meets.

One thing that is no more than fair to ask for, would be a Faculty athletic committee. Although there are numerous Faculty members on the Advisory Board a matter might run there a whole year without objections on the part of their members, though they knew positively that the Faculty would taboo it. For two years now the track manager has been put in an embarrassing and almost unsportsmanlike position. To reform our own policy by bringing ourselves out of bad odor with our neighbors is needlessly harsh. There is no pressing need of washing dirty linen in public. A definite straight-from-the-shoulder understanding about the matter would please everyone concerned.

Our system of Faculty control is too cumbersome and tedious and puts everything and everybody in a disagreeable position. A slight effort would remedy it.

## AMONG THE LIT'S

---

In the exchange columns of the various magazines of this month, the discussion prevails as to whether such a department is justified by results. Without entering into the arguments pro and con, we desire to say that in our judgment it would be a mistake to abolish it.

It is undoubtedly mere theoretical argument at the best, and was probably started by some ingenious editor who hit upon this idea as a means of filling up space. In the literary magazines, of the smaller colleges at least, where material is not overabundant, the exchange department will doubtless remain for some time to come, and this place we believe is deserved.

The *Smith College Monthly* contains an excellent essay on "Chivalry and Feudalism." "Crabbe's Tales," in the same magazine, is original and bright, but contains too many quotations. The stories in this Lit. are not so good as usual, though "Sic Semper Tyrannis" is a clever, well-written sketch.

The *Williams Lit.* has the advantage of presenting what it has to say in an artistic manner. For March its best feature is an essay, "The Greater Fraternity," on the relation of the fraternity to the college.

The greater merit this month seems to rest with the essays. Another good one is "Comic Journals," in the *Wells College Chronicle*.

Another Lit. with essays predominating, is the *William and Mary Magazine*. As usual, the typographical errors are frequent; such a phrase as "Cray's Eligy" is doubtful to say the least, even if the magazine be an advocate of the new system of spelling.

Other Lits received are: *The Bowdoin Quill*, *The Vassar Miscellany*, *The McMaster University Monthly*, *The Laurentian*, and *The Normal Magazine*.

## BOOK REVIEWS

---

**STORM'S IM SONNENSCHN, AND EIN, GRUNES BLATT.** Edited by G. L. Swiggett, M. A., Ph. D., Professor of Modern Languages, University of the South. Cloth, 12mo, 78 pages, with notes and vocabulary. Price, 25 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

Two short idyllic tales edited with notes and a vocabulary. The title story tells the beginning of a courtship, the interruption of which is narrated sixty years later to another generation by an old grandmother while musing over some relics. The second tale is based on a faded leaf from an old album, carried by a soldier through his campaigns, which recalls a love idyl of his young days. The graphic style and interesting subject-matter of these stories by the author of "Immense" make them especially suitable for class reading.

**SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL** Edited by Edwin C. Roedder, Instructor in German, University of Wisconsin. Cloth, 12mo, 352 pages, with notes and vocabulary. Price, 70 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

This edition, which differs from all other editions in several important particulars, has been prepared to meet the needs of younger students, as well as those more advanced. Besides the usual notes meant to assist in the understanding and appreciation of the text, there is a special set of notes designed to aid the students in visualizing an actual stage performance and to give suggestions for expressive reading. The appendix contains sixteen poems on Tell and his country by Schiller and others, and some extracts in modernized German from Tschudi, Schiller's chief source. The vocabulary is unusually full in phraseology and idioms; the introduction, which contains an analysis of the drama, gives a conservative view of the Tell *saga*. There is a full bibliography.

**SMILEY'S MANUAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.** By James B. Smiley, A. M., Assistant Principal of Lincoln High School, Cleveland, Ohio. Cloth, 16mo, 336 pages, with portraits. Price, 60 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

The aim of this little manual is to open the way to a more extended study of the masterpieces of American literature. The treatment is biographical rather than critical, as the intention is to interest beginners in the lives of the great writers, and thus to encourage a freer and less mechanical study of their work. Although the greatest space has been devoted to the more celebrated writers, attention is also directed to authors prominent in the early history of our country. In a brief

chapter mention is made of a few writers whose books are enjoying present popularity. Suggestions for reading, both with reference to each author's work and along biographical lines, appear at the end of the chapters. At the close of the manual there is a list of general reference books helpful to a more critical study.

**BROOKS & HUBBARD'S COMPOSITION-RHETORIC.** By Stratton D. Brooks, Superintendent of Schools, Cleveland, Ohio, and Marietta Hubbard, formerly of English Department, High School, La Salle, Illinois. Cloth, 12mo, 442 pages. Price, \$1.00. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

The fundamental aim of this volume is to enable pupils to express their thoughts freely, clearly, and forcibly. At the same time it will cultivate literary appreciation and develop some knowledge of rhetorical theory. The book is essentially modern and practical in its character. In Part One are given the elements of description, narration, exposition and argument, together with special chapters on letter-writing and poetry. A more complete and comprehensive treatment of the four forms of discourse already discussed is furnished in Part Two. In each part there is presented a series of theorems covering these subjects, each theorem introducing a single new principle. The pupils are taught how to correct their own errors, and careful co-ordination with the study of literature and with other school studies distinguishes the book. The modern character of the illustrative extracts cannot fail to interest every pupil. An extensive appendix contains the elements of form, the figures of speech, etc. A complete Index renders aid in ready reference.

**ADAMS'S LYSIAS. SELECTED SPEECHES.** Edited by Charles Darwin Adams, Ph. D., Lawrence Professor of Greek, Dartmouth College. Cloth, 12mo, 400 pages, with introduction, notes and appendices. Price, \$1.50. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

This volume for college Freshmen is designed to serve as an introduction to Attic oratory, and especially to open the way for the study of the fully developed oratory of Demosthenes. To each speech there is added a chapter of detailed criticism of its argument and style, and in the appendix there is a discussion of the principles of periodic prose style and a summary of rhetorical terminology. The political movements that gave rise to a considerable group of Lysias' speeches are adequately dealt with. Provision is made in the notes for a systematic study of certain grammatical principles not ordinarily mastered in the preparatory school. Special attention is given to the tenses, to the use of prepositions, and to the force of certain particles. A complete system of cross-references has been employed throughout the book.

**LABICHE AND MARTIN. LA POUDRE AUX YEUX.** A comedy in two

acts. Edited by Victor E. Francois, A. M., Instructor in French, College of the City of New York. Cloth, 12mo, 111 pages, with introduction, notes, exercises, and vocabulary. Price, 30 cents.

*La Poudre aux Yeux* is one of Labiche's most famous plays. The plot is constructed with such care, the characters are brought out with such clearness, the dialogue is so fluent and the humor so true and natural, that it provides excellent material for elementary classes reading French. Besides an introduction, notes, and vocabulary, this edition furnishes valuable composition drill in the form of exercises based on specific portions of the text.

VERNE. LES ENFANTS DU CAPITAINE GRANT. Edited by Edith Healy. Cloth, 12mo, 127 pages, with notes and vocabulary. Price, 30 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

Jules Verne's books have given constant delight to young people in France — to say nothing of older persons — and they are quite as suitable for students in this country who are beginning to read French. *Les Enfants du Capitaine Grant* affords a thrilling account of the adventures of two children in search of their shipwrecked father. It is told in language easy enough for pupils to follow with enjoyment, yet the style is by no means childish. Notes and a vocabulary complete the book.

## COLLEGE VERSE

---

### EVENING.

The sun-flushed sails stand in from sea  
On the flood-tide's shoreward setting flow,  
And a hum throbs up from the sheltered quay,  
Where the white-capped fishermen go.

Sink sun,  
And give the mild moon place,  
Day's done ;  
We'll rest us for a space.

The boats lie anchored by the hill ;  
The low wind whispers a lullaby ;  
There's not a sound save the whip-poor-will,  
There's not a light but the lamps of the sky.

Rise, rise !  
Moon, give us of thy light !  
Day dies ;  
We'll rest us through the night.

— *Eleanor Johnson Little, in Smith College Monthly.*

---

### MY SUBJECT SELF.

I'm a psychological fact  
By an ideo-motor moved.  
Dynamo-genesis makes me act  
( By attention this is proved ).  
By sensations of social perceptions  
Pleasant feelings I recall,  
Through associated conceptions  
My attentions rise and fall.

I'm a sub-conscious emotional creature  
With a telepathic mind ;  
I've a primitive animal nature  
Like the others of my kind.  
Though at times I have illusions  
As in an exam. perchance,  
They're purely mental fusions  
Of a post-hypnotic trance.

— *H. S. N., 1907, in Vassar Miscellany.*

## HILL NOTES

---

— The following men have been announced as Commencement speakers: Brokaw, Driscoll, Fitch, Garvey, Gentes, Jenks, Kellogg, McLean, W. G. Miller, Sicard, Sittig, Tanner, Thompson and Watson.

— The Southworth Prize in Physics and the Root Fellowship have been awarded to C. L. Jenks.

— On Tuesday of Commencement Week the following men will debate the proposition, "Resolved: That United States Senators Should be Elected by Direct Vote of the People,"—Drummond, Edie, McLean, Melrose, Nellis and Purdy.

— June 6th, Barrows, Edie, Haven, McLean, Purdy and Stryker, will contend for the Fifty-first Clark Prize of \$50.00.

— The following is the baseball schedule for this season;

April 21 — Utica Free Academy, at Clinton.

" 28 — Auburn Theological Seminary, at Clinton.

May 5 — Union, at Schenectady.

" 8 — Rochester, at Clinton.

" 11 — Hobart, at Clinton.

" 15 — Colgate, at Clinton.

" 18 — Middlebury, at Clinton.

" 24 — Syracuse, at Syracuse.

" 25 — Hobart, at Geneva.

" 26 — Rochester, at Rochester.

June 1 — Union, at Clinton.

" 6 — Colgate, at Hamilton.

— The annual flag row between the two under classes occurred Wednesday morning, the opening day of the term. It was notable for its gentleness. The same day 1908 donned their caps of brown with white lettering.

## ALUMNIANA

*(Send Alumni and Necrology notes to William H. Squires, '88.)*

—Frederick J. Meagher, '99, is clerk of the Statutory Revision of the Assembly, Albany, N. Y.

—David K. Peet, '03, is engaged in business with the firm of accountants, Zeele & Hermis, 30 Broad St., New York.

—Rev. Charles Frederick Goss, D. D., '73, is now contributing the weekly notes on the Sunday School lessons in the *Utica Daily Press*.

—Prof. John G. Peck, '87, has been re-elected principal of the Southampton High School, Long Island, at a substantial increase in salary.

—Ernest S. Durkee, '03, is teaching Mathematics in the Mt. Vernon High School and will continue in the same position for another year at an increased salary.

—Edward H. Lomber, '03, who has been principal of the Walworth High School since graduation, has resigned his position and will teach elsewhere next year.

—Among the new appointments made by the Wyoming Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is that of the Rev. C. A. Frear, '02, to Willet, N. Y.

—Among the employees of the Title Guaranty & Trust Company, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are Harry E. Taylor, '00, Edward S. Carr, '04, and Dewey J. Carter, '04.

—Rev. Elmer J. Stuart, '03, who took his theological course at Auburn, lately passed a very excellent examination before the Utica Presbytery which was held at Waterville, N. Y.

—Rev. Thomas C. Brockway, '94, has resigned his pastorate of the Independent Church at Dunkirk, N. Y., and has assumed the pastorate of a church of the same denomination in Greeley, Col.

—Harrison W. Foreman, '03, of the General Theological Seminary of New York City, recently won the Reading Prize of that institution. Rev. Charles K. Gilbert, '02, won the same prize last year. This is a good record for Hamilton.

—Prof. George P. Bristol, '76, is Director of the summer session of the Cornell Summer School, which will be held from July 5th to August 15th of this year. Prof. Bristol has associated with him on the Faculty of the Summer School Dr. Edward Lawrence Stevens, '90, Associate Superintendent of Schools, New York City, who will deliver a course of lectures on Education; and Dr. Albert Wilhelm Boesche, who will give a course in German. Rev. George William Knox, D. D., '74, Professor in Union Theological Seminary, New York, will be University Preacher.

—Oren Root, Jr., '94, general manager of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, lately defended before the Board of Aldermen the company's new rule requiring passengers to ask for transfers when they pay their fares in New York. He said that so flagrant had become the abuse of the transfer privilege by persons who got transfers and then sold them that the road was defrauded of \$100,000 annually. He said sometimes a passenger would get half a dozen transfers on one ride.

—During the week beginning April 23, 1906, the Congregational pastors of Maine were the guests of the Bangor Theological Seminary at a Conference whose special purpose was the delivery of three courses of lectures by distinguished preachers. The George Shepard Lectures on Preaching were delivered by Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D. D., '67, of Montclair, N. J. The subjects of the five lectures were: The Elements of a Preacher's Power; Jonathan Edwards—The Spiritual Power; Horace Bushnell—The Inspired Theologian; Phillips Brooks—The Interpreter of the Abundant Life; Henry Ward Beecher—The Prophet of Humanity.

—The volume recently published by Professor Arthur S. Hoyt, D. D., '72, entitled "The Work of Preaching," has been warmly commended by Bishop John H. Vincent. He styles the volume "a book full of wisdom," and goes on to say: "The writer understands his subject; has read widely about preachers and preaching; has heard sermons, has preached, and has lectured to preachers. Into this book he has put the best things about sermons that the best preachers and critics have said, and has himself here written as good and wise things as he quotes, and as a result we have a book on sermons, their preparation and delivery that no student of the science and art of preaching can afford to leave out of his library."

—A. S. Davis, '04, after devoting one year successfully to real estate business, has given up this line and taken up the profession of teaching. Since March, Davis has been employed as teacher of Latin and mathematics in the Peekskill Military Academy, conducted by Drs. Bucher and Robinson. The strenuous days have not fallen to the lot of Davis, for he teaches thirty-four hours a week and discharges other duties arduous and important. Mr. Davis has already proven that he can teach and has given Hamilton a good name among the one hundred and twenty boys who are studying in the Peekskill Academy. Mr. Davis gauged his ability while in College so as not to exhaust it before meeting the exacting duties of life. Now he is enthusiastic and successful, ready for hard work and big pay.

—Rev. Dean R. Leland, '89, has been teaching nearly two years in the Peekskill Military Academy. No one in that institution of one hundred and twenty young men has more genuine popularity than he. Leland

teaches History, Ethics and Bible, and these subjects are all eagerly taken by the students. No study offered by the academy is more popular than Leland's Bible courses. Prof. and Mrs. Leland live in the academy and find the surroundings very attractive and always pleasant. There is a loyalty to the teachers there that is ideal. The institution is practically self-governing and no energy is lost in petty whims or pranks and breaches of discipline. The instructors do not have to expend their energy in keeping unruly boys within bounds—their whole object is teaching; and when not teaching they can devote their time to study. Leland is in ideal surroundings and is making the most of them. So popular have the Hamilton men become in the academy that the principals are considering two more for the faculty the coming year.

—Hon. Warren I. Lee, '99, Member of Assembly from Brooklyn, N. Y., is making a good record as legislator this year and expects to return next winter. Lee is active, attentive to business, and very independent. He is serving one of the largest Assembly districts in the state, and the volume of business imposed upon him is something immense; but he is managing it with unusual skill and intelligence and expects to get most of his bills passed. A Brooklyn paper speaks of Lee's position and prospects in a pleasant way, and our late alumni will be pleased to hear of his success: "Of the Brooklyn men who are serving their first term, there are several who are wanted back again by their colleagues. One of these is Warren I. Lee, of Flatbush, who has the intelligence and industry necessary to make him useful. There is always a certain amount of work to do in a Legislative session, though seldom are there so many important questions to deal with as at present. Chairmen of Committees are glad to have men of ability associated with them, whether those men are Republicans or Democrats. Lee, of Flatbush, is a Republican, a young lawyer, and a man of parts. A man of sound sense is soon recognized in the Assembly. Note has been taken of Lee, and if he comes back next year he will be in line for some important committee assignments. It is a fact that intelligence in a legislator is often more valued by the party floor leader than regularity. Lee has voted against Leader Moreland on a number of questions. When he has done so, he has believed that Moreland was wrong and that he was right, and, strange to say, there is reason to believe that Moreland sometimes agreed with him. Such is the duty of a majority leader that he must frequently handle things in a manner of which he personally does not entirely approve."

—The Alumni of Hamilton College, residing in the state of California, had a dinner at the University Club in San Francisco recently, at which an organization was perfected, with Thomas E. Hayden, '91, as

president and Melvin G. Dodge, '90, as secretary. Responses to toasts were made by Prof. E. J. Wickson, '69; Rev. Henry K. Booth, '95; Charles P. Eells, '74, and Rev. George Hodges, D. D., '77, who chanced at the time to be visiting in that state. The affair was a very enjoyable one throughout. Among those present who will be remembered hereabouts were Judge Augustus L. Rhodes, '41, of San Jose, one of the ablest jurists in the state; Lorenzo S. B. Sawyer, '62, of San Francisco, a relative of the Sawyer family who for so many years have been identified with Whitesboro; Prof. Edward J. Wickson, '69, formerly agricultural editor of the *Utica Herald* and for many years connected with that department in the University of California; Seward M. Dodge, '72, who has relatives in Deansboro, and who is now doing a large real estate business at Berkeley; Rev. Dr. A. S. Coats, '74, who will be remembered by the Whitestown Seminary students of the late sixties and the early seventies; Charles P. Eells, '74, of San Francisco, a relative of the Eells family, so well and favorably known hereabouts; John B. Richardson, '74, of Oakland, who is a brother of Rev. Dr. Richardson, of Little Falls, and one of the leading lawyers on the Pacific slope; Henry D. Ames and Dr. Charles L. Morgan, of '79, who were classmates of Dr. Peck, L. N. Southworth and George E. Dunham, of Utica; Dr. Ward M. Beckwith, '80, of Oakland, whose home was in Westmoreland; Melvin G. Dodge, '90, who for a time was librarian at Hamilton and now has a similar position at Stanford University, and Thomas Hayden, '11, who was formerly Superintendent of the High School at Waterville and has been a resident of San Francisco for several years.

—The report of Consul Norton, of Smyrna, describing the packing of figs furnished on request of a New York firm, will also prove of interest to the growing fig industry of California, which State now produces the Smyrna fig superior, it is claimed, to the original. The consul writes: "The fig district is largely along the line of the Smyrna-Aidin Railroad. The best grades of fruit (termed *erbeilli*) come from Inovassi. Figs from Naali and from Sultan Hissar are also highly valued, although the skins are somewhat thicker. Trees begin to bear in their sixth year and are in full vigor in the fifteenth year. Fig trees on the low plains yield fruit which is both larger and richer in saccharine matter. They often suffer, however, from an excess of moisture in unusually wet seasons, when groves on higher ground are less harmed, owing to the facilities for drainage. The fruit ripens about the middle of August, when it is picked and dried in the open air for from three to six days. It is then packed in sacks of about 250 pounds each, two of which constitute a load for a camel, and transported to the nearest railroad station. After arrival at Smyrna camels likewise transport the sacks to the warehouses of the dealers. Carts are not employed in this

connection, as the fruit is liable to be damaged when the sacks are piled one on the other. The arrivals from the country are promptly bought up by the various great packing houses, who have each a large corps of employes, chiefly women and girls, for the operations of sorting, washing, drying and packing the fruit. This means work for many thousands in Smyrna during the months of September and October, and the average degree of prosperity among the lower classes during the entire year is largely dependent upon the amount of money set in motion during this short period.

—Following closely upon President Roosevelt's utterances about imposing greater taxation upon the rich, the address upon Corporate Wealth and Democracy, which was made by Prof. Frederick Morgan Davenport, of Hamilton's Faculty, before Utica's Chamber of Commerce at its banquet in Masonic Temple, April 16th, attracted wide attention. Made before a body of conservative men, in the presence of a member of the Federal Cabinet, it was strong but scholarly in its arraignment of conditions, but cast no aspersions upon men. In tenor it was like many of the recent utterances of the President. The orator is a man of splendid gifts and as professor of political science in Hamilton College, as conservative an institution as there is in America, is an authority upon the subject he employed. Among the statements made by Prof. Davenport were the following: "The most notable political phenomenon of our time is the death grapple for control between representatives of democracy and representatives of plutocracy. The heads of great public utility corporations in Chicago, Philadelphia, New Jersey, New York, and many other parts of the nation, combine to defeat the ends of justice and right, and rob the community of its share in its own progress. \* \* \* America is becoming less and less a land of equality. The fairness and justice of distribution are questioned every hour in every intelligent community in America, and it is the chief cause of the growth of arrogance and superiority on the one hand and of envy and discontent on the other. \* \* \* More power to the arm of Theodore Roosevelt. If ever a man fought the battle of democracy he is fighting it now. If he wins, the railway princes may not love him, the coal, oil and meat barons may not kiss his feet, but up from the humble homes of democracy's millions will rise the sweet savor of gratitude and devotion \* \* \* We are no longer living in a simple age of natural persons. We have grown into a complex age in which artificial persons, otherwise known as great privileged corporations, are reaching out to become the dominant power in the nation. \* \* \* It has become altogether too common in the nation for an alliance between the political leader and the industrial leader. \* \* \* With every drop of my blood and cell of my brain I believe in

Individual initiative, but the doctrine of the old common law of liberty has been too freely extended to these artificial persons. If the great privileged corporation continues to fight against the common good, I would administer to it such a dose of social control, even in some cases to the point of pure and unadulterated socialism, as it has never known from the hour of its birth."

—At the Normal School Chapel in Terre Haute, Ind., Judge D. P. Baldwin, '56, of Logansport, spoke lately on Ben Franklin, the occasion being Franklin's 200th birthday anniversary. In part he said: "There was a man sent from God 200 years ago today to the American colonies, and his name was Benjamin Franklin. He was born eighty years before there was any American people. He preceded by a generation Washington, Hamilton, Adams, Jefferson and their great contemporaries, and his name is attached to more American title deeds of liberty and nationality than any other of our statesmen. He signed the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the treaty of Independence with England, and the treaty admitting the new nation into the family of nations with France. Both of these great documents with England and France were signed the same day. Not one of the great Americans above named signed more than one of these illustrious writings." Judge Baldwin sketched the year 1706, when Queen Anne was our sovereign; when the thirteen colonies had not over a million people; when there were no settlements over two hundred miles to the west of the Atlantic ocean; when England's greatest general, Marlborough, was winning England's greatest battles; when Pope, Dryden, Addison and Swift were the stars in her literary world. He pointed out that Franklin's father was a soap-boiler, with a family of seventeen children, of whom Benjamin was the youngest, and then said: "All our great revolutionary statesmen except Franklin, were aristocrats. Of these Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton and Adams are illustrations. Franklin, like Lincoln and Jackson, was without classical education and belonged to the common people. Franklin never was in school a day after he was ten years old." Judge Baldwin then sketched Franklin's early life, showing how that he was the editor and proprietor of a newspaper when only sixteen years old; was in London without a dollar when only eighteen; was a prosperous business man in Philadelphia when twenty-one. He pointed out that Franklin was the father of American journalism, as well as the parent of American science; that he was the first to discover that thunder and lightning were only electricity on the rampage. Franklin was always an intensely practical man, and harnessed electricity to lightning rods, as well as invented stoves and cured smoky chimneys. "When forty Franklin gave up his prosperous business and for the next four decades and until his death

gave himself up to the service of his country. He spent fourteen years in the Legislature of Pennsylvania. He was the first Postmaster General of the colonies. He was the first to suggest in the Albany convention of 1754 the idea of the American union, and just before the passage of the stamp act was sent to England and spent ten years in and about the court of King George, the stupid. He was known by his enemies as well as his friends. His principal friend was Edmund Burke; and we reverence him because his principal enemy was George III. and his crew. After fighting the stamp act and the Boston court bill he returned to the United States and became a member of the Continental Congress. Franklin's life is full of lessons for young people. Let me point out a few of them. First, he was a charmingly good-natured boy, young man and old man. He sang well, he played a half dozen instruments of music; was a great swimmer and a great diner. He was always placid, always master of the situation. He never worried. He was the embodiment of cheerfulness and common sense. He learned when a boy the value of an easy, graceful pen. He was from the beginning a most charming conversationalist. Not the least of his virtues was that he was a great ladies' man. At the court of the Great Louis in France, his most powerful influence was the beautiful women that controlled the splendid man. Franklin always did his best. He never missed an opportunity. He also created opportunities, and when he came to die he selected as his title to fame the simple word 'printer.''' The speaker closed by reading Franklin's epitaph.

---

## Necrology

---

### CLASS OF 1828.

OLIVER DYER GROSVENOR was born in Rome in 1819. His ancestors on both sides were officers in the Revolutionary War. He received his early education at the Rome Academy, of which his father was principal. In 1852 he received the degree of A. M. After leaving College he became a civil engineer and was at once employed by the state on the Black River Canal, then in process of construction. He later surveyed for the New York and Erie Railroad. At one time Mr. Grosvenor was interested in the making of daguerreotypes, and was among the first to practice that art, having learned it at the studio of Professor S. F. B. Morse. In 1845 he formed a partnership with Henry Ivison, in the book business in Rome, afterward head of the firm of Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Company, of New York. Returning to the profession of civil engineering, which he combined with that of architect, in Rome, Mr. Grosvenor superintended the construction

of a number of churches and other public buildings of that city. He held several public offices and was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. In 1853 Mr. Grosvenor married Miss Levantia R. Gay, daughter of Calvin Brooks Gay, of Rome. They went to Rochester in 1854. Mr. Grosvenor made a profession of religion under the preaching of Charles G. Finney, and united with the First Presbyterian Church. A short time later he became a member of Central Church. In 1854 he engaged in the book business, representing in Rochester the combined interests of the American Tract Society and the American Bible Society. He was identified with church work there for more than forty years. Mr. Grosvenor died in Rochester, N. Y., April 1st. Mr. Grosvenor leaves three children, Oliver G., Harriet T., and Theresa M. Grosvenor, all of Rochester.

## CLASS OF 1836.

DANIEL HUNTINGTON, the artist, died late on Wednesday night, April 18th, at his home, 49 East Twentieth street, New York City. He was stricken with paralysis about a month ago, and the effects of this, with the infirmities of age, caused his death. Only a few of his most intimate friends knew of his illness. Daniel Huntington was the oldest artist of note in New York and was well known as a portrait painter. For many years he was almost invariably selected as the artist whenever an organization or the city or state wished a portrait of some official or prominent citizen, and many examples of his work are to be found in the city and state buildings, in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce and in various libraries and institutions of learning. Critics said of him that the conspicuous merit of his portraits lay in their truth and simplicity. Mr. Huntington was a native New Yorker. He was born on October 14, 1816, a son of Benjamin H. and Faith Trumbull Huntington, both of whose ancestors were among the early settlers in Connecticut and were prominent in the government and affairs of that state and in the war of the Revolution. Daniel Huntington studied at Hamilton College for a time and there he became acquainted with Charles L. Elliott, from whom he imbibed his love of art. Leaving college, he studied art in the studios of Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse, who was then president of the National Academy of Design, and later Mr. Huntington was a pupil of Inman. He produced, while a young man, several paintings that were appreciated, and he decided to adopt painting as a life work. At first he yielded to public demand for general work. Two of his earliest paintings to attract attention were "A Barroom Politician" and "A Toper Asleep." In 1836 he spent several months in the Highlands of the Hudson, where he painted views near Verplanc's, the Dunderberg Mountain and Rondout Creek. Three years later he went to Rome to study, and while there he painted

his "Florentine Girl" and "Early Christian Prisoners" in 1839 and "The Shepherd Boy of the Campaign" in 1840. Soon after his return to this country he began a series of pictures illustrating "The Pilgrim's Progress," but his eyes failed and he returned to Europe in 1844. There his sight improved and before he returned he had finished "The Roman Penitents." In 1840 he was elected a member of the National Academy of Design and was president of that organization from 1862 to 1869 and again from 1877 to 1892. Returning from abroad in 1846, he began to devote himself more and more to portraits and soon attained a prominent place among the artists of this country, although he still found time to do other work. His portrait of Abraham Lincoln is owned by the Union League Club and New York University has his likeness of Chancellor Ferris, while the New York Historical Society has his portrait of Sir Charles Eastlake and the Earl of Carlisle. His portrait of President Van Buren is in the State Library in Albany; the Lenox Library owns his likeness of James Lenox, and in the City Hall are pictures of Mayors Duane, Varick and Livingston, which are the work of his brush. Generals Grant, Sherman and Sheridan sat for him, as did Admiral Dupont, Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, John Sherman, William Cullen Bryant, William E. Dodge, William H. Appleton, Robert C. Winthrop, Bishop Potter, John A. Dix, and many other well known New Yorkers, about forty of whose portraits are in the collection of the New York Chamber of Commerce. Aside from his portraits he painted other pictures which attracted attention, among them "Mrs. Washington's Reception" (1861), which A. T. Stewart sent to the Paris Exposition in 1867; "Sowing the Word" (1869), which belonged to Anson P. Stokes, and "Titian" and "Charles V. at Bologna," which won commendation at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. His "Columbus" was owned by John Lenox. Some of his other pictures are "Queen Mary Signing the Death Warrant of Lady Jane Grey," "Lady Jane Grey and Feckenham in the Tower," "Chocura," "St. Jerome," "Juliet on the Balcony," "The Narrows, Lake George," "Goldsmith's Daughter," and "The Atlantic Cable Projectors." In spite of his advanced age, Mr. Huntington continued at work until a few weeks ago, and when he was 80 years old it was said that he painted as well as ever. His last portrait, that of George Kingsland, was completed last December, and is now in the New York Yacht Club. In 1842 he married Harriet S. Richards. They had one son, Charles R. Huntington, who survives. Mr. Huntington, the elder, was one of the founders of the Century Club, a director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of which he was vice-president for several years; a member of the American Geographical Society and the New York Historical Society,

## CLASS OF 1842.

PARSONS STEWART PRATT died on Sunday, April 8, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Charles B. Gilbert, in Dorset, Vt. He was born in Sauquoit, N. Y., July 25, 1822. In 1846 he graduated from Auburn Theological Seminary and in 1847 was ordained to the ministry at Sumptuous Prairie, Ind. After a brief service there and after at Niles, Mich., he became pastor at Winfield, N. Y., where he remained from 1848 to 1855. He was then called to the Congregational Church of Dorset, Vt. Here he served a contented people for forty-one years, retiring as Pastor Emeritus in 1896. In 1895 Middlebury College (Vt.) gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He served for some years as Superintendent of Town Schools, and was long Registrar of the Congregational Conference of his county (Bennington) and also of the State Conference. A long, quiet life was Dr. Pratt's, full in all its hours of sweet, earnest influence for happiness and good things.

## CLASS OF 1867.

HOWARD ALLISON died at Cresskill, N. J., on April 4, 1906, of apoplexy. He was a descendant of General William Allison, an officer of the American Revolution, who resided in Orange Co., N. Y. Mr. Allison was born in Orange County March 4, 1846. His parents were Isaac W. and Teresa (Elmer) Allison. He prepared for College at Chester Academy under Dr. Edward T. B. Orton, '48, and was one of the chemical prize men of his class. He was Principal of the Academy and Superintendent of the schools at Mount Morris, N. Y., following his graduation. His last studies were pursued with Judge David T. Gedney, of Goshen, N. Y. Since 1887, he has been with the American Surety Co., of New York, of which company his cousin, the late Hon. Richard Allison Elmer, '64, some time Second Assistant Postmaster General, was the founder and first president. Mr. Allison married January 2, 1872, Edith A., daughter of George and Ellen (Douglass) Thurber, who was born at Patchogue, Long Island, N. Y. His wife, three sons, and two daughters survive him. Mr. Allison's brother, Rev. Dr. Charles E. Allison, '70, pastor of Dayspring Presbyterian Church, Yonkers, N. Y., and three cousins graduated from Hamilton. His funeral was on April 6th and the interment was at Brookside Cemetery, Englewood, N. J.

## CLASS OF 1882.

DR. HENRY B. ORR, well known in Clinton, whose mother, Margaret Fake, was a Clinton girl, died at New Orleans, La., May 29, 1905. He was a classmate of the Clinton boys, William Bristol and Fred DeW. Smyth, — of U. S. Judge Amidon, of Fargo, the Rev. Dr. Evans, of New York, Surrogate Calder, of Utica, Supt. Kendell, of Indianapolis,

Prof. Erastus L. Palmer, of New York, Principal A. M. Shaw, of New York, Dr. Sherwood, of Syracuse, and Prof. R. L. Taylor. He was a quiet, earnest student in College, with strong tastes along scientific lines, not then developed at Hamilton. After graduation he went abroad for special study in biology, and in 1885 received a Ph. D. at the University of Jena, Germany. On his return to America he was a Fellow in Biology at Princeton, clinging closely to his specialty until 1889, when he accepted a professorship of Biology in Kentucky State College. In 1890 he was chosen to the same chair in Tulane University, where he remained, doing the highest order of work, until he determined to put aside teaching and enter upon the practice of medicine, for which he was most amply fitted. At his death he had already laid the foundation of a successful career. In 1893, while at Tulane, Dr. Orr published through the MacMillans "A Theory of Development and Heredity," a work of very unusual merit. Harry Orr was a most lovable, earnest boy and man. Modest and shy of disposition, he opened heart chambers to but few; these loved him very much. And he was morally and spiritually strong. He sought truth with earnest, persistent devotion and an unswerving purpose. Such men, always true and steadfast, drop from the ranks, and only a few know how strong a soldier has fallen.

---

---

## WILLIAMS & MORGAN,

—The Furniture Leaders—

HAVE THE GOODS YOU NEED  
IN YOUR ROOM. DON'T FAIL TO  
CALL ON US. WE CAN GIVE YOU  
WHAT YOU REQUIRE AT RIGHT  
PRICES.

31 Genesee St.,

Utica, N. Y.

437

# Hamilton Literary Magazine



Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

May, 1906

# Suits and Overcoats

## FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN.

It's a great comfort to be correctly dressed. Some men think to dress well means a big outlay of cash, a custom tailor, etc. If you come to us we will fit you to clothes that harmonize with any surrounding—clothes that the average custom tailor can't duplicate. They are the Rogers, Peet & Co. and Hart, Schaffner & Marx makes—that's why. The Fall Fashions in Suits and Overcoats awaits your inspection. College men will find styles at this store designed expressly for them both in Clothing and Furnishings.

**The Guyer Hat  
is very popular  
with popular men**

## **Wicks & Greenman,** APPAREL SHOP.

56-57 Franklin Square,

- -

Utica, N. Y.

## GET INTEREST

on your money by depositing it with the

## **Citizens Trust Company,**

**Cor. Genesee and Bleecker Sts., Utica, N. Y.**

A Dollar in the Pocket grows continually less. A Dollar in the  
"Citizens Trust" grows larger every day.

**Jacob Agne, President.**

**Elon G. Brown, First Vice-President.**

**William I. Taber, Second Vice-President.**

**Edward Bushinger, Secretary.**

# ***The Hamilton Literary Magazine***

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1867

---

---

VOL. XL.

MAY, 1906.

No. 9.

---

---

## **Keats**

---

“**M**UCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,”  
Great Keats, since first I breathed thy magic verse  
And all aflame, enchanted, did immerse  
My thirsting soul within its fountain cold.  
How thou didst find a language that would hold  
Thy flaming song of truth, nor would coerce  
The flight of thy pure spirit, nor would curse  
Such visions as thy pen alone hath told!  
Until I found thy blithe Endymion,  
Never I knew that higher, clearer air,  
As far removed, estranged, from mortal men  
As beauty is from foul disease, as rare  
As dreams of angels, peacefully bedight  
In mystic splendour of empyrean light!

— *L. P. Stryker, '06.*

## A Letter From S. N. D. North

---

*Editors Hamilton Literary Magazine :*

ASK permission to convey through the pages of the HAMILTON LITERARY MAGAZINE, my sense of gratitude and appreciation for the reception accorded by the alumni and friends of Hamilton College to the biography of my father, which was recently published under the title of "Old Greek: a Memoir of Dr. Edward North." Since the volume was distributed to subscribers, I have received several hundred letters expressing the pleasure and satisfaction the writers have derived from the Memoir. Many tributes to the memory and influence of the venerated Greek professor are so loving and so tender, so suggestive and so full of reminiscence, that I am tempted to incorporate them in a supplemental volume of selections from his lectures which I am thinking of publishing in response to the somewhat insistent request of many of the writers.

These letters are conclusive evidence that the Memoir did not overestimate the sweet and abiding influence that Dr. North's character and teaching exercised upon the long procession of students who sat in his classrooms and listened to his lectures. Alas, that so many of the writers, among whom I may especially mention Theodore M. Pomeroy, Joseph R. Hawley, Daniel Huntington, and Lewis Ray Foote, have already gone to join their former teacher in the Great Beyond! It seemed to me that the stelligerents, of whom Dr. North made such loving record through so many years, have come even faster since his death than before.

I have not found it possible to make individual replies to all of these letters, and I hope that this general public acknowledgment of them, in the College magazine, with this expression of my grateful thanks to the writers, may be accepted in lieu of a more personal response. It may interest

the writers to learn that the sale of Dr. North's Memoir has been sufficient to practically meet the expense of publication, and that the edition of 1,000 copies is about exhausted. They may also be interested to learn that unobtrusively as the publication was made, a knowledge of the book and of the character of its contents—which are almost wholly the lectures and writings of Dr. North—is gradually reaching the general public, and more particularly the colleges and universities of the country. Orders for the book from these sources are increasingly frequent, and it may be that they will justify the printing of a second edition. With that probability in view, I shall be grateful to any alumnus who will point out to me any error in the statement of facts in the volume. Several such errors have already been brought to my attention, and there may be others. I am grateful also for additional reminiscences of Dr. North, a number of which have been written me since the Memoir appeared, some of them more characteristic and interesting than any included in the volume.

With all best wishes for the continued and increasing prosperity of the “Mother on the Hill,” to whom Dr. North dedicated his life, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

S. N. D. NORTH.

## **The Assimilative Power of America**

---

**A**MERICA has ever been the El Dorado of the races of mankind. Here, under the golden opportunities of a democratic people, loyalty is stimulated and patriotism transformed into a sentiment akin to religion. It is no longer a secret that the greatest nation that has ever existed is producing a new type, the American man, in whose blood flows and shall flow the best blood of the Aryan race. Between the Atlantic and the Golden Gate of the Pacific, is the theatre where the greatest scenes of all history are being enacted to their close.

Assimilation is the harmony of component parts, the national and democratic unity of a diverse and heterogeneous people. Philosophy tells us that the will is governed by motives and that the strongest motive will prevail by reason of its pleasure or agreeableness to the individual. So America, by reason of her unparalleled resources, the opportunities that she affords and her unrivaled system of democracy, has been the most magnetic of the nations in drawing to her shores the tide of immigration.

Liberty is one of the dearest possessions of men. To direct one's life and activities is a sacred right. Since the coming of the Huguenots and the Pilgrims, America has been the refuge of those persecuted in civil and religious wars. Liberty is the crucible in which the diverse elements of all races are transformed into the type of American citizenship. For the maintenance of that principle our forefathers fought a bloody revolution, and today native and foreign born stand united to fight another rather than yield those sacred principles, freedom of political and religious belief, liberty of speech and of press, independence of action.

But another motive impels foreigners to our shores, and like an adamant chain binds them to our institutions. It is the right of property. Such privileges are unknown in either

Scotland or Ireland, where the land is held by the aristocratic few, and in landlord beridden England and in despotic Russia the sacred right of land property is ruthlessly denied. But here in America, this inherent longing of all races has found its fruition. Here the right to property in land adjusts itself according to the demands of popular government. The right to property has been to incoming races a blessed boon, while the grant of western lands for a nominal sum has afforded a revelation of the good will of the government, a recognition that immigrants need not be slaves, but men. The framers of our land and property laws realized that a man learns to love the country when he tills his own soil.

The world nowhere furnishes such an illustration of social equality as is manifested among us in America. No matter what your ancestry may have been, the question is, "What are you?" This is entirely unlike the ancestral worship of China, the caste system of India. It does not matter how much coin you have in your coffers, but how much brain you have in your head. The golden calf worship of royalty in France, the pandering to the puppet aristocracy in England, are banished from our social system. The man of worth and ambition, as he ascends from group to group, is greeted with the cordial hand-shake of encouragement, while the golden star of attainment beckons him on. Thus it happens that every man is filled with an ambition to better his condition, to climb one round higher. As a result, America is not stagnant but ever moving, not despondent but young and hopeful, pressing on toward a higher stage of national self-realization.

The year just ending has brought ten hundred thousand souls of foreign birth to our shores. Coming across the Atlantic, not as the Vandals who surged across the Alps, descending upon effete and falling Rome to plunder, pillage and destroy, but with peace upon their lips they come to America, where they may find work for their empty hands, found homes for their children and call no man master. The

skeptic points to this tremendous tide as the nation's doom. In a future foreign war, with our diverse population, will not patriotism be dead? Let the past bring forth the example and the proof. Our nation points with pride to the men of German birth, who under Captain Doudel first sprang to the help of the infant republic at the siege of Boston. It was Baron Steuben who hammered a mob into an army at Valley Forge. It was DeKalb who, fighting for American independence, received his death wound at Camden. It was General Herkimer who, with a band of German farmers, fought and won that critical battle at Oriskany. And later in the Civil War, the first to respond to the call of Lincoln was a German regiment. There were a hundred and eighty thousand Germans in the Federal armies, officered by five thousand Germans of superior rank, every man breathing the spirit of American institutions, for this was their new "Fatherland."

No history of the Revolution is complete without its Irish chapter. Filled with an indomitable fighting spirit, raging with rebellion against anything that resembled injustice, always they have been found fighting on the firing line. It was John Barry who was first to receive captainship in the American navy. It was Richmond Montgomery who was the first American general to fall. And who would forget the dashing work of the Irish brigade under Captain Dillon, the heroic service of Mad Anthony Wayne? And in the dark hours of the Civil War were not the Irish everywhere? Were they not present in the terrible battle of the Wilderness, the Bloody Angle of Gettysburg, the scarlet field of Chancellorsville? The Germans and the Irish have ever been and ever shall be loyal to the Stars and Stripes. And could you imagine that they could see the American flag insulted and sit idly by? Could you imagine that they could see America suffer the encroachments of a foreign foe and not lift a hand to hurl back the invader? Nay, they are among our most loyal patriots, they are the bulwark of our common liberties.

Crowning all of the American privileges is the right of suffrage. With the ballot in his hand a man is endowed with the highest right of citizenship. Now he becomes an independent man, a responsible being. Every man realizes that he is a part of the government, bound by obligation, by citizenship, by self-interest, to devote to it his whole-souled loyalty and best effort. Then what do these opportunities, these rights, these privileges, mean? They mean that a man escaping from tyranny and starvation, unjust taxation and oppression, loves the country where he may find freedom and equality of burdens. Anchored to the soil by right of ownership, becoming an inseparable part of the country, caste and class barriers being annihilated, all men are filled with an insatiable ambition. Wherever law is an expression of popular will, the individuality of man is realized. Then and only then is attained between the state and the citizen mutual relation, mutual dependence and mutual harmony.

Municipal government has long been a burning problem on American soil, and the brain of man has been put to its wit's end to devise means by which the teeming masses of humanity might be held in subjection. But the forces working in the heart life of the resourceful American people are dynamic and far reaching, and nothing can withstand the renovating power of our virile institutions. The tide is ebbing from our centres and the thousands are being distributed throughout our broad domains.

The assimilation of the races has been going on since the very dawn of American history. Sons of every clime have found a refuge and a home, where all men are considered free and equal, where manhood and highest self-realization are the special privilege of none. Out of the chaos of the races is emerging a grand and magnificent type of the fearless, self-respecting, liberty-loving American. German, Russian, Finn, and the sturdy sons of the Latin race are uniting all their subtle elements of intelligence, high ideals and daring into a character that will ever grace history and

stand as the noblest creation of the grand old Aryan stock.

The American is justly proud of his ancestry and stands with serene countenance peering out into the unknown years of the future. The past is secure, the present a grand realization, the future the promise of greater achievement. America is assimilating the races of mankind and giving to the world a people transcending all others in the scope of their vision, the magnitude of their attainments, and the sympathy with which they fuse into one living soul the noblest traits of humanity.

—*J. H. Edgerton, '06.*

---

### **To a Harpsichord**

---

QUAINT melodist of a by-gone time,  
A cadence chaste and rare  
Still floats in minor rhythmic chime  
O'er thine ivories golden-fair.

Those keys once leaped 'neath fond caress  
Of dainty hands long still,  
That frame has sounded love's distress  
In rich and vibrant thrill.

Slipper, smile, silk, perfume, song,  
Soft whisper, flushing guilt,  
The minuet's gay, powdered throng  
Moved merrily to thy lilt.

Poor spinet! Pathos in repose!  
By fancy heard anew,  
Like the faint, crushed sweetness of the rose  
Revived and drenched in dew.

—*W. T. Purdy, '06.*

## **Thomas B. Reed**

---

**N**OT long ago the nation was called upon to mourn the passing of one of its greatest citizens, Thomas B. Reed. After a life of varying fortunes, of signal achievements, of long and unselfish public services, crowned with retirement to the humble station of private life, this admirable statesman was called to a better world.

But twice in its history has the lower branch of our National Congress honored its Speakers as it honored Reed. Adjourning upon the announcement of his death, after a brief session devoted entirely to his praise, Congress showed the high esteem in which he was held. And fittingly might the House pay this unique tribute; for its chambers constituted the arena in which, for a quarter of a century, took place his greatest combats and were achieved his greatest victories. Here he fought his way to the front against almost unexampled competition, and for years held his post unchallenged. His ponderous intellectual power, which penetrated to the core of every question; his brilliant wit, in which were married logic and laughter, wisdom and humor; his broad knowledge, his rhetorical grace and fluency, combined to render him one of the most formidable debaters Congress has ever known.

But it was as Speaker of the House of Representatives that Reed's powers shone most splendidly. Never was the atmosphere of our Congress so completely charged with the electric personality of one man. Neither the tact of Clay nor the charm of Blaine had achieved such marvelous feats of leadership, had ruled, as Reed, with such sovereign mastery.

It was during that historic Fifty-first Congress that he, single-handed and alone, won that terrific contest which established him as the first parliamentarian of American history. By turning his back upon established precedent and counting enough minority members present, but not voting,

to make a quorum, filibustering was destroyed and the transaction of business made possible.

Not even in the volcanic days of the slavery issue was the Lower House the witness of such tumultuous scenes as followed this unprecedented act. Reed was dubbed the "Czar" and denounced as a dictator. The press in every part of the country teemed with bitter censure and virulence; popular sentiment assailed him with unparalleled fierceness; even his own party timidly besought him to yield to the terrific assaults that daily battered at his courage. But through all these scenes such as few Speakers have ever witnessed, and before a denunciation and hatred which none ever before had encountered, Reed stood, like a lion at bay, inflexible as flint, beating down all his antagonists by his magnificent courage and superior will, standing almost by himself for the very principles through whose triumph alone it is possible to retain that orderly liberty which is our national pride.

Thomas B. Reed's character and career are among the richest treasures of our national history. No cleaner, purer statesman ever entered the arena of American politics. Too strong to be bullied and too honest to be bought, he dared to go where his convictions led, and he built up, not indeed a fortune, but an unimpeachable and a world-wide fame.

—*E. M. Clark, '07.*

## The Mermaid Question

---

THE private steam yacht Valeria, Captain Scarrett, no cargo, and twenty-four days out from San Francisco, bound for Sydney, lay tossing like a bottle just inside a vari-colored coral reef. The furious, lashing gale of the last four days had retired over the horizon as suddenly as it had appeared, leaving a very much battered steam yacht, a supremely disgusted crew, and two very weary young men, rolling in the little harbor together.

"It's a mighty lucky thing that we had a good boat under us," said Coventry, steadying himself to light his pipe, "or we might be swimming now instead of bouncing around here with a broken propeller."

The other gave vent to a somewhat tabooed monosyllable, and stared unappreciatively at the beautiful island before him.

"You needn't get grouchy about it, old man," continued Coventry. "We can at least get started again by tomorrow at daybreak."

"I know it, Cal, but hang it all I'm not used to this fiendish motion. In a minute I'll be breaking my record and feeding the little squirmers out there in the drink. Call the coon and order one for me and one for yourself. Ugh! This is worse than the roller-coasters at Coney," and he relapsed into gloomy silence.

A grizzled old seaman in uniform navigated slowly toward them, picking out his steps with thoughtful deliberation.

"Hello, Cap.," said Coventry, brightening, "got your figuring done?"

"Yes, Mr. Coventry, I have. This is Tilden Island. Maybe you have read of it, sir. How the mutineers from the 'Sallie J.' settled here and were captured later? Quite a historic island, sir."

"Must be," said Halliwell; "let's go ashore tomorrow.

It will be interesting seeing the houses they built and the improvements they put through."

"It sure will," said Coventry, getting up. "I could eat, couldn't you?"

"Well, I don't know," said Halliwell, doubtfully; "anyhow, I can try. The confounded swell in here is dying down, thank goodness. The boat rides lots easier than it did this morning."

Supper over, the men sat puffing at two very large cigars and idly discussing the island under whose protection they had been thrown.

The sun hung suspended in the west like a huge ball of fire ready to drop into the waves, and the low cry of the night birds and insects on the shore, mingled with the plash, plash of the little waves on the beach, furnished sweet music for the storm-tossed voyagers. The ground swell within the little reef had died down to almost nothing.

"Funny how quick it gets dark down here, Dick," said Coventry, breaking the silence. "No twilight at all, scarcely."

"That's because we're so far south, I suppose. Have you noticed those little lights in the water by the shore? Funny looking cadenzes; what do you suppose they are?"

Coventry looked. Then with a pretense of knowledge:

"Those little lights, Dicky, my boy, are tropical gold-fishes. They always come up after the sun has gone down, so that the canary birds can see their way about."

"Probably," said Halliwell, laughingly, "but they are coming this way at any rate."

"Going to visit us, probably. I'll have Biddle put salt on their tails and we'll have 'em for breakfast."

Still the glowing spots came nearer, and the men cast aside their chaffing and began speculating on them in earnest. The spots were undoubtedly making for the boat, bobbing along over the ground swell like fire-flies. It had grown too dark for the men to make anything out of them, and their interest grew apace. Finally the phosphorescent spots came

alongside and lay rising and falling, but still mysterious.

"Are you Americans?"

Both men started as if they had touched a hot iron, and drew back from the railing. It was unmistakably a woman's voice.

"Mermaids, by Gad!" whispered Halliwell, hoarsely.

"More likely these cigars have gone to our heads," muttered his chum. "Answer, Dick."

"No, you."

Coventry cautiously peered over the rail into the blackness below.

"Er—yes, we are," he stammered.

"Oh! I'm so glad," came from the water.

Halliwell also ventured to squint over the railing.

"Get a lantern, quick, Dick," said Coventry, excitedly.

"No, you musn't, or we will go away," cried the musical voice below.

"Oh, don't move, we won't," assured Halliwell, and pinched himself to see if he was awake.

"You musn't, because we haven't anything on." The voice was from the other spot, but was no less musical—the sweetest he had ever heard, thought Halliwell. "And please don't sail away until we see you again, will you?" it continued.

"Er—ah—are you mermaids?" faltered Coventry, fully expecting an affirmative.

"No, indeed, we're girls." The voices both laughed.

"We'll see you in the morning."

"Yes, indeed."

"Please don't go away before we see you." Both men vowed mentally that they would stay away a year to be near such voices.

"Will you—ah—be on land tomorrow?" said Coventry, unable to dispel the mermaid illusion.

"Oh, yes," came from the water. "Meet us on Broadway at nine."

"What!" ejaculated the yachtsmen in unison.

But the phosphorescent spots were already slowly leaving the boat and no explanation was offered.

When they were lost to sight, Halliwell turned to his companion and gazed at him seriously.

"We're bughouse all right," he said solemnly.

"Maybe it's what we ate for supper," suggested Coventry, without even the shadow of a smile.

Halliwell rubbed his hand over his face reflectively.

"They say they're not mermaids, and they made a date for tomorrow on Broadway, too, and —. He subsided helplessly in his chair.

"Well, we'll be there on time," said Coventry, in a dazed voice, "but what the deuce did they mean by Broadway?"

The other shook his bewildered head.

It was very late, or rather very early next morning, when the young men went below, nor was the "mermaid question," as they had dubbed it, any nearer solution.

Coventry was first on deck the next morning and impatient to be off. Halliwell soon joined him, and they talked over the "mermaid question" for the hundredth time, and for the hundredth time gave it up in despair.

"There's no use hashing over the evidence any longer," said Coventry. "We'll just have to wait until nine and find out the game then."

At intervals of five to ten minutes the men looked at their watches, impatiently.

"Longest hour and a half I ever spent," muttered Halliwell.

"More like a year and a half to me," returned the other.

"Let's start now, anyhow."

They clambered into the yacht's auxiliary and were soon on the sandy little beach that bordered the island.

"First Cop you see, Dick, ask him where Broadway is," said Coventry, laughing a bit nervously.

"Wonder if we can't get a cab," Halliwell went on in the

ame strain. "Broadway! Those females must have mud on their skylights. Broadway in the Southern Pacific, too! Honestly, Cal, I think we've been 'seeing things' in the last twenty-four hours."

Coventry gazed about him, questioningly.

"I don't see their Broadway, but there's a path we might take."

"Let 'er go, I'll follow," said Halliwell, turning up his annels.

Five minutes' walk brought them to a clearing through which ran a street—if you could call it one—flanked on both sides by dilapidated cottages. What had once been a wide plank sidewalk was still visible, though thickly grown with weeds and tiny bushes. On a nearby tree was a shingle with "Broadway" rudely painted upon it.

Both men laughed heartily.

"Guess this is Broadway, Dick, but, oh Lord! how it has changed, and what a sad looking bunch of shacks."

Halliwell took in the scene amusedly.

"Wonder who in the dickens painted—cheese it, Cal,— " he cried, "there are the girls."

"Holy Moses, Dick!" whispered Coventry, in wrapped admiration, "what do you think of those?"

Halliwell took off his hat carefully and rubbed his chin, his dazzled eyes wandering over the two sunny heads and down, velvety necks, beautiful as the mythical Cleopatra.

"Me for the one on the right," he finally managed to whisper, "but it's a cinch I'm dreaming."

Veritable nymphs of the forest they were, brown as berries, and crowned like an Elsa with glistening masses of golden hair. Their robes, of some stuff unknown to the modern modiste, fell to their ankles, which, in their unstockinged simplicity, were as delicately chiseled as if from the hand of a Pygmalion.

The two young men stood still, scarcely daring to breathe lest these fairylike creations take flight and disappear.

Coventry finally recovered enough to punch his companion with his elbow.

"Come out of it, Dick," he whispered, "they're going to brace us."

"Take your hat off, ass!" hissed Halliwell, "where are your manners?"

The goddesses — for both young men had already endowed them with divinity — stopped not far off and scrutinized them from two pairs of liquid blue eyes.

"Say something, Cal," faltered Halliwell.

Coventry racked his brain in vain for a pertinent remark, and the four stood looking at one another in silence.

"We are very glad to see you," said one of the goddesses at length.

"Er — yes, so are we," stammered Coventry, evading his companion's scornful look.

"Bright remark!" growled Halliwell, sarcastically.

"Would you like to look around a little?" ventured the other goddess.

"Tickled to death," said Coventry, with avidity.

"Come, then," said the goddesses, "we will introduce you to our father first."

So Halliwell fell in beside the goddess on the right and Coventry with the one on the left, and they moved off up Broadway.

"Do tell me all I want to know," said Coventry, looking rapturously down at his companion, "I can't even wait to ask the questions."

"I suppose you can't understand it at all," she asked, looking him full in the eyes with childlike simplicity.

"No, I can't; the water and the lights on your heads, and that you speak English, and——"

"Well, I shall tell you, then," she broke in. "My name is Beta — Beta Allison. Sister's is Alpha. Father named us after the first letters in the Greek alphabet, he does love Greek so! But now he is very weak and can't read it any more."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Coventry, helplessly. "How long has he been so?"

"Nearly four years. He never quite got over the terrible night when we clung to a log all night long out in the ocean, when the ship we were on went to the bottom. That was ten years ago, when sister and I were little girls."

"And you have been here all alone ever since?" he asked, tenderly amazed.

"Ever since. But it hasn't been so bad. There were some people here before us, and they left houses and cattle and things, so we got along very comfortably. But you will take us with you in your ship—all three of us—will you not?" Her eyes were appealing.

"Oh, yes, indeed," he assured, "I'd be tickled—er—delighted to, I'm sure."

"I'm very glad, because we do wish to see the world—the great, beautiful world we have read so much about."

"But last night?" said Coventry, his mind harking back to the numerous arguments he had had with Halliwell.

"Oh, we swam out. We swim every day, sister and I, and at night we tie a bit of phosphorescent bark to our hair so that we won't lose each other."

"I see," he breathed, with a sigh of relief, "we thought you were mermaids."

"So you said last night," laughing, "but we aren't, you see."

"No, thank goodness!" he said fervently. "Did you name this Broadway?"

"No, we don't know who did that; probably the men that were here before us were Americans, and maybe from New York. They have always been a mystery to us, anyway. This is our house," she added, stopping before the only cottage that showed signs of habitation. "I think we will find father inside."

Coventry turned to speak to Halliwell, and discovered that worthy walking slowly toward them, leading his goddess by the hand!

Coventry scowled. "I never ——! Get on to his nerve."

He stopped abruptly and almost expired as he felt a warm, brown arm thrown confidently over his shoulder.

"What were you about to say?"

"Oh, nothing," he said, looking at Halliwell guiltily out of the corner of his eye.

Halliwell suppressed a snicker, and they entered the cottage together.

A gray-haired old man was lying on a cot in the corner reciting Latin verses to himself in a crooning voice. He seemed to take no notice of the visitors.

"Come," whispered Beta in Coventry's ear, "leave him. He is sleeping quietly."

Softly the four slipped out into the glorious morning sunshine. Beyond the ruined cottages the tropical foliage rose in waving tiers to a low, rock-tipped mountain; the bleak, red rocks contrasting sharply with the green below. Under foot queer little lizards scampered under the deserted walk. A glistening snake flashed in the sunlight and was gone. And over all was the humming, vibrant stillness of tropical summer.

Coventry, filled with sympathy, walked along silently.

"Are all men as fine as you?" The question was abrupt to say the least, but one glance at the guileless eyes assured him of its innocence.

"Many far finer, Beta," he said, coloring.

"I don't believe it." The impulsive brown hand found his and sent a thrill through his entire being.

"It's good of you to say so," laughing unsteadily, "but you haven't met any others." For which fact he added to himself a prayer of thankfulness.

To the society-weary young man the girl was a new page in his life—a revelation, and his whole soul was animated by new purpose, new incentive, and new love. What might not the world offer to a man with such a helpmate as this?

Halliwell and his goddess had disappeared.

"Beta," said Coventry, "you will soon be in a huge, active

world—a world that you know nothing about. Your ideas and views will change; you will be different. If you could only remain as you are now." Visions of a society debutante instead of a child of nature confronted the young man.

"I suppose you are right," said the girl, thoughtfully, "but you will always be the same. That will be enough for me."

From any other girl of his acquaintance Coventry would have received this last with the proverbial "grain of salt," but this one was different and he found himself believing her, and said so.

Thus they rambled on, flitting from one subject to another, but always returning to thoughts of each other. The sun rose higher and higher, then began its downward journey to the occident.

"Beta," he said, as they reached the beach at the farther end of the island, "have you any idea of what love is?"

"I do not know," softly. "Until you came I thought I did. Caring for poor, dear father was our every thought, our only purpose in life. But now it is different, isn't it? I love him just as much, but I love you, too. How can I help it? You are so big and strong and handsome, and——. Am I doing wrong in telling you this?" Her voice was inexpressibly sweet.

"Wrong," said Coventry, fervently; "wrong, bless you, child, no. I'm no poet, but it seems to me that this is the kind of love that poets sing of—the perfect kind. And ——" he stopped unable to find words to continue.

They were silent for the moment. Suddenly, in sharp, quick words the man blurted out the old, old story that has been told so many times before, and which grows sweeter at every repetition. Then Beta had her say. And thus it was arranged.

— *W. B. Simmons*, '08.

## A Lyric in the Spring

---

O VER the summer sea  
Love bears a song.  
Over the flowering lea  
Love bears a song.  
What though the way be long?  
What though the time be wrong?  
Where ere the heart is strong  
Love bears a song.  
Whether he be a knave  
Love hath a lay.  
Whether he be a slave  
Love hath a lay.  
Where ere light breezes play,  
Where ere light blossoms stray,  
Where ere Earth knows a May,  
Love hath a lay.  
Come then his burden bear,  
Lend Love a tune.  
Come and his sorrow share,  
Lend Love a tune.  
Thou canst not come too soon,  
Soon May will turn towards June,  
Sing Love's sweet primal rune,  
Sing out of tune.

— *A. M. Drummond*, '06.

## Ode on the Last Days of College Life

---

OH, brightest, blithest days now nearly run,  
Oh, hours of youth, of joy, now all but spent!  
The twilight and the morning's blushing sun,  
And in the night the wondrous firmament  
Shall glimmer, glisten, gleam for us no more  
Above the Campus, when our steps are turned  
From this fair harbour of our youthful hearts.  
These years of dearest friends, romance and lore,  
Have given that for which our spirits yearned.  
But, oh, harsh Time, our life of youth departs!

Oh, evenings floating on a wave of song!  
Oh, poplars, bathed in brightness of the moon,  
Casting weird shadows o'er some joyous throng  
That pours on high its fleeing, fleeting rune.  
Oh, towering elms and wild entangled larches,  
How many lads grew men beneath your leaves,  
And but a little later sent their boys  
To draw an inspiration from your arches,  
And gain from life four years of bright reprieve.  
Why must we cast aside our college joys?

Oh, shining days of dreams ethereal!  
Oh, brightest hours, imagination free!  
Oh, soarings amid clouds empyreal!  
When we on whitest pinions high did flee  
The earth and burned the noblest things to learn,  
Ye vanish, but shall live in memory!  
And as the summons from the Chapel flow,  
When the clear bell rings over field and fern,  
Bidding us harder tasks than emery,  
So from without, Life calls, and we must go!

—L., '06.

## CRITICUS

---

**N**OW that the smoke of battle has cleared away, and the participants in the football discussion have left the field, Criticus wishes to come in and review the battle-furrowed ground. It was really a drawn battle. A good many shots were fired on both sides, but neither gained ground and everybody retired in good order.

After all it did not matter so much about a bruised head here and a broken head there; the vigor of American youth can stand all that. But as Criticus casts his eye about for something to jump on he is going to object because such a subject has occupied so much of the attention of educators for so long a time. A couple of years ago someone started a discussion which really concerned the professor's A.M. and L.L.D. It was suggested that the course for the A.B. degree be cut down to two years. There was a good deal of talk, of course, but the cloud of dust raised, compared with that stirred up by the football discussion, was about as big as a two-room shanty in a San Francisco earthquake.

The fact of the matter is, athletics in the American college are too big and education is too little. We believe in "a sound mind in a sound body," only we don't. Our whole creed consists in a sound body. The average college man can tell the record time in every sprint, hurdle and run in the category, and will shiver to think of learning ten dates in American history. This year we had an intercollegiate debate, and men who gladly make five-dollar subscriptions to each branch of athletics, scorning to be absent from a single game on the Campus, cut the debate and prefaced a haughty refusal with a howl when they were asked to contribute thirty cents to help defray the expenses of the visiting team. It is all wrong. Athletics as a diversion and study as an occupation have swapped seats in the American college.

## EDITORIAL

---

WE ARE in receipt of the following correction by Dr. Oren Root of a recent article in the *Hamilton Record*:  
“To THE HAMILTON LITERARY MAGAZINE: An article in the last *Hamilton Record*, by omission, does substantial injustice to the late Loomis J. Campbell, LL.D., 1856. The article was written almost entirely by a very able, learned and loyal member of the Class of 1856 whose own achievements may well traverse the assertion that '56 brought forth no 'extraordinary men.'

“Those who knew of the work of the late Dr. Campbell hold him to have been an 'extraordinary man.'

“Without acquaintance and with no university prestige, Dr. Campbell as a mere proofreader won the recognition of Dr. Worcester, and was made one of five principal assistants in the preparation of Worcester's large dictionary. His remarkable ability was soon so widely recognized by those interested in lexicography that rival publishers made strenuous efforts to detach Dr. Campbell from the Worcester staff. Of this the writer is aware, as he was urged to use his personal influence to that end.

“Only after the original publishers had sold the plates and yielded all interest in the Worcester series did Dr. Campbell listen to other offers. He then became attached to the staff of the Webster dictionaries. As the *Record* article states, he 'edited a portion of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary;' it fails to notice that Dr. Campbell was in charge of the entire work of the 'International Dictionary.' The learned and venerable Noah Porter, ex-president of Yale, allowed his name to be borne upon the title page, but all circulars issued directed that communications for the editor should be sent to Loomis J. Campbell. Dr. Porter, of advanced years, gave simply the prestige of his name to the work.

"After the death of Dr. Campbell, the writer was told by members of three publishing houses devoted to the publication of dictionaries, that after the death of Professor William D. Whitney, of Yale (A. B. Williams, 1845), Dr. Campbell was for the entire field the only man to whom there was appeal as authority.

"A member of a large Philadelphia house said: 'Campbell's work will be done by others, but for the field as a whole there is no one to take his place.'

"Ordinary men do not so impress themselves upon their generation by sheer force of deep, broad, far-reaching scholarship. Dr. Campbell was, as great scholars so often are, abnormally shy and sensitive. He shrank from all publicity. There are few, if any, Hamilton men whose work, fully attested, has been more truly above and beyond the ordinary. The College recognized this when it made him a Doctor of Laws.

OREN ROOT, '56."

---

THE 1907 *Hamiltonian* has come from the press and has already received general commendation. The editors may well be proud of such a piece of handiwork. The LIT. has no hesitancy in characterizing this year's book as equal, if not superior, to any other that previous classes have published. The cuts, the press work, the make-up, the generally artistic arrangement, all contribute to this inclusive excellence. True it is that the drawings are not up to the standard set heretofore, but on the other hand the art editors have drawn largely on the college body for their work so that the book in an exceptionally high degree represents the undergraduate work of the College. In the arrangement of the material the new *Hamiltonian* unquestionably surpasses all its prototypes. Blank half pages are few, cuts are judiciously introduced. The binding is tasteful as well as serviceable. Of the book itself any fault-finding would be hypercritical.

On one matter, however, we modestly offer our protest and while we have no desire to arouse ill-feeling, a frank expres-

sion of opinion is our duty. We doubt the propriety of the dedication. While the beneficiary of this honor is highly and deservedly popular, while he has done much for us and promises to do more, we still feel that there is many a Hamilton graduate who has done as much and more in a substantial way for the College and who still waits such a mark of undergraduate appreciation. We offer this criticism not in a small way, nor have we any desire to belittle anyone or any man's work, but we feel that such selections should not be too hasty nor too freely made. We want good men to know our appreciation and we want that appreciation carefully and conservatively shown in an official way.

We trust that such criticism will jar no one's nerves, but that all may clearly see the point which our common sense attacks. We deprecate a lapse from theory and not a leaning toward any individual. Notwithstanding, or withstanding, as you choose, the 1907 *Hamiltonian* is one of which the College and the Junior Class may well be proud.

---

WITH this issue the fortieth volume of the LIT. is closed and a new board assumes control. The work has been congenial and contributions fairly plentiful. It is therefore not without a pang that we relinquish the reins of office. The new editors are Barrows, '07, Simmons, '08, and Woolcott, '09. We are confident that the LIT. will continue to hold its own among the Lits. of other colleges. Dunwell, '08, has been chosen assistant business manager.

---

A LETTER from one of the LIT'S most constant well-wishers, Mr. S. N. D. North, which appears elsewhere in this issue, will be of interest to our readers.

---

THE undergraduate committee to act upon the '91 Manuscript Prize consists of Stryker, Barrows and Edie of the Senior Class.

## AMONG THE LIT'S

---

The *Smith College Monthly* has two very good essays. "Academic Purple and Fine Linen" is far above the ordinary, and the second, on the Mountain Whites, is well written and extremely interesting. There are also several good sketches in this magazine, "The Hope That Is Born Again," being most deserving of notice.

The stories in the *McMaster University Monthly* have become something to look forward to. In this month's issue "An Immutable Deity" is especially good. This Lit. also contains two articles on the Nashville Convention, one on the convention itself and the other an account of a trip to the Mammoth Cave.

One of the best stories of the month is "The Violin," in the *Amherst Literary Magazine*. The other articles in this Lit. are also good, an essay on the novels of William Dean Howells being especially interesting and original.

In the *Vassar Miscellany*, essays, stories and verse are generously and artistically mingled; all are good, "The Yellow Quilt," a short story, being remarkably natural and clever,

---

## BOOK REVIEWS

HUGO. *HERNANI*. Edited by James D. Bruner, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Romance Languages in the University of North Carolina. Cloth, 12mo, 264 pages. Price, 70 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

Hugo's dramatic masterpiece is here presented with ample aids for its reading in class. The introduction treats fully of the theory of the romantic drama, the versification, language, plot and character of the play, together with an account of its first performance. The notes are numerous and copious, referring not only to historical and grammatical matters and explaining all allusions, but also drawing many comparisons between passages of *Hernani* and those of other well-known plays. The material thus supplied to the student is of great value for a thorough understanding of the drama and an appreciation of its subject-matter and style. A complete vocabulary is included.

## ALUMNIANA

*(Send Alumni and Necrology notes to William H. Squires, '88.)*

---

—Dr. A. A. Warner, '99, is house surgeon of the Lakeside Hospital, Cleveland.

—Allen R. Hallock, '06, has been elected Vice-Principal of the Clinton High School for the coming year.

—M. B. Landers, '03, is with the Monotype Company, Philadelphia. Address: 600 North Eighteenth street.

—Prof. Percy L. Wight, '91, has been unanimously elected principal of the Clinton High School for another year.

—Rev. Milton Waldo, D. D., '48, has changed his residence from Philadelphia, Pa., to Ridgewood Road, South Orange, N. J.

—George H. Sicard, '06, has accepted a position as teacher of French and athletic trainer in the Peekskill Military Academy, Peekskill, N. Y.

—On Wednesday, April 18th, Mr. James S. Carmer, '03, and Miss Mabel Lewis DeLand, of Fairport, N. Y., were married in Fairport, N. Y.

—E. S. Augsburg, '01, has resigned from the Mount Vernon High School and assumed a position in English in the Stuyvesant High School, New York city.

—Mr. Floyd D. French, '06, has been elected principal of the High School at Ripley, Chautauqua county, and was loyally assisted to the position by Prin. Preston K. Pattison, '77, of Westfield, N. Y.

—Rev. Joel D. Hunter, '03, who has just graduated from Auburn Theological Seminary, has accepted a position as assistant to Rev. Graham Taylor, D. D., Congregational Tabernacle, Chicago., Ill.

—Rev. James T. Black, D. D., '84, of Piqua, Ohio, has accepted a unanimous call tendered him by the Bethany Presbyterian Church of Detroit, and will go to that city soon to take up his pastoral duties.

—Attorney Bayard L. Peck, '91, has dissolved partnership with Mr. Charles E. Miller, and will continue the practice of his profession in the offices recently occupied by the firm at 26 Liberty street, New York City.

—John L. Tanner, '06, has been elected to a position in St. Mary College, St. Mary, Marion county, Ky. St. Mary's was founded in 1821, and still holds to the old idea of a required classical course for every student. This is a Catholic institution, but many protestants secure their education at this classical school. Mr. Tanner will teach Latin and Mathematics.

—Rev. Ira W. Henderson, '00, has resigned the pastorate of the West Avenue Presbyterian Church in Buffalo, and on May 11th was installed pastor of the Irving Square Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, N. Y.

—Principal Walter S. Newton, '04, who lately resigned the principalship of the High School at Oriskany, N. Y., has accepted the position of principal of the High School at Mechanicville, Saratoga county, at a substantial increase of salary.

—Prof. Dewey T. Hawley, '02, who has been the successful teacher of English and oratory in the High School in North Adams, Mass., for the last two years, has been appointed instructor of English and elocution in the Utica Free Academy.

—Col. H. J. Cookinham, jr., '96, is secretary of the committee for the California relief fund in Oneida county. The county has been expressing its sympathy in large figures and Hamilton College students contributed a round hundred dollars to this cause.

—Principal Clarence A. Fetterly, '97, has resigned his position at the head of the Perry, N. Y., High School, and will offer his services to some other institution the coming year. Principal Fetterly has served three high schools since his graduation, as principal: Cape Vincent, Norwood and Perry.

—E. W. Pound, '05, has been appointed Fellow in Romance Languages at the University of Pennsylvania. He will spend the coming summer in Spain. This is no small compliment to Prof. Wm. P. Shepard, Ph. D., '92, under whom Mr. Pound did his special work while in the College.

—Principal N. K. White, '98, has been re-elected Principal of the Lansingburg High School, Troy, N. Y., with a substantial increase of salary. Prof. White was elected President of the Rensselaer County Teachers' Association, containing about 500 teachers, at the last meeting of this organization.

—George R. Thompson, '00, who had some experience as a teacher before his college days, and who was for a brief period principal of the Sauquoit school after his graduation, has given up the practice of law temporarily and has accepted the principalship of the High School at Mechanicville, N. Y. He has already entered upon his new duties.

—Rev. Warren D. More, '88, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Santa Barbara, California, reports through a fine little pamphlet, containing history past and present, progress in his church work and missionary plans. Besides a Home Mission church in Elko, Nevada, Mr. More's congregation supports a Chinese Mission with a large and flourishing membership. His church was founded in 1869; his pastorate began in 1901. On May 6th, Rev. Cassius H. Dibble,

## HILL NOTES

—Tennis promises to be as successful this year as it was last. May 16th Syracuse was completely outclassed on the Hamilton courts.

—Saturday, May 19th, St. Lawrence met our track team in a dual meet on Steuben Field. Hamilton far outclassed the visitors, earning ninety points to the twenty-seven of St. Lawrence.

—The past month has been notable for its athletic activities. The baseball season, though opening rather inauspiciously with a defeat by Utica Free Academy, has proved successful thus far. April 28th we defeated Auburn Theological Seminary seven to five. At Schenectady we were downed by Union, but the following two games on the home diamond turned the tables, Rochester being defeated ten to two and Hobart thirteen to five. May 15th Colgate won over us ten to eight, but on the eighteenth Middlebury lost with a score of ten to two.

—Monday night, May 21st, the Young Men's Christian Association gave the College and Faculty a reception in Silliman Hall. Dr. Wood gave a most interesting account of his last trip through Italy and Greece. Ice cream was served and a "College sing" was held. This is the first time the Association has attempted to gather the College men together for a social evening in the middle of the College year. Without a doubt it is an excellent means by which to keep the fellows in touch with the Association work, and in the future a similar evening, apart from the regular Freshman Reception in the fall, would prove beneficial.

—Saturday, May 12th, was Interscholastic Day. At noon prize rhetoricals were held in the Chapel. Nine preparatory schools were represented in a manner surpassing any other similar exhibition of previous years on the Hill. James P. O'Donnell, of Herkimer, took first prize with the declamation, "The Siege of Peking." John T. Loughran, of the Kingston High School, was second. The meet in the afternoon was successful. The high jump record was broken by Sherwin, of Batavia, at five feet four inches. Binghamton took second place with twenty-eight points, while Utica was third with eighteen points. In the Hall of Commons at night the medals and banner were awarded. Ice cream was served, songs sung by the Quartette and College body, and yells given.

—The Ninety-fourth Commencement program has been announced. Sunday, June 24, is Baccalaureate Sunday. In the afternoon, at the anniversary meeting of the Y. M. C. A., Rev. Charles G. Sewall, of Rome, will address the students. Monday is Campus Day. At night occurs the McKinney Prize Declamation Contest. Tuesday morning entrance examinations will be held. In the afternoon are the Class Day exercises. At night the McKinney Prize Debate is held in the Stone Church. Wednesday morning the Board of Trustees hold their annual meeting. During the day the classes of '56, '66, '76, '81, '86, '91, '96, '01, '03, '05 will hold their reunions. Sigma Phi and D. K. E. will celebrate their fifty-seventh and fiftieth anniversaries respectively. Thursday is Commencement Day.

## **Minute on the Death of Solon Walter Stocking**

ADOPTED BY THE HAMILTON COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Hamilton Alumni resident in Washington here make record of their high appreciation and warm regard of Solon Walter Stocking, late Examiner-in-Chief of the United States Patent Office.

Coming to Washington in his early maturity, Mr. Stocking brought from his college life a high reputation as a most brilliant thinker and writer and a superior scholar; from the Civil war he had a record of able and successful army service recognized by brevets as Major and Lieutenant Colonel for gallantry in action.

His first service here was in the Census Bureau, where he gained the admiring confidence of General Francis A. Walker, then superintendent of the Census, by whom he was retained as a last aid prior to the dissolution of the Bureau.

Mr. Stocking entered the Patent Office on examination, and as speedily as the regulations allowed became a Principal Examiner purely through examination and recognition of his ability.

He filed an application for promotion to membership in the Board of Examiners-in-Chief with the weightiest indorsements; but the application was ignored until Hamilton came to the front for her son. Soon after the inauguration of President Harrison, the Hon. W. H. H. Miller (1861), Attorney General in President Harrison's Cabinet, was induced to call the attention of the Secretary of the Interior to Mr. Stocking's papers with reference to an existing vacancy. The result was the speedy appointment of Judge Stocking to the vacancy which he so ably filled until stricken by his last illness.

Judge Stocking was a man of remarkable intellectual power and exceptionally strong original character. He combined swift and accurate perception of minute details with a clear, firm grasp of relations, specific and general.

In the work of the Census he was never lost in the flood of particulars; they were marshalled under categories.

In dealing with intricate inventions he was not befogged by appearance or misled by superficial claims. He saw steadily, clearly, and determined influences and effects with precision. As a judge, he expressed conclusions and their basis with great elegance as well as clear, logical force. He found always a value in the Hamilton training of the power of expression.

In his character, a basic element was an utter hatred of shame; he craved mightily the truth, final and steadfast, in intellect and in heart. In his later years he did not seek society; indeed he rather shunned it; but those who dealt with him caught glimpses often of a heart, very great, very warm, very strong.

Hamilton men have nearly all, for fifty years, known something of Solon Walter Stocking, Valedictorian of the Class of 1855, first of the current line of Honor Men at Hamilton.

We who were near him have been proud of his large ability and his remarkably effective quiet work.

With earnest sympathy for the brother and his household so dear to Walter Stocking, we make this record of our deep, loving, admiring regard.

OREN ROOT, JOHN CUNNINGHAM,  
CHAS. H. DUELL, BENJ. R. JOHNSON.  
For the Washington Association.

*ad libitum*, nothing but anarchy would reign in the business affairs of the State. This decision gives special stability to investments and it is a source of pride that three Hamilton men have been instrumental in getting such an important decision recorded against willful disturbance of values.

—Prof. M. G. Dodge, '90, Librarian of Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, Cal., has written to friends in regard to the San Francisco earthquake: "We have been shut off from the rest of the world since Tuesday morning, and so I have been unable to let you know of our condition, though realizing how worried you must be. I have sent a telegram to Adams and hope that it may reach the home folks today, and that you may be in communication with them. My personal loss from the earthquake is very slight, two or three dishes broken and no injury to any of the family. After the shock was over and I looked out of the window over the university buildings I thought this must have been the storm center, but now that we have heard from San Francisco and other places I realize that Stanford University has had none of the horrors of such a calamity, and even that the loss in buildings, although great, is insignificant. One student only was killed, and one workman. Several were injured by the collapse of one section of the big dormitory, but otherwise we are all safe. The loss to the buildings will probably amount of \$3,000,000. The university is closed until August and the students are helping in the relief work for the sufferers in San Francisco. Already the chimneys are being rebuilt on our houses, the work of clearing up has begun, relief for San Francisco is on the way from Los Angeles, and it looks as though the situation was now in hand."

—Many expressions of regret were voiced in the St. Cloud section of West Orange when it was announced that Rev. Robert G. McGregor, '98, pastor of the St. Cloud Presbyterian Church, was going to leave his charge. Mr. McGregor has tendered his resignation and announced that he has decided to accept the call recently tendered him to become pastor of the North Avenue Presbyterian Church of New Rochelle, N. Y. Mr. McGregor will succeed Rev. George F. Nason there. Mr. McGregor went to the St. Cloud church four years ago, and soon won his way into the hearts of the congregation. He worked hard in the interests of the parish and the membership increased about one hundred. Mr. McGregor announced that it was with regret he was going to leave the field. He desired that his resignation be acted upon as he expected to leave for the New Rochelle church on the first Sunday in July. St. Cloud Presbyterian Church is located in Ridgewood avenue, near what is known as the "old road," on the top of the Orange Mountain. The first efforts to organize a Presbyterian church in that locality were made in 1876. A meeting was held at the residence of Dr. C. H.

Gordon, opposite the present church building, on the evening of December 4, 1876. Among those present were John Crosby Brown, General George B. McClellan, once governor of New Jersey, General Marcy and others. A plan for the church edifice was adopted and the building site, which was donated by Douglas Robinson, a brother-in-law of President Roosevelt, was accepted. The corner-stone of the new edifice was laid March 17, 1877. A chapel was erected later in memory of Dr. Adams, and it contains a tablet in honor of General McClellan, who was an elder and one of the foremost workers. It was unveiled on the first anniversary of his death. It is polished brass, mounted on black marble, with a laurel wreath border. A few years ago Mr. McGregor conceived the idea of erecting a parish house, and members of the church dug the cellar, the other work being carried on to a hasty completion.

—Hon. Elihu Root, '64, once pointed out and strongly emphasized the difference between journalism and history. The following estimate of one side of Mr. Root's work in the State Department is found in the editorial columns of the *New York Nation* of May 3. The summary that is here given would not lend itself to the making of startling headlines, but it is all the more valuable as being such a record of events as the historian would care to see. "The effect of Secretary Root's assumption of control over the Department of State," says the *Nation*, "has already become apparent in a number of ways. The executive order of last November required an examination for new appointees to all posts in the consular service above as well as below \$2500 per year. At the same time, consuls were informed that a system of efficiency records had been instituted whereby they were to be rated according to the value of their commercial reports and their display of ability in the performance of other duties, with a view to consideration in connection with the opportunities for promotion. Those who are in the service know that this matter is being taken seriously in the Department, witness numberless little evidences in dispatch, circulars, etc. One result has been that consuls of long standing who have hitherto done little or nothing in the way of making commercial reports (men who knew to what influence they owed their appointment, and who have felt secure in paying no attention to the making of reports or even to the study of commercial conditions in their districts), are suddenly displaying some activity in this matter. All the consuls have noted, too, that circulars, customs rulings, etc., are sent out from Washington regularly as they appear, and not weeks after; that circulars are fewer and more carefully drawn, and do not so often contradict or else correct their predecessors; that accounts are passed upon promptly, instead of only after weeks, or even months. In these and other ways they note that some of the dry rot is being shaken out of the old State Department by an organizer's

'68, preached for Mr. More. Rev. Mr. Dibble was for many years pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Perry, N. Y.

—Rev. Carl W. Scovel, '88, has had a successful year as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Nwark, N. Y. On examination forty-three have been added to the church membership; on certificate, twenty-three. Communicants number 573; Sunday school, 403. Finances are in prime shape, the congregation having contributed over four times as much for interests outside of the church this year than last. For Home Missions \$486.00 were contributed; for Foreign Missions, \$354.00.

—Rev. Dr. Edwin H. Jenks, '86, has just returned from a trip through the Holy Land. He visited Algiers, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, and various countries in Europe. When Dr. Jenks reached Naples, Mt. Vesuvius was active, and a few days after his departure the fearful eruption occurred. Dr. Jenks learned of the California earthquake while he was in Paris. He was once pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in San Francisco. This edifice was destroyed by the earthquake and many of Dr. Jenks' old parishioners are among the sufferers. Dr. Jenks went at once to his charge in Omaha, from which he had been absent six months.

—Prof. George J. McAndrews, '82, Ph. D. Yale, '84, lately delivered a lecture before the Teachers' Institute, at Peekskill, during its session some two weeks ago, on the interpretation of "The Human Will and its Relation to the Problems of Education." Dr. McAndrews received his philosophical training under Prof. George Trumbull Ladd, of Yale, and has devoted his knowledge to the upbuilding of secondary education in our State instead of seeking a position as professor of philosophy in some college or university. The common schools are greatly benefited by having such men in the ranks of public instructors—their ideals are high and their performances are directed by sound learning and views of the whole problem of education.

—Rev. W. W. Cole, '88, has just been re-elected stated supply for the Presbyterian Church at Milford, N. Y., for the fourth year. Rev. Mr. Cole received the unanimous vote of his people to stay another year. The church has for several years called its pastor each year, thus preventing the difficulty of dissolving the relations between church and pastor after one has been installed. Mr. Cole has changed things substantially since taking hold of the Milford Church. The Sunday School numbered 13 at the opening of Cole's pastorate; it now numbers 85. The membership of the church has been doubled and its financial affairs are in the best condition. Mr. Cole's daughter will enter college next fall, and his son will be in Hamilton College in three or four years.

—Ralph W. Vincent, '94, has been on the sick list for some time and just recovering from an operation for appendicitis, which was performed in St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, N. J. During his illness his many friends in both railroad and financial circles have shown him much attention. Mr. Vincent has become authority on financial and railroad matters in Mexico, and has lately published his observation on these matters in a book that has received much deserved attention. He holds a position under the Mexican Government, and represents many banks and financial firms in Mexico. Mr. Vincent is one of the shrewd and sound young men that are gaining an enviable position in the financial world. His articles in the newspapers have been widely read and his judgment has been trusted by some of the strongest and most conservative institutions in the country.

—Principal Robert B. Searle, '98, has resigned the principalship of the Jordan, N. Y., High School, where he has been for five years, and will assume the principalship of the Springville, N. Y., High School, in September. The new position is very attractive. The Springville people are deeply interested in their school and everything educational. The most loyal spirit is constantly manifested to the Griffith Institute and the teachers who conduct their educational affairs. Last winter the school and townspeople supported a course of eight lectures which cost \$800 and the money was raised for the purpose and a surplus remained over at the end of the season. Everything is done in Springville to awaken and keep interest in educational matters and the principal of the High School in that town will find every incentive to do his level best. A large number of students go from that center every year to college. Prof. Steele, '89, was principal of this school some years ago, and we are pleased to find another Hamilton College man now at its head.

—The law firm of Cookinham, '65, Sherman, '78, and Cookinham, '96, have lately carried an important case to the Court of Appeals in this State and won a decision that is far-reaching in corporation law. The case is a new one upon which no decision has been had before from a higher court. The matter was concerning the action of directors of a clothing company which had sold stock under a capitalization of \$300,000, and then reduced the capitalization to \$200,000, after a couple of years of business, thus reducing by one-third the holdings of one of the stockholders. The facts were stipulated, the case taken to the Appellate Division, and from there to the Court of Appeals. The Court held that the company could not by its directors vote to deprive any holder of stock of the rights vesting under the agreement at the time of purchase. This law will be of particular significance to stockholders who have to trust so much to the business fairness of directors. If directors had the legal right to change the capitalization of companies

the man who must conduct a campaign without the contributions which have heretofore burst from corporation rocks in response to the blows of the political Moses."

— Prof. George W. Knox, D. D., '74, now acting President of Union Theological Seminary, New York City, contributes to the *Auburn Record* a criticism of the late book on "The Work of Preaching," by Prof. Arthur S. Hoyt, D. D., '72:

"The great preacher is born not made, and heis a law unto himself. Had theological seminaries only students of this order the department of homiletics would prepare no text-books. Even the man of talents finds his own way and a tradition grows up that men succeed without training or in spite of it. As groups of ministers discuss this topic one and another comment on the inefficiency of their training excepting in the hard school of experience. Beside all this the way of the genius and the waywardness of the student who can learn only by failure, is the miserable sentimentality which substitutes trust in the Spirit for manly preparation and hard work. And, one more factor, in many seminaries of old the homiletic chair was 'filled' by some eminent and *passee* 'Divine' whose people had wearied of him and whose own weariness demanded a saint's rest. No wonder homiletics is an art fallen — in the seminaries — into disrepute.

"And yet how absurdly false is the estimate. Even the genius is the better for criticism and training, while all the others — nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand — are dependent upon it. The youth of talents may be ruined by his success. He needs criticism and teaching, not indiscriminate praise; the clear judgment of the expert, not the admiration of the multitude. And the average man! his career is made or marred by his training. In any body of theological students it is pitiful to note how many are foreordained to failure by their incompetence in the art of public speech. By it they stand or fall, an art difficult of acquisition and practiced in the sight and hearing of a multitude. Yet the average student has the audacity to enter the ministry, though he has neglected to master the technique of his profession. With his crudities of style, his barbarisms of manner, his provincialism of utterance, he inflicts himself upon his congregation and blasphemes his God by praying for the Spirit to fill such an ungainly and lazy instrument. Neither the Spirit nor the congregation has any use for him, and the dead line shows itself before he has got his first call, for his real vocation is to the sale of insurance or of books. Think of singer or actor or painter neglecting the study of technique! I feel like saying to every student, As you value your ministerial life, whatever you neglect don't scamp your work in homeletics.

"It is the glory of Auburn that it has exalted homiletics — Johnson, Upson, Hoyt — where shall you find a succession to excel it? And

behind it is the Hamilton College tradition. This much Hamilton and Auburn prove, that the average student may be taught to express himself in public clearly, creditably, acceptably — more we may not rightly ask of our schools, less we should not accept.

"Prof. Hoyt worthily succeeds Johnson and Upson. Higher praise I cannot name, and this book is representative of his method — simple, clear, to the point, practical; the working book of a man who works with students. It is the outcome of the classroom, and if one may not have the inspiration of the presence of its author, it is still a guide which will put the student on the right road. We highly recommend it to men who wish to learn the art."

—Many appreciative words have been written concerning "The Prophets and the Promise," published by Rev. Prof. Willis J. Beecher, D. D., '58, of Auburn Theological Seminary. The conservatism of Dr. Beecher has appealed to some of the profoundest minds within the protestant church in America. Too much cannot be said in commendation of a work so profound, at the same time so accessible to unprejudiced minds, and so loyal to the message of Scripture.

"You have conferred a great blessing on the church by publishing it," writes a prominent minister, concerning *The Prophets and the Promise*. "It is just the book we all need, and its clarifying view of the right attitude of present day faith toward the Old Testament Scriptures is most helpful."

"It is admirable. I shall use your book and recommend it to my students."

"The sanest, clearest and most satisfactory account of two of the most intricate subjects in the Bible that I have ever seen," says a prominent theologian about *The Prophets and the Promise*. "Can be understood by laymen who wish to study the Bible, and will be a treasure in the library of ministers."

"The name and fame of the author guarantee this work. The result of many years of ripe study is here represented. The book is a strong, logical discussion of the Prophets and their Messianic messages. It will fill a permanent place in theological literature, and be accorded a place on the working shelves of an intelligent Christian ministry."—*Christian Observer*.

"Dr. Beecher writes clearly, forcibly and interestingly. His study of the Prophets is important."—*The Examiner*.

*The Western Christian Advocate* says: *The Prophets and the Promise* is a stimulating and attractive volume. The author has been Professor of Hebrew in the Auburn Theological Seminary for a third of a century. He is recognized as one of the keenest investigators and clearest thinkers in the ranks of American Biblical scholars. The aim

hand. Consuls who have kept their records and performed their duties carefully, and have tried to promote their country's interests in their districts, now fairly expect that the Department will somehow, sometime, discover these facts."

—The *New York Times* has something to say about Oren Root, jr., '94, which is of much interest to our younger Alumni: After eleven years of hard work in the service of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, Oren Root, jr., has been elevated to the vice presidency of the company. The fact that he had been chosen as vice president at a meeting of the directors, held on Thursday, was announced yesterday. Thus he has followed in the footsteps of Herbert H. Vreeland, the president of the company, going to a higher office after holding the position of general manager of the road. It was two years after Mr. Root was graduated from Hamilton College that he entered the company's service. Like his father and grandfather, and his uncle, Elihu Root, he had been graduated from the College with high honors. When Elihu Root took him to the office of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company Oren Root was twenty-two years old. That was eleven years ago. "Give him a job in the office," suggested his uncle, but Oren Root was anxious to begin at the bottom of the ladder, declaring that if he once became a clerk he might always remain a clerk. So he got a job in the contracting department, where he learned all about excavating and road building, working as a trackman, and then as foreman over a gang of track layers. Then he turned his attention to work in the machine shop, and finally took a job as motorman on the road, learning to operate a car. Step by step he rose from one position to another until Mr. Vreeland, who had become general manager, took him into the offices of the company, where he studied railroad financing. The directors of the road soon became convinced that Mr. Root was thoroughly familiar with every branch of railroading, so they sent him to Chicago to study surface railroading and conditions in that city. As a result of a report which he made after that trip, New York capital purchased a controlling interest in the surface railroads of Chicago. Finally, three years ago, when Mr. Vreeland was chosen as president of the Metropolitan Company, Mr. Root was selected to succeed him as general manager. With more than 14,000 men to look after and 400 miles of railroad lines to supervise, Mr. Root stuck to his post every day, working fifteen or sixteen hours each day, until he convinced the directors of the company that he was the proper man to fill the vice presidency of the road. When asked yesterday to give what he believed to be the main cause of his success, he simply replied, "Hard work."

—The *American Spectator* gives some interesting statements in regard to Hon. James S. Sherman, LL. D., '78, who has lately assumed the

chairmanship of the Congressional Campaign Committee of the Republican party: "There is no man in the House more universally respected and whose judgment on party questions is regarded as sounder. He is frequently mentioned as an under-study of Speaker Cannon, but any star should be proud of such a subordinate. For years Sherman has been regarded as the best parliamentarian in the lower body of Congress. He has many times been mentioned as a probable speaker, and was a formidable candidate for the place when the late Col. David B. Henderson was first elected speaker. Away back in 1884 Mr. Sherman was elected mayor of Utica, N. Y., and he has been prominently identified with Republican politics in New York State ever since. He has presided at two state conventions, has represented his state in national conventions, and is now serving his eighth term in Congress. He has distinguished himself as chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs and is one of the most influential members on Col. William Peters Hepburn's Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, which performed the unusual feat of uniting the Republican and Democratic members of the committee in a unanimous report on the railway rate bill, which has overshadowed everything else in the present session. There are no pyrotechnics about Mr. Sherman. He seldom speaks, in spite of the fact that he is one of the best equipped debaters in the House. But when he does speak he has listeners, and time spent in reading what is credited to him in the *Congressional Record* is not wasted. He is a lawyer, banker and manufacturer, and his varied training has made him a business-like politician. He has acted as chairman of the Committee of the Whole through many a stormy battle in the House and has come through the fray with his parliamentary colors flying and with the good will of all factions of his party. Although he is a party man first, last and forever, he has never stooped to small factional politics, and the various crops of insurgents the Republican party has mothered in recent years are friendly to the new chairman who is to conduct the most threatening campaign Republican members have faced in many years. Few men of his age—he is only 51—have had as wide an experience in big politics. No member of the New York delegation, perhaps, is as influential as he, not excepting Sereno E. Payne, the Republican floor leader and chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means. Although he is one of the most amiable men in the House, he is also one of the most serious. He never trifles nor invites enmities. He never speaks for the sole purpose of being brilliant at the expense of one of his colleagues. 'Well, Jim, we're all ready to go to jail with you if any of the corporations work any tainted money off on you,' one of the members of the committee remarked in congratulating Mr. Sherman on his election. That expression of confidence is typical of the attitude of the entire Republican representation in Congress toward

# INDEX

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Best Laid Plans, The, W. T. Purdy, '06,.....	44
Beyond the Barrier, J. H. Edgerton, '06,.....	260
Billie Wisp, W. T. Purdy, '06,.....	227
Christmas at Grand Lac, R. B. Peck, '07,.....	135
Contrast, A. H. G. Aron, '09,.....	90
Cui Bono, F. C. Brown, '07,.....	307
Death, the Ennobler, an oration, W. T. Purdy, '06,.....	124
Fiftieth Clark Prize Contest, The.....	5
Friendship, L. P. Stryker, '06,.....	133
Fumbling Mixture, The, W. B. Simmons, '08,.....	52
Hearth and the Cloister, The, A. H. Woollcott, '09,.....	126
Heroism of Tau, A. F. Osborn, '09,.....	309
Human Heart, The, an oration, A. B. Maynard, '06,.....	166
Humorist and the Automobile, The, R. B. Peck, '07,.....	265
Inter-link Affection, An, A. F. Osborn, '09,.....	176
In the Rapids, J. H. MacGarry, '09,.....	269
Intervention of Matz, The, W. B. Simmons, '08,.....	86
Josefa Carmona, R. N. McLean, '06,.....	49
Leaves from the North, R. B. Peck, '07,.....	97
Magnanimity of Capt. John Hudson, C. M. Trippe, '07,.....	169
Man Proposes, R. B. Peck, '07,.....	15
Memoir of Dr. North, A., R. B. Peck, '07,.....	40
Mexican Experience, A., J. H. Edgerton, '06,.....	221
Modern Idolatry, an oration, R. N. McLean, '06,.....	82
Mr. Thompson's Cosy-Corner, R. B. Peck, '07,.....	178
Old Dodge on the Wisdom of Solomon, An, A. H. Woollcott, '09,.....	185
Oration, The Discovery of America, S. T. Kinney, '06,.....	42
Oration, The Ocean, E. C. Day, '07,.....	250
Oration, What Does the Indian Think? C. M. Trippe, '07,....	292
Overcut in Ethics, An, W. B. Simmons, '08,.....	138
Passing Favor and Permanent, A. H. Woollcott, '09,.....	93
Poetry of Poe, The, A. V. Coupe, ex '0e,.....	303
Popularity, J. H. Edgerton, '06,.....	174
Precipice, The, A. H. Woollcott, '09,.....	212
Present Day Values of Oratory, H. H. Harwood, '05,.....	1
Prohibition, J. H. Melrose, '06,.....	208
Robert Bruce, A Study, F. E. Joralemon, '08,.....	181
Simple Tragedy, A., W. T. Purdy, '06,.....	20
Story of a Regular, The, F. M. Barrows, '07,.....	8
Swan Song, The, A. H. Woollcott, '09,.....	295
Thellenarda, W. B. Simmons, '08,.....	262
Two Novels, A Comparison of, A. H. Woollcott, '09,.....	54
The '91 Manuscript Prize,.....	60
Van Brunt's Christmas, A. L. Osborne, '09,.....	142

## VERSE.

Amor Victor, S. T. Kinney, '06,.....	7
Broken Winter, A. K. F. Adams, '08,.....	207

Close of Day, P. F. Baum, '09,.....	99
Clouds, The, L. P. Stryker, '06,.....	39
Farewell, P. F. Baum, '09,.....	294
From Sappho, P. F. Baum, '09,.....	220
Lueconoe, M. A. Driscoll, '06,.....	19
Memoria Amoris, W. T. Purdy, '06,.....	271
Mosaic from Theocritus, D. H. Miller, '07,.....	12
New Year, C. E. Leavenworth, '09,.....	165
Night, P. F. Baum, '09,.....	51
November Sheaf, A. S. T. Kinney, '06,.....	84
Premonition, S. T. Kinney, '06,.....	125
Pyre, The, A. M. Drummond, '06,.....	81
Road to Mecca, The, A. M. Drummond, '06,.....	123
Song of the Poet, The, P. F. Baum, '09,.....	168
Sonnet, C. E. Leavenworth, '09,.....	48
Sonnet, L. P. Stryker, '06,.....	230
Sunrise and Moonrise, A. V. Coupe, '08,.....	89
Unrest C. E. Leavenworth, '09,.....	291
World of Thomas Hardy, The, S. T. Kinney, '06,.....	249

#### DEPARTMENTS.

Alumniana,.....	29, 64, 105, 153, 198, 237, 278, 322
Among the Lits,.....	25, 62, 103, 148, 191, 275, 316
Book Reviews,.....	150, 192, 317
College Verse,.....	194, 254, 276, 320
Criticus,.....	22, 57, 100, 145, 187, 231, 272, 312
Editorials,.....	23, 58, 101, 146, 188, 232, 273, 313
Hill Notes,.....	27, 63, 104, 152, 196, 235, 277, 321

#### NECROLOGY.

H. Allison, '61,.....	331
S. St. J. Camp, '58,.....	76
W. M. Cleveland, '51,.....	204
C. B. Curtis, '48,.....	203
J. H. Durkee, '61,.....	204
G. R. Douglass, '93,.....	37
D. Finn, '68,.....	76
E. F. Fish, '48,.....	245
L. R. Foote, '69,.....	205
A. D. Getman, '80,.....	77
O. D. Grosvenor, '28,.....	328
W. G. Hubbard, '44,.....	34
D. Huntington, '36,.....	329
H. Lathrop, '46,.....	75
M. R. Miller, '68,.....	246
H. C. Miller, '00,.....	248
S. F. Nixon, '81,.....	162
H. B. Orr, '82,.....	331
G. H. Post, '04,.....	290
P. S. Pratt, '42,.....	331
G. Rumney, '49,.....	122
C. N. Severance, '85,.....	78
S. W. Stocking, '55,.....	246
A. M. Thayer, '62,.....	34
R. J. Thompson, '81,.....	246
J. B. Turnbull, '97,.....	179
M. White, '03,.....	62

of this volume is to re-state the doctrine pertaining to Messianic prophecy in the terms of modern thought. The book occupies a niche by itself."

"A product of studies accumulating during many years, devoted to the prophets and their messages relating to the Messiah. The conclusions are 'the old orthodoxy transposed into the forms of modern thought.' The work will take its place among valuable text-books in theological literature."—*Lutheran Observer*.

---

## Necrology

---

### CLASS OF 1849.

CHAMPLAIN HALE SPENCER was born in Rochester, N. Y., May 8th, 1829, died at Daytona, Fla., April 15th, 1906. In college Spencer was the leading scholar in his class and a man of unusual ability and attainments. After graduation he went to California as one of the "forty-niners". Later he spent some time in Germany, and on his return settled as a lawyer in Chicago. He was there successful, but went South in 1870 and there remained, having settled at Orita, Fla., on the peninsula opposite Port Orange, where he lived till 1889. He then moved to Daytona, where he resumed the practice of law. He had held, previous to this, the position of inspector in the light house service of the South Atlantic Coast, and made his inspection trips from Charleston, S. C., to Key West in a sailboat. For years Mr. Spencer held the office of city attorney of Daytona, and drafted the city charter and most of the present city ordinances. Mr. Spencer married Sarah Mather in 1857, and from this union five children were born; only two married daughters now survive. Captain Spencer married a second wife, Mrs. Mary Caldwell. The funeral of Captain Spencer was conducted under the auspices of the Masonic order.

### CLASS OF 1903.

Frank Lee Putnam was born December 2, 1879. He was in the Class of 1906 of Auburn Theological Seminary. He died in Auburn, February 18, 1906, after an operation for appendicitis. The *Auburn Record* pays a tribute to his life and the work he had just begun to do for the Church. His three years in the Seminary were typical of his whole life, a life devoted entirely and unswervingly to the ideals of his Christian convictions. No thought of self ever hindered his activity, for his whole being was given to God's work. At Auburn his quiet growth appeared in power of thought, strength of expression, grasp of situations. He kept his work before him. Churches at Laurens and

Unadilla, coming under his care, began at once to thrive. He straightened their tangles, and, winning young and old, made himself loved and needed. He made for himself friends by his geniality and consideration. He planned for himself a happy and helpful home, and to his friends it was manifest how great wealth of love and fidelity he was storing there. Of his books also he made friends. But of all helpers he made foremost, by his reliance, his Master. In all his life we see a single and insistent aim to be and do. That he chose the Christian ministry shows how definite the aim was. For this work he was now about ready. His call to labor was to a field of unexpected honor.

---

---

## WILLIAMS & MORGAN,

—The Furniture Leaders—

HAVE THE GOODS YOU NEED  
IN YOUR ROOM. DON'T FAIL TO  
CALL ON US. WE CAN GIVE YOU  
WHAT YOU REQUIRE AT RIGHT  
PRICES.

31 Genesee St.,

Utica, N. Y.

**EDWARD J. KELLY,**

Dealer in

**TEAS, COFFEES and GROCERIES.**

---

**5 COLLEGE STREET, CLINTON, N. Y.**

---

**ROBERTS HARDWARE CO.,**

**60 GENESEE STREET,**

**UTICA, N. Y.,**

**REPRESENTING THE**

**VICTOR SPORTING GOODS CO.**

---

**STUDENTS,**

**We Can Furnish You  
Superior Quality and  
Money Saving**

**CIGARS AND TOBACCO**

**5c  
CIGARS**

**COLONIAL  
and  
PALMA DeCUBA**

**10c  
QUALITY**

**A larger or better  
assortment of Pipes  
& Tobacco is not to  
be had in Utica.**

**C. A. WHELAN & CO.  
INCORPORATED.  
Arcade Building, Genesee St.,  
UTICA, N. Y.**

# William Blaikie Company,

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS.

PHYSICIANS' SUPPLIES,  
CHEMICAL GLASSWARE, TRUSSES,  
CRUTCHES, RUBBER GOODS.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

202 Genesee Street, Utica, New York.

---



Corner Genesee and Washington Streets.

---

Nettie M. Pugh,

MUSIC AND MUSICAL

➤ MERCHANDISE. ➤

128 Bleecker St., Utica, N. Y.

## Table of Contents

Keats, . . . . .	333
A Letter from S. N. D. North, . . . . .	334
The Assimilative Power of America, . . . . .	336
To a Harpsichord, . . . . .	340
Thomas B. Reed, . . . . .	341
The Mermaid Question, . . . . .	343
A Lyric in the Spring, . . . . .	352
Ode on the Last Days of College Life, . . . . .	353
Criticus, . . . . .	354
Editorial, . . . . .	355
Among the Lits, . . . . .	358
Book Reviews, . . . . .	358
Hill Notes, . . . . .	359
Minute on the Death of Solon Walter Stocking, . . . . .	360
Alumniana, . . . . .	361
Necrology, . . . . .	

### List of Advertisers in the Lit.

Albany Teachers' Agcy	T. Hogan	Fred A. Root
H. J. Allen	Jack Keeffel	W. C. Rowley & Son
Arthur's Pop.Price Store	E. J. Kelly	C. Sautter
O. J. Burns	Jones & Gurley	C. H. Smyth
Blaikie Co.	C. M. King	A. G. Spalding & Bros.
Burtis & O'Connor	Lewis, the Photographer	C. D. Stratton
Calumet Tea & Coffee Co	Mahady's Livery	W. S. Taylor
Robert Capes	Henry Martin	The Teachers Exchange
Carberry, Clothier	Metropolitan Hotel	M. Turnock
Citizens' Trust Co.	C. W. Munnich	Utica Trust & Dep. Co.
Clinton Home Tel. Co.	Chas. M. Myrick	Henry Wallace
Clinton Hotel	M. O. Myrick	Ed. H. Waters
Cornell Univ. Med. Col.	Ney & Trosset	Watson Drug Co.
Cotrell & Leonard	Nettie M. Pugh	C. J. Wells Co.
The Clinton Bank	A. L. Owens	W. W. Wells & Son
The Courier Press	Pike & Madoc	Frank D. Westcott
Donovan & Son	Rath's Orchestra	C. A. Whelan & Co.
Dawes' Shoe Store	E. C. Reynolds	Wicks, Custom Tailors
Martin Fleischman	H. W. Roberts	Wicks & Greenman
Dr. Garlinghouse	Roberts Hardware Co.	Wallace B. Wilcox
George E. Gibbon	Roberts-Wicks Co.	Williams & Morgan
Philip A. Hart	Robinson's Livery	

Ninety-fourth Year.

---

# Hamilton College,

## Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y.

---

Nine miles from Utica, and 226  
miles direct from New York City.

---

Chartered 1793 as Hamilton Oneida Academy.  
Chartered as Hamilton College in 1812.

---

Classical and Latin Scientific Courses.

---

Beautiful Location. High Standards of Instruction.  
Strong Departments in Physical Sciences. Un-  
excelled Discipline in Rhetoric and Oratory.

---

MANY PRIZE AND SCHOLARSHIP FOUNDATIONS.

---

For all particulars, address

President M. WOOLSEY STRYKER.

# ***The Hamilton Literary Magazine***

---

**MAY**

**Volume XL—Number 9**

---

**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,**

**S. T. KINNEY, '06.**

**ASSOCIATES,**

**R. M. McLEAN, '06,**

**A. M. DRUMMOND, '06,**

**R. B. PECK, '07,**

**C. M. TRIPPE, '07.**

**W. T. PURDY, '06, *Business Manager.***

---

## **THE HAMILTON LITERARY MAGAZINE**

**I**S published monthly during the college year by a board of editors chosen by the student body. Its interests are those of the students and alumni. It strives to be a true mirror of college life and spirit, as well as to possess literary excellence. To these ends contributions are solicited from both undergraduates and alumni.

The subscription price is \$1.50 per year. Address all business communications to WM. T. PURDY, Business Manager, Clinton, N. Y. Entered at the Clinton Postoffice as second-class matter.

---

***The Courier Press, Clinton, N. Y.***

# Directory of Hamilton College

---

## College

President—M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, D.D., LL. D.

Dean—WM. HARDER SQUIRES, PH.D.

Registrar—OREN ROOT, DD., L.H.D.

## General Athletic Association

President—FRANK H. WOOD, PH.D.

Vice-President—PROF. HENRY WHITE.

Secretary—E. M. CLARK, '07.

Treasurer—F. M. DAVENPORT, PH.D.

## FOOTBALL DEPARTMENT.

R. B. JEROME, '07, Manager.      H. M. SCHWARTZ, '07, Captain.

## TRACK DEPARTMENT.

R. M. SCOON, '07, Manager.      G. H. SICARD, '06, Captain.

## BASEBALL DEPARTMENT.

O. W. KUOLT, '07, Manager.      H. L. FERRIS, '06, Captain.

## BASKET-BALL DEPARTMENT.

W. M. BROKAW, '06, Manager.      T. M. SHERMAN, '06, Captain.

## TENNIS DEPARTMENT.

W. T. PURDY, '06, Manager.      G. H. SICARD, '06, Captain.

## MUSICAL CLUBS.

F. D. FRENCH, '06, Manager.      W. T. PURDY, '06, Leader.

## COLLEGE REPRESENTATIVE FOR N. Y. S. I. A. U.

R. M. SCOON, '07.

## Y. M. C. A.

J. A. MELROSE, '06, President.      E. J. WEEKS, '08, Secretary.

## College Publications

### HAMILTON LIFE.

A. M. DRUMMOND, '06, Editor-in-Chief.

R. B. JEROME, '07, Business Manager.

### HAMILTON LITERARY MAGAZINE.

S. T. KINNEY, '06, Editor-in-Chief.

W. T. PURDY, '06, Business Manager.

# High Grade Tailoring

Our great, splendid stock of fashionable fabrics for suits, overcoats and trousers is now at its best. The garments we tailor are expressions of the highest art in clothes making. Every stitch of the work is done according to the dictates of skill and fashion, from taking your measure to pressing the finished garment. Suits and overcoats to your measure—\$16.00 to \$40.00.

## Roberts-Wicks Co.,

MANN BUILDING,

UTICA, NEW YORK.

---

CHAS. M. MYRICK,

JEWELER,

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS,

Opera House Block, Clinton, N. Y.

M. O. MYRICK,

BOOTS & SHOES,

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK,

CLINTON, N. Y.

---

MONEY ORDERS for any amount at reasonable rates of exchange, are sold by

## THE CLINTON BANK

HAYES & CO., BANKERS

who transact a general banking business.



**LOUISIANA PERIQUE**—Allen & Ginters' famous brand of genuine St. James' Parish Perique—best for mixtures—in vacuum tins. 1½ oz., 25c.; 3½ oz., 45c.



**YALE MIXTURE**—A very popular mixture—Havana, Perique, Turkish and finest Virginia selections. Sweet-flavored, mild and aromatic—in vacuum tins. 1½ oz., 20c.; 3½ oz., 40c.



**IMPERIAL CUBE CUT**—Mild, medium and full. The original cube-cut tobacco. Perique, Havana, Virginia, Turkish—in vacuum tins. 1½ oz., 25c.

## Eight Largest Selling, Most Popular Highest Grade Pipe Tobaccos

Every pipe connoisseur, the world over, knows one or more of these tobaccos; and knows that higher quality was never produced.

He knows, too, that a good pipe, seasoned by and filled with one of these tobaccos, is *better* than the *best* smoke of *any* other kind. Some one or more of these famous brands will just suit you and your pipe.



**THREE STATES**—A delicious blend of finest Virginia, Kentucky and Louisiana Perique Tobacco. 1½ oz., 15c.; 3½ oz., 25c.

If not found at your dealer's, sent postpaid on receipt of price by

**THE AMERICAN  
TOBACCO CO.**  
111 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



**RICHMOND CLUB**—A sweet, pleasant smoke—finest Virginia gold leaf, with Havana, Turkish and Perique. 1½ oz., 15c.; 3 oz., 25c.



**CAPSTAN**—Mild, medium and full. The best navy plug cut in three strengths, heavy, medium, and mild—in vacuum tins. 1½ oz., 25c.; 3½ oz., 45c.



**LATAKIA**—Finest grade—heavily aromatic, fine for mixtures—in vacuum tins. 1½ oz., 30c.; 3½ oz., 60c.



**GARRICK**—Finest imported mixture—Turkish, Latakia and Virginia, delightfully aromatic—in vacuum tins. 1½ oz., 30c.; 3½ oz., 60c.

**W. W. Wells & Son,**  
**Clothiers and Haberdashers.**

---

**EVERYTHING UP-TO-DATE**  
**— IN —**  
**Furnishings for Men.**

---

**Larrabee Block,      Clinton, N. Y.**

---

**The Utica Steam and Hand Laundry,**  
**CONDUCTED BY**  
**FRANK D. WESTCOTT**

Is the popular one among the boys. Have you sampled its Work ?  
Laundry called for and delivered all over the Hill on

**TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS. Clothing Cleaned and Pressed.**  
**Office, 225 Genesee St. 'Phone 236. UTICA, N. Y.**

---

**O. J. BURNS,**  
**Fine Groceries, Teas, Coffees, Spices,**  
**Canned Goods, Dry Goods, Notions,**  
**Tobacco and Cigars.**

**32 COLLEGE ST.,**

**CLINTON, N. Y.**

WE SELL THE  
*Stein-Bloch, Adler Bros.*  
*and Benjamin Clothing.*

It's the best kind and the sort you ought to wear.

**NYE & TROSSET,**  
Dealers in High Grade Clothing,  
**123 Genesee Street,                      -                      -                      Utica, N. Y.**

---

Visit The

---

---

**New Metropolitan Hotel**

---

---

Opposite Majestic Theatre, Utica.

---

**REYNOLDS' MUSIC STORE,**

HAS ALL THE BEST

Pianos, Organs, Music Boxes  
and Musical Merchandise.

ALL SHEET MUSIC AT CUT PRICES.

168 Genesee St. First Store above Lafayette St. Both Phones. **UTICA, N. Y.**

**The Old Reliable Printing House.**

**ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS AGO.**

---

---

**The Courier Press**

**CLINTON, N. Y.**

**Printers to Hamilton College.**

---

---

**OUR SPECIALTIES:**

**Good Printing,**

**Quick Service,**

**Reasonable Prices.**

---

---

**WE PRINT**

**The Hamiltonian,**

**The "Lit.," The Record,**

**Hamilton Life, and**

**The College Register.**

—+—+—+ Fall and Winter Styles. —+—+—+

HATS,

CAPS,

GLOVES,

MITTENS.

**Arthur's**

POPULAR PRICE STORE,

42 Genesee Street,

UTICA, N. Y.

SWEATERS,

UNDERWEAR,

HOSIERY,

FANCY VESTS.

—+—+—+ Ovalesque Full Dress Shirts —+—+—+

---

## **LEWIS OF UTICA.**

---

WOULD CALL THE ATTENTION OF HAMIL-  
TON MEN TO SOME NEW STYLES IN PLATI-  
NUM PLATES. CALL AND SEE THEM.

**Horsey Bldg., Opp. City Hall, Utica, N. Y.**

---

**T. HOGAN,**

**Imported and Domestic Cigars,**

**Tobaccos and Smokers' Materials.**

Fine Briar Pipes a Specialty.

**Cor. Park Row and College Street,  
CLINTON, N. Y.**

**CLOTHING CLEANED  
BY STEAM.**

**C. D. STRATTON.**

**14 College St., Clinton.**

---

—+—+—+  
ALL CIGARS BUREAU

**Philip A. Hart**  
**CLOTHIER,**

Clinton House Block, Clinton.

Furnishing Goods,  
Hats, caps, and  
Rubber Goods.

Custom Clothing  
MADE TO ORDER.

**GEORGE HILL,**  
**CUSTOM TAILOR,**

Has a full line of Foreign  
and Domestic Woolens.  
Clothes cleaned, pressed  
and repaired on short  
notice. Making of Ladies  
Garments a Specialty.  
Terms cash. Satisfaction  
guaranteed. Goods called  
for and delivered.

**CLINTON, N. Y.**

**Martin Fleishman,**

— DEALER IN —

**FRESH AND**  
**SALT MEATS.**

—  
**Delivery each Day.**  
—

**Telephone. FRANKLIN, N. Y.**

**M. TURNOCK,**  
**College St. Livery.**

*TURNOUTS OF ALL KINDS.*

**HACK WORK A SPECIALTY.**

The best teams and most careful drivers in town. Try us—we are always prompt. Ask our rates.

—  
**M. TURNOCK,**  
**FURNITURE.**

*CURTAIN SHADES,*

*PICTURE FRAMES,*

*FRAME MATTINGS*

Repairing and Upholstering. Window  
Seat Cushions. Call and see our stock.

# B. G. PARKER,

Rebuilder of Church and Reed Organs. Piano Tuning and Repairing.

Dealer in Piano and Organ Supplies.

Clinton, New York.

---

## JAMES MAHANY, COLLEGE STREET CAFE.

Refreshments for the inner man.

Best Smokes in town.

---

## JAMES CLARK,

Dealer in

STOVES, RANGES AND FURNACES.

CLINTON, NEW YORK.

---



Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HANDBOOK** on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co receive special notice, without charge, in the

### Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

---

## A. G. Spalding & Bros.

Largest Manufacturers in the World of  
Official Athletic Supplies



Base Ball

Foot Ball

Lawn Tennis

Croquet

Cricket

Golf

*Implements for all Sports*

For over a quarter of a century SPALDING'S TRADE-MARK on BASE BALL implements has marked the advancement of this particular sport.

### Spalding's Trade-Mark

on your Athletic Implement gives you an advantage over the other player, as you have a better article, lasts longer, gives more satisfaction.

*Every Base Ball Manager should send at once for a copy of Spalding's Spring and Summer Catalogue—Free*

### A.G. SPALDING & BROS.

New York,  
Philadelphia,  
Buffalo,  
Boston,  
Minneapolis,  
Syracuse,

Chicago,  
San Francisco,  
Denver,  
Baltimore,  
New Orleans,  
Montreal, Can.

St. Louis,  
Kansas City,  
Washington,  
Pittsburg,  
Cincinnati,  
London, Eng.

# Calumet Tea & Coffee Co.

51 and 53 Franklin St., Chicago.



We Supply Institutions.

We pay Freight.

Please Send for Price List.

---

FRED A. ROOT,  
Druggist and Grocer,  
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, CLINTON.

Choice Confectionery, Cigars, Tobacco, etc.

---

## Taylor's Jewelry Store.

We offer every advantage possible for the selection of Bridal or Friendship Gifts from our large and varied stock. Our goods will be found fully equal to our representations and at just and fair prices, for Watches, Jewelry and Silver, at No. 62 Genesee Street, Utica, N. Y.

Taylor's Jewelry Store.

---

JONES & GURLEY,

HAVE A COMPLETE LINE OF PICTURE  
FRAME MOULDING. ALSO A FULL LINE  
OF CHRISTY PICTURES FOR THE HOLIDAY  
TRADE.

52 Franklin Sq.,

Utica, N. Y.

*ROBERT CAPES,*  
**FINE BOOTS AND SHOES TO ORDER**

LOW PRICES AND FIRST-CLASS WORK.

MILLER BLOCK, CLINTON, N. Y.

---

**C. M. KING,**  
News Room, Cigars, Tobacco, Stationery, Confections, Books and Magazine  
**G. FLOYD KING,** Everything Under the Sun in Music.  
36 WEST PARK ROW, CLINTON, N. Y.

---

**W. C. ROWLEY & SON,** THE LONG BLOCK.  
56 Genesee St. LEADING STATIONERS OF UTICA.

---

**DONOVAN & SON,**  
First-Class Cafe and Billiard Room.  
CLINTON, NEW YORK.

---

“Jack” Keeffel, Barber.

---

**HENRY WALLACE,**  
DEALER IN  
Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Pork,  
Poultry, Ham, Sausages.  
Goods Delivered Promptly.

# WICKS

## CUSTOM TAILORS.

Our hand made garments are particularly adapted for college men, as they are a reproduction of Broadway and 5th Av. styles.

"It's in the make."

HARVEY H. WICKS & CO.,  
62 GENESEE STREET, 2nd FLOOR, UTICA, NEW YORK

---

## RATH'S ORCHESTRA & MILITARY BAND,

COMPOSED OF UTICA'S REPRESENTATIVE MUSICIANS.

Prof. FRANZ RATH, Director and Manager.

Graduate of Vienna Conservatory and Ex-"Musikfeldwebel" of the Austrian Emperor's Regimental Band at Vienna, Austria.

---

## SUPERIOR MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

72 State Street, Home 'Phone 682. UTICA, N. Y.

---

WHEN IN CLINTON PATRONIZE

## Robinson's ♦ Up-to-Date ♦ Livery

Where you will find a superior line of Landau Carriages, Rubber-tire Surries, Rubber-tire Runabouts and Phaetons, good Buggies, Tally-Ho Coach and Bus. Good horses, good drivers, good service. All calls promptly responded to, day or night. Terms reasonable.

ROBINSON BLOCK, 16 COLLEGE STREET, CLINTON.

---

## WALLACE B. WILCOX, Watches, Diamonds & Jewelry.

---

STATIONERY AND ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT.

*Commencement Invitations, Visiting Cards, Society Paper Stamped to order.*

---

30 GENESEE STREET, UTICA, N. Y.

**NOBBY** Styles in  
**HATS**  
for  
**College Men.**

**Fine Umbrellas!**

and some that are not so  
fine, but good enough.

When you want dashing,  
distinctive styles in hats,  
come here. We have  
only the best makes.

**HENRY MARTIN,**

THE HATTER.

104 Genesee St.,      Utica, N. Y.

**Happy  
Days**

in college are most pleas-  
antly and vividly brought  
to mind by a collection of  
photos — good photos —  
the kind I take. You ought  
to have one of yourself  
and chums singly and en-  
semble. Group pictures  
a specialty.

**Frey, Photographer,**

11 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.



**C. J. Wells Co.,**

DEALERS IN

**Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry  
and Silverware.**

First-Class Workmanship a Specialty.

122 Genesee, 2 and 4 Liberty Streets,

Utica, N. Y.

◇ **H. J. ALLEN,** ◇

DEALER IN

Hardware, Cutlery and Stoves,

Crockery, Ranges and Lamps.

**CLINTON, NEW YORK.**

---

---

C. H. SMYTH,

— DEALER IN —

Ontario & Western

Seranton Coal.

Delaware & Hudson

Lackawanna Coal.



ALL KINDS OF COAL AT THE LOWEST  
MARKET RATES AT HIS YARD ON

College Street, Clinton, N. Y.

COAL TO BE PAID FOR WHEN ORDERED.

---

---

**A.S. Owens** Caterer

ICE CREAM AND PARTY SUPPLIES.  
THE "ALBERT"

COLLEGE ENTERTAINMENTS A SPECIALTY.

249 Genesee Street,

UTICA, N. Y.

---

**DAWES'**  
Up-to-date Shoe Store.

Repairing of all Kinds  
AT LOW PRICES.

We do all the work for the  
College Football Team.  
Jerseys and Pants padded.  
Shoes cleated to any taste.

---

**Souvenir Postal Cards**

Of Clinton and  
Hamilton College.

FOR SALE BY

**Watson Drug Co.,**

College St.,

Clinton, N. Y.

---

**ED. H. WATERS,**

COLLEGE ST., CLINTON.

Ice Cream and Ices.

Order by phone or call at store.

Ice Cream in bricks a specialty.

---

**The Teachers Exchange,**

Of No. 120 Boylston St., Boston,

Recommends teachers and tutors of all grades.  
Established in 1896. Careful attention, con-  
servative policy. Correspondence especially  
invited from college graduates or seniors.

# GEO. E. GIBBON,

Maker of First Class Photos, Right Up-to-Date.

Frames made to order from the latest style  
mouldings while you wait . . . .

French Picture Glass.

Sherman Block.

Clinton, N. Y.

---

## WALK-OVER SHOES.

### SHOES AND SLIPPERS.

### C. SAUTTER,

114 GENESEE STREET,

UTICA, NEW YORK.

---

J. N. GARLINGHOUSE.

---

## CLINTON HOME TELEPHONE CO.

---

GOOD HORSES.

GOOD RIGS.

### AT MAHADY'S,

The College Livery.

On College Hill, Clinton.

Prices Reasonable.

---

## CLINTON HOTEL,

JACOB MULLER, Proprietor, Clinton, New York.

"Ein freies Leben fueren wir Ein Leben voller Wonne."



OTHER Turkish cigarettes  
have greater *strength*; but  
none is at once so rich, so mild,  
so finely aromatic as

## MURAD CIGARETTES

This perfect harmony of the most desirable qualities—never attained before in fine Turkish cigarettes,—is the result of an absolutely perfect blend, a result, itself, of sixteen years' constant effort and final achievement.

**10 for 15 Cents**

*By mail postpaid—If you can't get Murad Cigarettes at your dealer's, send 15c. for ten; 75c. for fifty; \$1.50 for one hundred.*

**ALLAN RAMSAY, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York City**

# **Cornell University**

## **Medical College**

### **New York City**

The course covering four years begins during the first week in September and continues until June.

A preliminary training in natural science is of great advantage.

All the classes are divided into small sections for recitations, laboratory and clinical bedside instruction.

Students are admitted to advanced standing after passing the requisite examinations.

The successful completion of the first year in any College or University recognized by the Regents of the State of New York as maintaining a satisfactory standard is sufficient to satisfy the requirements for admission which have lately been raised.

The annual announcement giving full particulars will be mailed on application

WM. M. POLK, M.D., LL.D., DEAN,  
CORNELL UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE,  
27TH AND 28TH STREETS AND FIRST AVENUE,  
NEW YORK CITY.

---

## **UTICA TRUST**

### **& DEPOSIT CO.**

Genesee and Lafayette Sts., Utica, N. Y.

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS,	-	-	\$550,000.00
DEPOSITS,	-	-	\$4,200,000.00

Responsible and Exacting Duties Accepted  
by this Company.

DEPOSITS INVITED. INTEREST ALLOWED.

JAMES S. SHERMAN, President, J. FRANCIS DAY, Secretary.

# **Maher Brothers**

**Ask the attention of College  
Men for a moment. Our fash-  
ionable Clothes, Hats and  
Furnishing Goods will do the  
rest. Come in, gentlemen!**

**Where Lafayette and  
Seneca Streets Meet, Utica, N. Y.**

•

•

•

•

•

•

•









